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Felicia Hemans.

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DAUGHTERS' WREATH

Marsh, Capen & Leon
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BY

MRS. S. J. HALE.

BOSTON.

Published by Marsh, Capen & Leon

1837.

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THE
LADIES' WREATH;
A SELECTION FROM THE
FEMALE POETIC WRITERS
OF
ENGLAND AND AMERICA.
WITH
ORIGINAL NOTICES AND NOTES:
PREPARED ESPECIALLY
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

A Gift-Book for All Seasons.

BY MRS. HALE,

Author of 'Northwood,' 'Flora's Interpreter,' 'Traits of American Life,' &c.

BOSTON:
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.
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ERRATA.

The reader will observe that the pages from 288 to 294 are repeated. And that the pages from 294 to 301 appear to be left out. The text, however, is right.

P R E F A C E .

THE office of Poetry is to elevate, purify, and soften the human character; and thus promote civil, moral, and religious advancement. It does this in a three-fold manner; by inculcating reverence and love towards God, or piety; awakening the spirit of national aggrandizement, or policy; teaching the true relations of men to each other and to Nature, or Philosophy. All poetry, which has not, at least, one of these three aims, is false to its trust, and, whatever may be its temporary popularity, will die and be forgotten.

Truth only is immortal — and as Ideality, of all the faculties which man possesses, is the one gifted to ascend, as it were, to heaven, to bring thence the holy fire to illumine reason and kindle up the moral feelings, and is also fitted for continual progress towards perfection, it follows, that individuals having this endowment, are delegated to discover and display those aspects and relations of truth, which God, for purposes of wise discipline, no doubt, has placed within the compass of man's genius, but has not revealed to his instincts and senses; yet which must be understood and obeyed before he can be good, wise, and happy.

We may see, in this constitution of man's nature, why there are periods, when poetry seems to decline and lose its power. These are seasons of transition; when the mass of mankind, having applied to the purposes of advancement, the old forms of truth, are restless for some new development of her power, usefulness, and beauty; while the poet, instead of ministering to this craving of the soul, only serves up the ancient models in new modes of expression. As easily might he reanimate an Egyptian mummy, by clothing it in modern habiliments, as now impose on mankind those forms of truth which made the wisdom of the Egyptians. The perfection of the poetic art will be reached, when its just *philosophy* shall enlighten and control its worldly *policy*, and both shall bring their richest treasures to the service and promotion of true *piety*.

The poetry of devotion, or piety, can only be perfected where the knowledge of the true God prevails. This is the poetry of the Bible; the first on record; and the sacred lyre was early in the hand of woman, (witness the song of Deborah,) and in her hand it should be found.

The great poets of the heathen world were those of policy only; for their gods were of human invention and human passions; and much, very much of the poetry of Christian bards rises no higher than the heathen standard. It is the lofty and complete picture of national aggrandizement which Homer and Virgil drew, not the greatness of the deeds, aims and passions they describe, that makes their works standards of human genius in this department of poetry. But here, woman has no place; her harp cannot move stones, nor tame beasts. She must wait till the flowers bloom and the birds appear. But when, in the progress of truth, policy (or selfishness) gives place to juster notions of what constitutes human happiness, then "divine philosophy" comes to the poet's aid, breathes into his soul the wisdom from above, gifts him to see and reveal the glories and mysteries of Nature, and teach that "true self love and social are the same;" that there is no pursuit really noble and good, that does not aim to promote the good of others; and no dignity and purity in man, that is not derived from his spiritual likeness to his Saviour. In this, the best and most exalted office of the muse, woman is morally gifted to excel. She has already entered on her province. It is to encourage her efforts, and dispose all who are wishing for the advancement of morals, to reflect on the aid which, in the present state of society, the cultivated genius of woman may impart, that I have prepared this volume.

Two principles have guided my selections; one, to admit no poetry unless its aim was "upward and onward;" the other, to allow place to those writers only whose style had some peculiar stamp of individuality, which marked their genius as original; and I have sought to give characteristic specimens from each.

I am aware that there are critics, who always speak of the "true feminine style," as though there was only one manner in which ladies could properly write poetry. I ask such to compare the poems of Mrs. Hemans and Mary Howitt, of Miss Taylor and Miss Landon, of Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould. Are not all these productions beautifully feminine, and yet different in their style of beauty? The truth is, woman has not such unlimited range of subjects as man; but in the manner of treating those within her province, she has a freedom as perfect as his; and the delicate shades of genius are as varied and distinctly marked in the one sex as its bold outlines are in the other. There are more varieties of the rose than of the oak.

I cannot but believe that this book will find favor in the eyes of my own sex. It is particularly intended for young ladies—as a mirror, bright and polished, in which they may see reflected the beauty of virtue, the loveliness of the domestic affections, and the happiness of piety; as a wreath, whose flowers will always bloom to give pleasure, whenever the heart is opened to their influence.

Boston, November 1st, 1836.

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TO

MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE,

AS A SINCERE EXPRESSION OF

Regard, Respect and Gratitude,

THIS BOOK

IS INSCRIBED, BY HER OBLIGED AND

Affectionate Friend,

S. J. HALB.

THE LADIES' WREATH.

PART FIRST.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.*

THE name of Mrs. Hemans stands pre-eminent among female poetic writers, as unquestionably as the Rose holds the rank of "garden queen" among the flowers. She has gone from us, but the light of her genius will never be dimmed, nor the song of her harp forgotten. She has thrilled those chords of the human soul, which, while the race of man continues, cannot but respond to her sentiments.— Love, in all its purest, holiest, sweetest emotions of household affections, patriotism and devotion, was the mighty spell by which she wrought; and till love shall cease from earth, her name can never die.

In perusing the Poems of Mrs. Hemans, we are struck with her wonderful perception of the *beautiful*. This seems to be her peculiar gift. Whatever be the scene described, the character or object introduced, she always

* The Poems of Mrs. Hemans have been published in a variety of forms, and in many editions. The latest and most complete is the American edition, published, since her decease, by Mr. Ash, of Philadelphia. It comprises all her works, in one vol. octavo.

gathers around her images and allusions of exceeding beauty; and these selected with a moral taste so pure and refined, that it seems to have shed the lustre of heaven upon the things of earth.

This exhibition of refined moral taste, which can only be cultivated in perfection when regulated by piety of heart, will be of inestimable benefit to the young imaginative reader; and so purely beautiful did her Poems appear, that we scarcely knew when to pause in our selection. Mrs. Hemans does, in truth, merit the gratitude as well as admiration of her sex, for she has exalted the genius of woman, and shown an example of excellence in private life,—thus proving that the cultivation of the highest gifts of intellect are not incompatible with the performance of our humblest duties.

She was born in Liverpool. Her maiden name was Browne. Her father was a native of Ireland; her mother was a German lady, a Miss Wagner, but descended from a Venetian family. To these circumstances Mrs. Hemans would often playfully allude, as accounting for the strong tinge of romance and poetry which pervaded her character from her earliest years. Another circumstance, which undoubtedly operated strongly in the development of these traits, was the removal of her family, when she was very young, to North Wales. That land of wild mountain scenery and ancient minstrelsy, was the fitting place to impart sublimity to her youthful fancies, and elevate her feelings with the glow of patriotism and devotion. She married early, and settled in the neighborhood of St. Asaphs—but her married life was not happy. This domestic infelicity, was to her a most painful subject, one to which she could bear no allusion; and the tenderness and forbearance with which she, while living, treated the faults of her husband, render it the duty of those, who love her memory, to forbear, as far as possible, from adverting to scenes and sufferings that so tried and tortured her sensitive heart. Suffice it

to say, that her husband left her and his five young sons to struggle, as they might, with sorrow, and the cold, selfish world. Mrs. Hemans continued to reside in Wales with her mother, till the death of the latter, when the former removed to Wavertree, in the neighborhood of Liverpool. Here she resided about three years, and then again removed to Dublin, where the expenses of educating her sons would, she found, be more within her means. But sorrow, care, and the "wasting task and lone" of her minstrel vocation, had brought on a deep disease, which the sympathy of friends (and who that ever read the outpourings of her soul was not her friend?) could not alleviate or remove. She closed her life May 30th, 1835, "and died as stars go down!" her genius bright and expanding till the last, and trust in her Redeemer, calming every fear, and cheering the darkness of the tomb with the holy light of faith and love.

"We would not win thee back; thy lyre e'en here
Breathed the undying music of the sky—
Its tone was not of earth, too sweetly clear
To blend with aught of life's sad harmony.
Then joy for thee, crowned one! forever wearing
Immortal glory on thy radiant brow;
Bard of eternity! in triumph bearing
A lofty part in heaven's sweet hymn, even now.
Joy, joy for thee!"

MRS. HEMANS' POEMS.

MADELINE.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

“MY child; my child, thou leav’st me!—I shall hear
The gentle voice no more, that blest mine ear
With its first utterance; I shall miss the sound
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,
And thy soft breathing hymn at twilight’s close,
And thy ‘Good-night’ at parting for repose.
Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child! and thou, along the moonlight sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shall watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,
Fading to air. Yet, blessings with thee go!
Love guard thee, gentlest! and the exile’s woe
From thy young heart be far!—and sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter! in my lonely lot,
God shall be with me. — Now farewell, farewell!
Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother’s bosom, since the days
When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to raise
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
That still sought mine: — these moments are gone by;
Thou too must go, my flower! — yet with thee dwell
The peace of God! — One, one more gaze — farewell!”

This was a mother's parting with her child,
A young meek Bride, on whom fair fortune smil'd,
And wooed her with a voice of love away
From childhood's home; yet, there, with fond delay
She linger'd on the threshold, heard the note
Of her caged bird thro' trellis'd rose-leaves float,
And fell upon her mother's neck, and wept,
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
Gush'd o'er her soul, and many a vanished day,
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said; and on the deep,
When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,
With a calm heart, young Madeline ere long
Pour'd forth her own sweet solemn vesper-song,
Breathing of home: through stillness heard afar,
And duly rising with the first pale star,
That voice was on the waters; till at last
The sounding ocean-solitudes were pass'd,
And the bright land was reached, the youthful world
That glows along the West: the sails were furled
In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
Look'd on the home that promis'd hearts untried
A bower of bliss to come. — Alas! we trace
The map of our own paths, and long ere years
With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,
On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears.
That home was darkened soon: the summer breeze
Welcom'd with death the wanderers from the seas;
Death unto one, and anguish how forlorn,
To her, that widow'd in her marriage-morn,
Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,
Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,
Joy had gone forth and left the green earth dim,
As from the sun shut out from every side,
By the close veil of misery! — oh but ill

When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
Bears its first blow! — it knows not yet the part
Which life will teach — to suffer and be still;
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared, and through the future hours.
To send no busy dream! — She had not learned
Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turn'd,
In weariness, from life; then came the unrest,
The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
The haunting sound of voices far away,
And household steps, until at last she lay
On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing streams
In her own sunny land, and murmuring oft
Familiar names, in accents wild, yet soft,
To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
To strangers! Oh! could strangers raise the head
Gently as hers was raised? Did strangers shed
The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow
And wasted cheek with half unconscious flow?
Something was there, that through the lingering night
Outwatches patiently the taper's light;
Something that faints not through the day's distress,
That fears not toil, that knows not weariness;
Love, true and perfect love! — Whence came that power,
Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower?
Whence? who can ask? the wild delirium pass'd,
And from her eyes the spirit look'd at last
Into her *mother's* face, and wakening knew
The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
The kind sweet smile of old! — And had she come,
Thus in life's evening, from her distant home,
To save her child? — E'en so — nor yet in vain:
In that young heart the life sprung up again,
And lovely still, with so much love to give
Seem'd this fair world, though faded; still to live

Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
That rocked her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
"Sweet mother, gentlest mother! can it be?"
The loved one cried — "and do I look on thee?
Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,
Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more."

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,

And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd —
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that Pilgrim band ; —
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod !
They have left unstain'd what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring ? —sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;
Thou bringest back to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring ! —the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When the south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,

And happy murmurs running thro' the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters — they too hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forest deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers — the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood-anemone:
Silent they seem — yet each, to thoughtful eye,
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the *heart*, O Spring?
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art; —
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! — we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus; yet, rous'd by thee,
What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted in the wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet —
Spring! midst the murmurs of the flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back,
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that, from thy earthly track,
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breath'd by our lov'd ones *there!*

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.

Bernard Barton.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss, where thy childhood played;
By the household tree, thro' which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is a spell,
Holy and precious — oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves
To the wind of noon at thy casement eaves;
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music in the Sabbath chimes;
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;

By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told ;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and the kind " Good Night ;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift ! — it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land ;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze ;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes ! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away ;
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home, —
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made ;
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more !

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee ; —
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight ; —
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid —
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The Sea, the lone blue sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers, —
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall
And cheer'd with song the hearth, —
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, oh, earth!

THE IMAGE IN LAVA.

THOU thing of years departed !
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony !

Temple and tower have moulder'd,
Empires from earth have pass'd, —
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast !

And childhood's fragile image
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survived the proud memorials rear'd
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe ! wert thou brightly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest ?

A strange dark fate o'ertook thee,
Fair babe, and loving heart !
One moment of a thousand pangs —
Yet better than to part !

Happy if that fond bosom,
On ashes here impress'd,
Thou wert the only treasure, child,
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavish'd
Its other love had been ;
And when it trusted, nought remain'd
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better then to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and loose thee, precious one,*
From that impassion'd grasp.

Oh ! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument,
Cast in affection's mould.

Love, human love ! what art thou ?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown,
Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, oh ! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness —
It must, it *must* be so !

* The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, was found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

——— THERE is none,

In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. — It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path
But as the heir of his great name — the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is *man's* love! — What marvel? — You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your hearts glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! — You ne'er kept watch
Beside him till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim weary eye: not *yours* the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening. You ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lips to his
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are *Woman's* tasks! — In these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmark'd!

WOMAN AND FAME.

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame, —
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me — a woman — bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath —
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death.
Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour.

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet.
But mine, let mine — a woman's breast —
By words of home-born love be bless'd.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thy eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy,
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,

The cool fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need:
Where must the lone one turn or flee? —
Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

THE THEMES OF SONG.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme?
Where'er for freedom shed,
Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream,
Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
Bears record to the faith
Of love, deep, holy, fervent love,
Victor of fear and death.

Where'er a spire points up to heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling that all around have striven,
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er the chieftain's crested brow
In its pride hath been struck down,
Or a bright hair'd virgin head laid low,
Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a home and hearth have been,
That now are man's no more;
A place of ivy, freshly green,
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er by some forsaken grave,
Some nameless greensward heap,
A bird may sing, a violet wave,
A star its vigil keep.

Or where a yearning heart of old,
Or a dream of shepherd men,
With forms of more than earthly mould,
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be found —
We die, we pass away ;
But faith, love, pity — these are bound
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,
The thorn, and glory of the rose —
These are undying things.

Wave after wave, of mighty stream,
To the deep sea hath gone ;
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,
The exhaustless flood rolls on.

THE RETURN.

“ART thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind ?”
— So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
As they play'd to the mountain wind.

“Hast thou been true to thy early love ?”
Whisper'd my native streams ;
“Doth the spirit rear'd amidst hill and grove,
Still revere its first high dreams ?”

“Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent-halls ?” —
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air,
From the old ancestral walls.

“Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father’s blessing o’er thee shed
With the mother’s trusting eye?”

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain,
As I answer’d — “O ye shades!
I bring not my childhood’s heart again
To the freedom of your glades!”

“I have turn’d from my first pure love aside,
O bright rejoicing streams!
Light after light in my soul have died,
The early glorious dreams!”

“And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass’d,
The prayer at my mother’s knee —
Darkened and troubled I come at last,
Thou home of my boyish glee!”

“But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,
To soften and atone;
And O ye scenes of those blessed years!
They shall make me again your own.”

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

O dim, forsaken mirror !
How many a stately throng
Hath o'er thee gleamed, in vanished hours,
Of the wine cup and the song !

The song hath left no echo,
The bright wine hath been quaff'd,
And hushed is every silver voice
That lightly here hath laugh'd.

O mirror, lonely mirror,
Thou of the silent hall !
Thou hast been flushed with beauty's bloom —
Is this, too, vanished all ?

It is, with the scattered garlands
Of triumphs long ago,
With the melodies of buried lyres,
With the faded rainbow's glow.

And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume ;

Now, dim forsaken mirror,
Thou giv'st but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud spirit,
Thou tellest me 'twill be,
When the forms and hues of this world fade,
From his memory as from thee.

And his heart's long troubled waters
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high.

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

THOU art welcome, O thou warning voice,
My soul hath pined for thee ;
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore
To wanderer on the sea.
I hear thee in the rustling woods,
In the sighing vernal airs ;
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! since kindred steps
From its green paths have fled,
A dimness and a hush have fall'n
O'er all its beauty spread.
The silence of the unanswering soul,
Is on me and around ;
My heart hath echoes but for thee,
Thou still small warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard,
Sweet household name by name hath changed
To grief's forbidden word !
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed ;
And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are you, my beloved ?

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers grew fill'd
 With records of the past,
 And stars pour'd down another light
 Than o'er my youth they cast :
 The skylark sings not as he sang
 When ye were by my side,
 And mournful tones are in the wind,
 Unheard before ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !
 Why should the last remain ?
 What eye can reach my heart of hearts,
 Bearing in light again ?
 Even could this be — too much of fear
 O'er love would *now* be thrown —
 Away, away ! from time, from change,
 To dwell amidst mine own !

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

“Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are closely bound.”

Child Harold.

WHENCE is the might of thy master spell ?
 Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell —
 How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,
 Passionate visions of love and death ?

How call'st thou back, with a note or sigh,
 Words and low tones from the days gone by —
 A sunny glance, or a fond farewell ?
 Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell !

What is the power, from the soul's deep spring
 In sudden gushes the tears to bring ;
 Even 'midst the spells of the festal glee
 Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee !

Vain are those tears!—vain and fruitless all—
Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall;
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit yearns.

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells;
Something that finds not its answer here —
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to sweep,
Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky —
Like a name of the dead when the wine foams high!

Yet, speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled thought;—
Speak! for thou tellest my soul that its birth
Links it with regions more bright than earth!

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Il est dans la Nature d'aimer a se livrer a l'idée même qu'on redoute.—*Corinne*.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer —
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears — but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the goldengrain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale? —
They have *one* season — *all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth — and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest —
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

KINDRED HEARTS.

OH! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below!
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow;
Few — and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet —
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be that the breath of Spring,
Borne amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring —
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times —
A sorrowful delight;
The melody of distant climes —
The sound of waves by night;
The wind, that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill —
These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew —
The faithful to thy tears!

If there be one, that, o'er the dead,
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed —
Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend —
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given —
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal day — the festival — the tomb —
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love and grief,
Dreams filled with tokens of mortality,
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hail'd thee first,
In the clear light of Eden's golden day!
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the bier;
Rose! colored now by human hope or pain:
Surely, where death is not — nor change, nor fear,
Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower, again!

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer,—fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But in the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
How hast thou pass'd away.

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours are floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers
To the happy murmuring bee.

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams:—

To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound,
In sweet delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound:—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
From the gushing founts and breezy hills
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle Summer,
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again thy buoyancy,
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

I COME to thee, O Earth !
With all my gifts : — for every flower, sweet dew,
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills or forest leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star —
Making thy streams, that, on their noonday track,
Gave but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace ; I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe, and, sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things :
Who calls me silent ? — I have many tones —
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, ushered amidst their glades
Till the bright day is done;—

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong in their sweetness, from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past :
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crushed affections, which, tho' long o'erborne,
Make their tone heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb :
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love
They pass — though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:
Who calls me lonely? — Hosts around me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes,
These are my lightnings! — filled with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am the avenging one! — the arm'd, the strong,
The searcher of the soul.

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms, the tempest-birth
Of memory, thought, remorse: Be holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,
O silent house! once fill'd with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars, whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days!
My children's birth-place! yet for me,
It is too much to look on thee!

Too much! for all about thee spread —
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my steps shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanish'd now,
Follow me where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love, which ne'er deceiv'd my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What now is left me but to raise,
From thee, lorn spot! my spirit's gaze, —

To lift, through tears, my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high?

Oh, many are the mansions there ;
But not in one hath grief a share !
No haunting shades from things gone by
May there o'ersweep the unchanging sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen ;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread ;
We miss them when the prayer is said ;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,*
Ye dwellers of the immortal spheres !
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore
The sever'd wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good and true !
No change can cloud my thoughts of you :
Guide me like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high !

* From an ancient Hebrew dirge, "Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead ; for he is at rest, and we in tears."

THE VOICE OF GOD.

AMIDST the thrilling leaves Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near ;
Father ! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear ?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touch'd by the solemn tone ?
Not so ! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And call'd the cedars, in that hour
To veil his conscious head.

Oh ! in each wind, each fountain's flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God ! thy voice to know,
And not to be afraid,

FRAGMENT.

Oh, what is Nature's strength ?—the vacant eye,
By mind deserted, hath a dread reply ;
The wild delirious laughter of despair,
The mirth of frenzy—seek an answer *there*,
Weep not, sad moralist, o'er desert plains,
Strew'd with the wrecks of grandeur, mould'ring fanes,
Arches of triumphs long with weeds o'ergrown,
And regal cities—now the serpent's own ;—
Earth has more dreadful ruins—one lost mind,
Whose star is quenched, hath lessons for mankind
Of deeper import than each prostrate dome,
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome.

MAN AND WOMAN.

———"Women act their parts
When they do make their order'd houses know them.
Men must be busy out of doors, must stir
The city; yea, make the great world aware
That they are in it; for the mastery
Of which they race and wrestle."—*Knowles.*

WARRIOR! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the stain'd window shed, —
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet through a cloud of years I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner from its flashing spear
Flung out o'er many a fight;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine,
A haughty heart and kingly glance —
Chief! were not these things thine?

A lofty place, where leaders sate,
Around the council board;
In festive halls a chair of state,
When the blood-red wine was pour'd;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard;
— Surely these things were all thine own
So hadst thou thy reward!

Woman! whose sculptured form at rest
By the armed knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er thy breast,
In matron robes array'd ;
What was *thy* tale ? — Oh, gentle mate
Of him the bold and free ;
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of *thee* ?

He woo'd a bright and burning star ;
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that followed far
His oft receding plume ;
The heart-sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze ;
The pang — but when did fame take heed
Of griefs obscure as these ?

Thy silent and secluded hours,
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er thy broider'd flowers,
With spirit far away ;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains ;
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim, —
These filno minstrel strains.

A still sad life was thine ! — long years,
With tasks unguerdon'd fraught,
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought ;
Prayers at the cross in fervor pour'd,
Alms to the pilgrims given ;
O happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven !

GERTRUDE.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelity unto Death*.

Dark lowers our fate,
 And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us ;
 But nothing, till that latest agony
 Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
 This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,
 In the terrific face of armed law,
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
 I never will forsake thee. *Joanna Baillie.*

HER hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
 The breeze threw back her hair ;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed —
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her clear and cold,
 The holy heaven above,
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.

“ And bid me not depart,” she cried,
 “ My Rudolph, say not so !
 This is no time to quit thy side —
 Peace, peace, I cannot go.

Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it? — *mine* is *here* —
I will not leave thee now.

“I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory’s living power
To strengthen me through *this*!
And thou, mine honor’d love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
From woman’s breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;
But, oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek —
Love! love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* should’st speak!

The wind rose high, — but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near,
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
Had still’d his heart so oft.

THE LADIES' WREATH.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed — one smile in death —
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While e'en as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart! oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone —
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the stranger's thoughts opprest —
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend:

Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim —
Far, far are those who prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land —
The voices of thy kindred band :—
Oh, midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart !

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

Now in thy youth beseech of Him,
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.

Bernard Barton.

HUSH! — 't is a holy hour — the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,
And the sweet stillness down on fair young heads,
With all their clust'ring locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

Gaze on — 't is lovely ! — Childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought —
Gaze — yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?
Thou seest what Grief must nurture for the sky,
What Death must fashion for Eternity.

Oh ! joyous creatures ! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when these pure orisons are done,

As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd,
Mid the dim folded leaves at set of sun —
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs
Of Hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread —
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness — how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you — silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from affections deep,
To pour on broken reeds — a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship — therefore pray!

Her lot is on you — to be found untir'd,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain:
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things — therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake — oh! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

(SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA.)

YES! rear thy guardian Hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou Western world!
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er Freedom's flag unfurled.

There, as before a shrine to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead;
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit reared in patriot fight,
The Virtue born of Home and Hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let the work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surges' roar,
So girt with tranquil glory, stand
For ages on thy shore!

Such through all times the greetings be,
That with the Atlantic billow sweep!
Telling the Mighty and the Free
Of Brothers o'er the Deep.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come ! ye have call'd me long ;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains ;
— But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky ;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,

They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, — I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and silent hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye! — ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features pass'd!
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of the world where the flowers must die!
— Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet —
Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed! — and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year;
There were graceful heads with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light,
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!

Are they gone? is their mirth from [the mountains pass'd?
— Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now;
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race;
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair;
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
— But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there with their eyes of light!
Where Death 'midst the bloom of the morn may dwell:
I tarry no longer — farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne;
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore;
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not death's — fare ye well, farewell!

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE moon was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the Temple service: — by the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
Lay like a twilight star 'midst palmy shades,
Making its bank green gems along the wild,
There, too, she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reach'd,
The Earth's One Sanctuary — and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light, like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye

Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Turn'd from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung even as joy clings — the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song. — "Alas!" she cried,

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me;
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart —
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late, along the mountains, at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

"And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turn'd from its door away?
While through its chambers wandering weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill.

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn;
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

“And thou, will slumber’s dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed?

Wilt thou not vainly spread

Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,

A cry which none shall hear?

“What have I said, my child? — Will *He* not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?

Shall he not guard thy rest,

And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,

Breathe o’er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy? —

Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

“I give thee to thy God — the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!

And precious as thou art,

And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,

My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!

And thou shalt be His child.

“Therefore, farewell! — I go, my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,

Yearning for thy sweet looks, —

But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;

Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,

The Rock of Strength. — Farewell!

SABBATH SONNET.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England’s primrose meadow-paths their way
Toward spire and tower, ’midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!

The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream. — I may not tread
With them those pathways, — to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; — yet oh, my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS. *

NOBLY thy song, O minstrel! rush'd to meet
Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast,
With darkness round him as a mantle cast,
And cherubim to waft his flying seat.
Amidst the hills that smoked beneath his feet,
With trumpet voice thy spirit called aloud,
And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,
And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud;
But far more gloriously to earth made known,
By that high strain, than by the thunder's tone,
Than flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll;
Jehovah spoke through the inbreathing fire,
Nature's vast realms forever to inspire,
With the deep worship of a living soul.

Dublin, April, 1835.

* This and the preceding, are the two last strains, the dying strains of this sweet Poetess. Truly her mind seemed breathing inspired notes, while her pure spirit was stealing gently away to join the angelic choir in that "better land," where "sorrow and death may not enter."

JOANNA BAILLIE.*

IF the genius of Mrs. Hemans is best characterized by the "Glorious Rose," this "sister of Shakspeare," as she has been significantly styled, may be likened to the splendid Aloe flower, that opens but once in a century; so rare, indeed, that it is regarded rather as a wonder, than a blessing.

The power of Miss Baillie's genius seems concentrated in one burning ray — the knowledge of the human heart. She has illustrated this knowledge, with the cool judgment of the philosopher, and the pure warm feelings of the woman, in her celebrated Plays on the Passions. We have sometimes doubted, whether, in selecting the Drama as her path of literature, she judged wisely; we have thought that as an essayist or a novelist she might have made her great talents more effective in that improvement of society which she seems to have had so deeply at heart, and have won for herself, if not so bright a wreath of fame, a more extensive and more popular influence.

In dramatic composition, however, Joanna Baillie is unrivalled by any female writer; and she is the only woman

* There is an American edition of the "complete poetical works of Miss Baillie," published at Philadelphia, in one large elegant volume. This, however, does not comprise her last "Plays on the Passions."

whose genius, as displayed in her works, appears competent to the production of an Epic poem. Would that she had attempted this.

In the portraiture of female characters, and the exhibition of feminine virtues, she is very happy ; and we regret that in the limited space to which our selections must be confined, we cannot introduce those beautiful creations of her fancy, Jane de Montfort, Valeria and Helen.

Miss Baillie began her literary career in early life, and has pursued it with unremitted ardor. She bestows great care on the revision of her productions, thus setting an excellent example of patience and industry to her sex. She is now no longer young, but is still actively engaged in her literary pursuits. During the past year, she has given to the world another volume of "Plays on the Passions," which is highly commended by the English critics.

Respecting the private character of this extraordinary woman, we have but few incidents to communicate. The sacred cabinet of domestic life may not be opened, till death has sealed the record completed. She is sister of the celebrated Dr. Baillie, and has passed much of her time in his family. Her personal appearance is thus described by an American gentleman, who visited her in, '27:—

"Joanna Baillie is a small woman, very erect, easy and natural, with a remarkable fine face. In manner she is self-possessed, and very gentle; you never think of her age, and only wonder, after you have come away, how it should happen that you did not think of it. I was told by those who knew her that she was over seventy — yet I could hardly believe them. She appeared about 55 or 60. Her gray hair was parted carefully and smoothly over her forehead, and her general air was that of something very intelligent, tranquil, spiritualized and quakerish. I thought her very amiable, and in the overflowing of her affectionate veneration for her brother, Dr. Baillie, I detected the germ of that extraordinary tragedy, *de Montfort*."

SKETCHES FROM THE LEGEND OF LADY
GRISELD BAILLIE.

WHEN, sapient, dauntless, strong heroic man,
Our busy thoughts thy noble nature scan,
Whose active mind, its hidden cell within,
Frames that from which the mightiest works begin;
Whose secret thoughts are light to ages lending,
Whose potent arm is right and life defending
For helpless thousands, all on one high soul depending:—
We pause delighted with the fair survey,
And haply in our wistful musings say,
What mate to match this noble work of heaven,
Hath the all wise and mighty Master given?
One gifted like himself, whose head devises
High things, whose soul at sound of battle rises;
Who with glaiv'd hand will thro' armed squadrons ride,
And, death confronting, combat by his side;
Will share with equal wisdom grave debate,
And all the cares of chieftain, kingly state?
Ay, such, I trow, in female form hath been
Of olden times, and may again be seen,
When cares of empire, or strong impulse swell
The generous breast, and to high deeds impel;
For who can these as meaner times upbraid,
Who think of Saragossa's valiant maid?
But she of gentle nature, softer, dearer,
Of daily life the active kindly cheerer;
With generous bosom, age, or childhood shielding,
And in the storms of life tho' moved, unyielding;
Strength in her gentleness, hope in her sorrow,
Whose darkest hours some ray of brightness borrow
From better days to come, whose meek devotion

Calms every wayward passion's wild commotion ;
In want and suffering, soothing, useful, sprightly,
Bearing the press of evil hap so lightly,
Till evil's self seems its strong hold betraying
To the sweet witch'ry of such winsome playing ;
Bold from affection, if by nature fearful,
With varying brow, sad, tender, anxious, cheerful, —
This is meet partner for the loftiest mind,
With crown or helmet graced, — yea, this is womankind !

Come ye whose grateful memory retains
Dear recollection of *her* tender pains,
To whom your oft-conn'd lesson, daily said,
With kiss and cheering praises was repaid ;
To gain whose smile, to shun whose mild rebuke,
Your irksome task was learned in silent nook,
Tho' truant thoughts the while, your lot exchanging
With freer elves, were wood and meadow ranging ; —
And ye, who best the faithful virtues know,
Of a link'd partner, tried in weal and woe,
Like the slight willow, now aloft, now bending,
But, still unbroken, with the blast contending,
Whose very look call'd virtuous vigor forth,
Compelling you to match her noble worth ; —
And ye who in a sister's modest praise,
Feel manly pride, and think of other days,
Pleased that the playmate of your native home
Hath in her prime an honored name become ; —
And ye, who in a duteous child have known
A daughter, help-mate, sister, blent in one,
From whose dear hand which to no hireling leaves
Its task of love, your age sweet aid receives ;
Who reckless marks youths' waning faded hue,
And thinks her bloom well spent, when spent for you ; —
Come all, whose thoughts such dear remembrance bear,
And to my short and faithful lay give ear.

THE SISTER.

THERE is a sight all hearts beguiling —
 A youthful mother to her infant smiling,
 Who with spread arms and dancing feet,
 And cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.
 Who does not love to see the grandame mild,
 Lesson with yearning looks the list'ning child ?
 But 'tis a thing of saintlier nature,
 Amidst her friends of pigmy stature,
 To see the maid in youth's fair bloom,
 A guardian sister's charge assume,
 And, like a touch of angel's bliss
 Receive from each its grateful kiss. —
 To see them, when their hour of love is past,
 Aside their grave demeanor cast ;
 With her in mimic war they wrestle ;
 Beneath her twisted robe they nestle ;
 Upon her glowing cheek they revel,
 Low bended to their tiny level ;
 While oft, her lovely neck bestriding,
 Crows some arch imp, like huntsman riding.
 This is a sight the coldest heart may feel,
 To make down rugged cheeks the kindly tear to steal.

* * * * * * *

THE WIFE.

THEIR long-tried faith in honor plighted,
 They were a pair by heaven united,
 Whose wedded love, thro' lengthened years,
 The trace of early fondness wears.
 Her heart first guessed his doubtful choice,
 Her ear first caught his distant voice,
 And from afar her wistful eye
 Would first his graceful form descry.

Even when he hied him forth to meet
 The open air in lawn or street,
 She to her casement went,
 And after him, with smile so sweet,
 Her look of blessing sent.
 The heart's affection—secret thing!
 Is like the cleft-rock's ceaseless spring,
 Which free and independent flows
 Of summer rains or winter snows.
 The fox-glove from its side may fall,
 The heath-bloom fade, or moss flower white,
 But still its runlet, bright tho' small,
 Will issue sweetly to the light.

* * * * * *

THE WIDOW.

With her and her good lord, who still
 Sweet union held of mated will;
 Years passed away with lightsome speed;
 But oh! their bands of bliss at length were riven,
 And she was clothed in widow's sable weed,
 — Submitting to the will of Heaven.
 And then a prosperous race of children good
 And tender, round their noble mother stood,
 And she the while, cheered with their pious love,
 Waited her welcome summons from above.
 But whatso'er the weal or woe
 That Heaven across her lot might throw,
 Full well her Christian spirit knew
 Its path of virtue straight and true.
 Good, tender, generous, firm, and sage,
 Through grief and gladness, shade and sheen,
 As fortune changed life's motley scene,
 Thus passed she on to reverend age,
 And when the heavenly summons came,

Her spirit from its mortal frame,
And weight of mortal cares to free,
It was a blessed sight to see,
The parting saint her state of honor keeping,
In gifted, dauntless faith, whilst round her, weeping,
Her children's children mourned on bended knee.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Is there a man, that from some lofty steep,
Views in his wide survey the boundless deep,
When its vast waters, lined with sun and shade,
Wave beyond wave, in seried distance, fade
To the pale sky ; — or views it, dimly seen,
The shifting screens of drifted mist between,
As the huge cloud dilates its sable form,
When grandly curtain'd by th' approaching storm, —
Who feels not his aw'd soul with wonder rise
To Him whose power created sea and skies,
Mountains and deserts, giving to the sight
The wonders of the day and of the night ?
But let some fleet be seen in warlike pride,
Whose stately ships the restless billows ride,
While each, with lofty masts and brightening sheen
Of fair spread sails, moves like a vested Queen ; —
Or rather, be some distant bark, astray,
Seen like a pilgrim on his lonely way,
Holding its steady course from port and shore,
A form distinct, a speck, and seen no more, —
How doth the pride, the sympathy, the flame,
Of human feeling stir his thrilling frame ?
“ O Thou ! whose mandate dust inert obey'd,
“ What is this creature man whom thou hast made ? ”

On Palos' shore, whose crowded strand
Bore priests and nobles of the land,
And rustic hinds and townsmen trim,
And harness'd soldiers stern and grim,
And lowly maids and dames of pride,
And infants by their mother's side, —
The boldest Seaman stood that e'er
Did bark or ship through tempest steer ;
And wise as bold, and good as wise ;
The magnet of a thousand eyes,
That on his form and features cast,
His noble mien and simple guise,
In wonder seem'd to look their last.
A form which conscious worth is gracing,
A face where hope, the lines effacing,
Of thought and care, bestow'd in truth,
To the quick eyes' imperfect tracing
The look and air of youth.

Who, in his lofty gait, and high
Expression of th' enlighten'd eye,
Had recogniz'd, in that bright hour,
The disappointed suppliant of dull power,
Who had in vain of states and kings desired
The pittance for his vast emprise required? —
The patient sage, who, by his lamp's faint light,
O'er chart and map spent the long silent night? —
The man who meekly fortune's buffets bore,
Trusting in One alone, whom heaven and earth adore?

Another world is in his mind,
Peopled with creatures of his kind,
With hearts to feel, with minds to soar,
Thoughts to consider and explore ;
Souls, who might find from trespass shriven,
Virtue on earth and joy in heaven.

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“ That power divine, whom storms obey,”
(Whisper’d his heart,) a leading star,
Will guide him on his blessed way;
Brothers to join by fate divided far.
Vain thoughts! which Heaven doth but ordain
In part to be, the rest, alas! how vain!

But hath there liv’d of mortal mould,
Whose fortunes with his thoughts could hold
An even race? Earth’s greatest son
That e’er earn’d fame, or empire won,
Hath but fulfill’d, within a narrow scope,
A stinted portion of his ample hope.
With heavy sigh and look depress’d,
The greatest men will sometimes hear
The story of their acts address’d
To the young stranger’s wond’ring ear,
And check the half-swoln tear.
Is it or modesty or pride
Which may not open praise abide?
No; read his inward thoughts: they tell,
His deeds of fame he prizes well.
But ah! they in his fancy stand,
As relics of a blighted band,
Who, lost to man’s approving sight,
Have perish’d in the gloom of night,
Ere yet the glorious light of day
Had glitter’d on their bright array.
His mightiest feat had once another,
Of high imagination born, —
A loftier and a nobler brother,
From dear existence torn;
And she for those, who are not, steeps
Her soul in woe, — like Rachel, weeps.

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerve to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young, from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past, a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When mem'ry of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck, but fix'd and bright,
To guide us thro' the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant happy goal.
For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interr'd the good, the wise, the brave,

Can poorly think, beneath the mould'ring heap,
 That noble being shall forever sleep?
 No; saith the gen'rous heart, and proudly swells,—
 "Tho' his cered corse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

INSENSIBLE to high heroic deeds,
 Is there a spirit clothed in mortal weeds,
 Who at the Patriot's moving story,
 Devoted to his country's good,
 Devoted to his country's glory,
 Shedding for freemen's rights his generous blood,—
 List'neth not with breath heaved high,
 Quiv'ring nerve, and glistening eye,
 Feeling within a spark of heavenly flame,
 That with the hero's worth may humble kindred claim?
 If such there be, still let him plod
 On the dull foggy paths of care,
 Nor raise his eyes from the dank sod
 To view creation fair:
 What boots to him the wondrous works of God?
 His soul with brutal things hath ta'en its earthly lair.

* * * * *

Oh! who so base as not to feel
 The pride of freedom once enjoy'd,
 Tho' hostile gold or hostile steel
 Have long that bliss destroy'd?
 The meanest drudge will sometimes vaunt
 Of independent sires, who bore
 Names known to fame in days of yore,
 'Spite of the smiling stranger's taunt;
 But, recent freedom lost — what heart
 Can bear the humbling thought — the quick'ning, mad'ning
 smart?

THE ELDEN TREE.

A FEAST was spread in the Baron's hall,
 And loud was the merry sound,
 As minstrels played at lady's call,
 And the cup went sparkling round.

For gentle dames sat there, I trow,
 By men of mickle might,
 And many a chief with dark-red brow,
 And many a burly knight.

Each had fought in war's grim ranks,
 And some on the surgy sea,
 And some on Jordan's sacred banks,
 For the cause of Christentie.

But who thinks now of blood or strife,
 Or Moorish or Paynim foe?
 Their eyes beam bright with social life,
 And their hearts with kindness glow.

* * * * *

Aye, certes, 'tis an hour of glee,
 For the Baron himself doth smile,
 And nods his head right cheerily,
 And quaffs his cup the while.

What recks he now of midnight fear,
 Or the night-wind's dismal moan?
 As it tosses the boughs of that Elden Tree,
 Which he thinketh so oft upon?

Long years have past since a deed was done,
 By its doer only seen,

And there lives not a man beneath the sun,
Who wotteth that deed hath been.

So gay was he, so gay were all,
They mark'd not the growing gloom;
Nor wist they how the dark'ning hall
Lower'd like the close of doom.

Dull grew the goblet's sheen, and grim
The features of every guest,
And colorless banners aloft hung dim,
Like the clouds of the drizzly west.

Hath time pass'd then so swift of pace?
Is this the twilight grey?
A flash of light pass'd thro' the place,
Like the glaring noon of day.

Fierce glanced the momentary blaze
O'er all the gallant train,
And each visage pale, with dazzled gaze,
Was seen and lost again.

* * * * *

At length, in the waning tempest's fall,
As light from the welkin broke,
A frighten'd man rush'd thro' the hall,
And words to the Baron spoke.

"The thunder hath stricken your tree so fair,
"Its roots on green-sward lie," —
"What tree?" — "The Elden planted there
"Some thirty years gone by."

"And wherefore starest thou on me so,
"With a face so ghastly wild?" —
"White bones are found in the mould below,
"Like the bones of a stripling child."

Pale he became as the shrouded dead,
And his eye-balls fix'd as stone;
And down on his bosom dropp'd his head,
And he utter'd a stifled groan.

Then from the board, each guest amazed,
Sprang up, and curiously
Upon his sudden misery gazed,
And wonder'd what might be.

Out spoke the ancient seneschal,
"I pray ye stand apart,
"Both gentle dames and nobles all,
"This grief is at his heart.

"Go, call St. Cuthbert's monk with speed,
"And let him be quickly shriven,
"And fetch ye a leech for his body's need,
"To dight him for earth or heaven."

"No, fetch me a priest," the Baron said,
In a voice that seem'd uttered with pain;
And he shudder'd and shrunk, as he faintly bade
His noble guests remain.

"Heaven's eye each secret deed doth scan,
"Heaven's justice all should fear:
"What I confess to the holy man,
"Both Heaven and you shall hear."

And soon St. Cuthbert's monk stood by,
With visage sad but sweet,
And cast on the Baron a piteous eye,
And the Baron knelt low at his feet.

"O Father! I have done a deed
"Which God alone did know;
"A brother's blood these hands have shed,
"With many a fiend-like blow:

“For fiends lent strength like a powerful charm,
“And my youthful breast impell’d,
“And I laugh’d to see beneath my arm
“The sickly stripling quell’d.

“A mattock from its pit I took,
“Dug deep for the Elden Tree,
“And I tempted the youth therein to look
“Some curious sight to see.

“The woodmen to their meal were gone,
“And ere they return’d again,
“I had planted that tree with my strength alone,
“O’er the body of the slain.

“Ah! gladly smiled my Father then,
“And seldom he smiled on me,
“When he heard that my skill, like the skill of men,
“Had planted the Elden Tree.

“But where was his eldest son so dear,
“Who nearest his heart had been?
“They sought him far, they sought him near,
“But the boy no more was seen.

“And thus his life and lands he lost,
“And his Father’s love beside:
“The thought that ever rankled most
“In this heart of secret pride.

“Ah! could the partial parent wot
“The cruel pang he gives,
“To the child neglected and forgot,
“Who under his cold eye lives!

“His elder rights did my envy move,
“These lands and their princely hall;
“But it was our Father’s *partial love*,
“I envy’d him most of all.”

* * * * *

TO A CHILD.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair? thou urchin sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First call'd thee his, or squire or hind? —
For thou in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly play-mate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eye-lids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running, —
'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats half-lisp'd, half-spoken;
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daises are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,

When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn book thumbing.

Well; let it be! thro' weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range:
Life is a motley, shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

SELECTIONS.

[FROM DE MONTFORT: A TRAGEDY.]

De Montford. Yes, it is ever thus. Undo that veil,
And give thy count'nance to the cheerful light.
Men now all soft, and female beauty scorn,
And mock the gentle cares which aim to please.
It is most terrible! undo thy veil,
And think of him no more.

Jane. I know it well, even to a proverb grown,
Is lovers' faith, and I had borne such slight:
But he, who has, alas! forsaken me,
Was the companion of my early days,
My cradle's mate, mine infant play-fellow.
Within our op'ning minds, with riper years,
The love of praise and gen'rous virtue sprung:
Thro' varied life our pride, our joys were one;
At the same tale we wept: he is my brother.

De Mon. And he forsook thee?—No, I dare not curse him:
My heart upbraids me with a crime like his.

Jane. Ah! do not thus distress a feeling heart.
All sisters are not to the soul entwin'd
With equal bands; thine has not watch'd for thee,
Wept for thee, cheer'd thee, shar'd thy weal and woe,
As I have done for him.

De Mon. (eagerly.) Ah! has she not?
By heav'n! the sum of all thy kindly deeds,
Were but as chaff pois'd against massy gold,
Compar'd to that which I do owe her love.
Oh pardon me! I mean not to offend —
I am too warm — but she of whom I speak
Is the dear sister of my earliest love;
In noble, virtuous worth to none a second:
And tho' behind those sable folds were hid
As fair a face as ever woman own'd,
Still would I say she is as fair as thou.
How oft amidst the beauty-blazing throng,
I've proudly to th' inquiring stranger told
Her name and lineage! yet within her house,
The virgin mother of an orphan race,
Her dying parents left, this noble woman
Did, like a Roman matron, proudly sit,
Despising all the blandishments of love;
Whilst many a youth his hopeless love conceal'd,
Or humbly distant, woo'd her like a queen.
Forgive, I pray you! O forgive this boasting;
In faith! I mean you no discourtesy.

TRUE LOVE.

[FROM HENRIQUEZ: A TRAGEDY.]

Antonio. O blessed words! my dear, my generous love!
My heart throbs at the thought, but cannot thank thee.
And thou wilt follow me and share my fortune,
Or good or ill!
Ah! what of good can with a skulking out-law
In his far wanderings, or his secret haunts,
E'er be? O no! thou shalt not follow me.

Mencia. Good may be found for faithful, virtuous love,
In every spot; and for the wand'ring out-law,
The very sweetest nooks o' the earth are his.
And be his passing home the goatherd's shed,
The woodman's branchy hut, or fishers' cove,
Whose pebbly threshold by the rippling tide
Is softly washed, he may contented live,
Ay, thankfully; fed like the fowls of heaven
With daily food sent by a Father's hand.

Ant. Thou shalt not follow me, nor will I fly.
Sever'd from thee I will not live, sweet love;
Nor shalt thou be the mate of one disgraced,
And by the good disowned. Here I'll remain,
And Heaven will work for me a fair deliverance.

DESPAIR.

Henriquez. The morn! and what have I to do with
morn?

The redd'ning sky, the smoking camp, the stir
Of tented sleepers rousing to the call,
The snorting steed, in harness newly dight,
Did please my fancy once. Ay, and the sweetness
Of my still native woods, when through the mist,
They showed at early dawn their stately oaks,
Whose dark'ning forms did gradually appear
Like slow approaching friends, known doubtfully.
These pleased me once in better days; but now
My very soul within me is abhorrent
Of every pleasant thing; and that which cheers
The stirring soldier or the waking hind,
That which the traveller blesses, and the child
Greets with a shout of joy, as from the door
Of his pent cot he issues to the air,
Does but increase my misery.—
I loathe the light of heaven: let the night,
The hideous, unblessed night, close o'er me now,
And close forever!

HANNAH MORE.*

THE long and brilliant literary career of Mrs. More has closed, and her "Life," and "Works," are the invaluable possession of the Christian public. She needs no eulogism — she has built her own monument!

Probably no woman ever did so much to promote the cause of moral and social improvement, among all classes of people, as this excellent lady has done; certainly no one ever more consistently subversed the best interests of her own sex.

It is not, however, in her poetry that the high character of her mind is displayed to the greatest advantage. She possessed more talent than genius, more judgment than imagination; and though her poetry is always respectable, and in its *sentiment* elevated, yet it seldom rises to the lofty sublimity which astonishes the reader, as it were, with the opening of a new world of beauty and bold imagery — nor does it exhibit the brilliancy or breathe the pathos which takes captive the heart and fancy. It is *good*, in every quality, and seldom merits a higher epithet.

But Mrs. More did not make poetry her pursuit. She summoned the muses to her aid, chiefly to promote some

* Mrs. More's writings have been published in a variety of forms. The best American edition is that of the Harpers', comprising her "Life and Correspondence," and all her "Literary Works."

useful or benevolent object in which she was engaged;—"The Search after Happiness," for instance, was written for the benefit of the young ladies at her sister's boarding school; and the "Ballads" and "Tales" to unfold and illustrate religious and moral truths to the poor, ignorant peasantry of her own country.

Many of her Poems were written when she was quite young, and to the youthful poetess she will be a safe model to study, because her sentiments are peculiarly calculated to incite a desire for excellence of character, which is far more necessary to female happiness, and much more easily attainable than eminence in poetry.

We place her honored name in our Wreath to be an *amulet* as well as an ornament; and if it be not properly designated by a flower, it is because it deserves something less perishable—it is the evergreen Pine, the emblem of piety and philosophy, whose *leaf* time will not have power to wither—or that divine "Haemony," whose root, transplanted to a more blessed clime,

"Bears a bright golden flower."

The "Life" of this illustrious woman is a lesson which our sex can hardly value too highly. We cannot give even the outline of a career, noble as it was useful and active; but as the volumes of her "Memoirs and Correspondence" are accessible to all, we need merely give the most important data. Mrs. More was born in the year 1745. She was the youngest but one of the five daughters of Mr. Jacob More of Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester. His careful and conscientious education of his children was greatly blessed, and has secured for them all, but particularly for one, an enduring record in the hearts of the pious and intelligent. Hannah early exhibited traits of genius, and that disposition to do good, which continued the ruling passion of her life. It was this philanthropy which incited her to undertake most of her varied writings. Benevolence

was, in truth, the spontaneous sentiment of her soul, and this, guided and chastened by Christian principle, was as effective in its promptings to activity as ever the most selfish personal ambition has proved in the votaries of the world. And such examples are inestimable for our sex. This benignity of disposition she retained to the last, and it diffused the interest of youth around her winter of existence. An American gentleman, who visited her in 1824, when she was 79 years old, thus describes her appearance.—

“Mrs. More is rather short, but otherwise of an usual size, with a face that never could have been handsome, and never other than agreeable. She has the brightest and most intellectual eye that I ever saw in an aged person; it was as clear, and seemed as fully awake with mind and soul, as if it had but lately opened on a world full of novelty. The whole of her face was strongly characterized by cheerfulness. I had once thought the world was deficient in a knowledge of the means of rendering old age agreeable, and it crossed my mind that I would suggest to Mrs. More that she might, better than any person, supply the deficiency. But it was better than a volume on this subject, to *see* her. I understand the whole art of making old age peaceful and happy at a glance. It is only to exert our talents in the cause of virtue as she has done, and in age be like her. It was a strong lecture, and I would never forget it.”

She died September 1833, in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

“How shall we mourn thee?—With a lofty trust,
Our life’s immortal birthright from above!
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,
And yet can weep!—for nature thus deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.”

CONVERSATION.

HAIL, Conversation, heavenly fair,
Thou bliss of life, and balm of care!
Still may thy gentle reign extend,
And Taste with Wit and Science blend.
Soft polisher of rugged man!
Refiner of the social plan!
For thee, blest solace of his toil!
The sage consumes the midnight oil,
And keeps late vigils, to produce
Materials for thy future use;
Calls forth the else neglected knowledge
Of school, of travel, and of college.

Let Education's moral mint
The noblest images imprint;
Let Taste her curious touchstone hold,
To try if standard be the gold;
But 'tis thy commerce, Conversation,
Must give it use by circulation;
That noblest commerce of mankind,
Whose precious merchandise is MIND.
* * * * *

O'er books the mind inactive lies, —
Books, the mind's food, not exercise!
Her vigorous wings she scarcely feels,
'Till use the latent strength reveals;
Her slumbering energies called forth,
She rises, conscious of her worth;
And at her new-found powers elated,
Thinks them not roused, but new created.

Enlightened spirits ! you who know
 What charms from polished converse flow,
 Speak, for you can, the pure delight
 When kindling sympathies unite;
 When correspondent tastes impart
 Communion sweet from heart to heart;
 You ne'er the cold gradations need
 Which vulgar souls to union lead;
 No dry discussion to unfold
 The meaning, caught ere well 'tis told;
 In taste, in learning, wit, or science,
 Still kindled souls demand alliance;
 Each in the other joys to find
 The image answering to his mind.

But sparks electric only strike
 On souls electrical alike;
 The flash of intellect expires,
 Unless it meet congenial fires;
 What lively pleasure to divine,
 The thought implied, the hinted line,
 To feel Allusions' artful force,
 And trace the image to its source !
 Quick Memory blends her scattered rays,
 Till Fancy kindles at the blaze;
 The works of ages start to view,
 And ancient Wit elicits new.

* * * * *

But let the lettered and the fair,
 And, chiefly, let the wit beware;
 You, whose warm spirits never fail,
 Forgive the hint which ends my tale.
 O shun the peril which attends
 On wit, on warmth, and heed your friends—
 Though Science nursed you in her bowers,
 Tho' Fancy crown your brow with flowers,

Each thought, tho' bright Invention fill,
Tho' Attic bees each word distil,
Yet if one gracious power refuse
Her gentle influence to infuse,—
If she withhold her magic spell,
Nor in the social circle dwell,
In vain shall listening crowds approve;
They 'll praise you, but they will not love.

What is this power, you're loth to mention,
This charm, this witchcraft? 'Tis ATTENTION!
Mute angel, yes; thy looks dispense
The silence of intelligence:
Thy graceful form I well discern,
In act to listen and to learn;
'Tis thou for talents shall obtain
That pardon Wit would hope in vain;
Thy wondrous power, thy secret charm,
Shall Envy of her sting disarm;
Thy silent flattery soothes our spirit,
And we forgive eclipsing merit;
Our jealous souls no longer burn,
Nor hate thee, tho' thou shine in turn;
The sweet atonement screens the fault,
And love and praise are cheaply bought.

With mild complacency to hear,
Tho' somewhat long the tale appear —
The dull relation to attend,
Which mars the story you could mend;
'Tis more than wit — 'tis moral beauty,
'Tis pleasure rising out of duty.
Nor vainly think, the time you waste,
When temper triumphs over taste.

SENSIBILITY.

* * * * *

SWEET Sensibility ! thou keen delight !
 Unprompted moral ! sudden sense of right !
 Perception exquisite ! fair Virtue's seed !
 Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed !
 Thou hasty conscience ! reason's blushing morn !
 Instinctive kindness ere reflection's born !
 Prompt sense of equity ! to thee belongs
 The swift redress of unexamined wrongs !
 Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
 But always apt to choose the suff'ring side !
 To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
 And those who know thee, know all words are faint !

She does not feel thy power who boasts thy flame,
 And rounds her every period with thy name ;
 Nor she who vents her disproportioned sighs
 With pining *Lesbia* when her sparrow dies :
 Nor she who melts when hapless *Shore* expires,
 While real misery unrelieved retires !
 Who thinks feigned sorrows all her tears deserve,
 And weeps o'er *Werter* while her children starve.

As words are but th' external marks to tell
 The fair ideas in the mind that dwell,
 And only are of things the outward sign,
 And not the things themselves they but define ;
 So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
 And all the graceful drapery Feeling wears,
 These are her garb, not her, they but express
 Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress ;

And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.

* * * * *

O Love divine ! soul source of charity !
More dear one genuine deed performed for thee,
Than all the periods Feeling e'er could turn,
Than all thy touching page, perverted Sterne !
Not that by deeds alone this love's expressed —
If so, the affluent only were the bless'd ;
One silent wish, one prayer, one soothing word,
The page of mercy shall, well-pleased, record ;
One soul-felt sigh by powerless pity given,
Accepted incense ! shall ascend to heaven !

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs ;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And tho' but few can serve, yet all may please ;
O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties, tho' we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain :
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies ; yet lib'ral still,
Heaven gives its counterpoise to every ill,
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.
The gift of minist'ring to other's ease,
To all her sons impartial she decrees ;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above ;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought ;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife
Which clouds the color of domestic life ;

The sober comfort, all the peace which springs,
 From the large aggregate of little things ;
 On these small cares of *daughter, wife, or friend*,
 The utmost sacred joys of HOME depend :
 There, Sensibility, thou best may'st reign,
 HOME is thy true, legitimate domain.

SKETCHES FROM THE SACRED DRAMAS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

———A TENDER mother lives
 In many lives ; through many a nerve she feels ;
 From child to child the quick affections spread,
 Forever wandering, yet forever fixed.
 Nor does division weaken, nor the force
 Of constant operation e'er exhaust
 Parental love. All other passions change
 With changing circumstances ; rise or fall,
 Dependent on their object ; claim returns ;
 Live on reciprocation, and expire
 Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
 Without a rival, and without an end.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

The ostentatious virtues which still press
 For notice and for praise ; the brilliant deeds
 Which live but in the eye of observation,
 These have their meed at once. But there's a joy,
 To the fond votaries of Fame unknown —
 To hear the still small voice of Conscience speak
 Its whispered plaudit to the silent soul !

FAVOR IS FLEETING.

——— Dost thou not know
 That of all fickle Fortune's transient gifts,
Favor is most deceitful? 'T is a beam,
 Which darts uncertain brightness for a moment!
 The faint, precarious, fickle shine of power,
 Given without merit, by caprice withdrawn.
 No trifle is so small as what obtains,
 Save that which loses favor; 't is a breath,
 Which hangs upon a smile! A look, a word,
 A frown, the air-built tower of Fortune shakes,
 And down the unsubstantial fabric falls!

FAITH.

O Faith! thou wonder-working principle —
 Eternal substance of our present hope,
 Thou evidence of things invisible!
 What cannot man sustain, by thee sustained!

WISDOM.

Wisdom, whose fruits are purity and peace!
 Wisdom! that bright intelligence, which sat
 Supreme, when with his golden compasses
 Th' Eternal plann'd the fabric of the world,
 Produced his fair idea into light,
 And said that all was good! Wisdom, blest beam!
 The brightness of the everlasting light!
 The spotless mirror of the power of God!
 The reflex image of th' all perfect Mind!
 A stream translucent, flowing from the source
 Of glory infinite — a cloudless light! —
 Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
 Her unstained purity. Not Ophir's gold,

Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price !
The ruby of the mine is pale before her ;
And like the oil Elisha's bounty blessed,
She is a treasure which doth grow by use,
And multiply by spending. She contains,
Within herself, the sum of excellence.

If riches are desired, wisdom is wealth ;
If prudence, where shall keen Invention find
Artificer more cunning ? If renown,
In her right hand it comes ! If piety,
Are not her labors virtues ? If the lore
Which sage Experience teaches, lo ! she scans
Antiquity's dark truths ; the past she knows,
Anticipates the future ; not by arts
Forbidden, of Chaldean sorcery,
But from the piercing ken of deep Foreknowledge.
From her sure science of the human heart,
She weighs effects with causes, ends with means ;
Resolving all into the sovereign will.

TRUST IN GOD.

Know, God is every where : —
Through all the vast infinitude of space ;
At his command the furious tempests rise —
He tells the world of waters where to soar ;
And at his bidding winds and waves are calm.
In Him, not in an arm of flesh, I trust ;
In Him, whose promise never yet has failed,
I place my confidence.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.*

DEAR good Mrs. Barbauld — how vividly comes the remembrance of her “Hymns in Prose” over my heart, mingling with those pleasant recollections of my childhood; the thought of the earliest violet, always gathered by me for my mother’s own eye, and the birds’ nests in that thicket of evergreens, which, duly as the spring came round, was my aviary, and almost my abiding place! Yes, there I first read her sweet “Hymns,” and learned to love her name, and none dearer to me shall I twine in my “Wreath.” Like the Lavender, whose rich fragrance makes us prize its simple flower, her poetry will be treasured, because imbued with those pure and enduring qualities of truth and feeling which require little ornament. The genius of Mrs. *Barbauld* seems never to have incited her to attempt a wide range, or a very lofty flight; but in the sphere she chose, her taste and observation were correct and delicately nice; and her moral feelings were elevated and bright with all that is best and holiest in our nature. Hence she succeeded better in those compositions which were addressed to the heart, than in her more studied efforts to engage the imagination and the reasoning powers. Her

* Her “Works,” with a “Memoir” by Lucy Aikin are printed in two handsome volumes, which ought to be in the Library of every lady.

"Hymns in Prose" are more truly poetical, than her rhymes; because in the former, the heart pours itself out in that true divinity of poetry, the love of Nature, and of Nature's God, unfettered by those rules of verse, which to her mind must, we think, always have proved heavy and irksome. Her prose is written with more freedom and apparent ease than her poetry; and her style is vigorous and elegant. — There is a benignity, mingled with sprightliness, in many of her productions, which seems breathed from a happy as well as innocent heart: and it adds very much to our pleasure when reading a delightful book, to feel assured that it was written in the same spirit of complacency. This pleasure we always enjoy over the works of Mrs. Barbauld.

The maiden name of this poetess was Aiken. She was the only daughter of the Rev. John Aiken; and was born at the village of Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, June, 1743. — She exhibited in her earliest infancy an uncommon quickness of apprehension, and though her education was entirely domestic, and her literary advantages in youth quite circumscribed, yet her own industry and talents overcame all these obstacles, and she became an authoress of high repute, before her marriage with the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, which took place in 1774. From that time she devoted the greatest portion of her time and thoughts to the assistance of her husband, who was for many years engaged in superintending the education of a select number of boys, from among the first families. Mrs. Barbauld seems to have had a tender love for children, though she had none of her own; and the aid she rendered her excellent husband in the education of his pupils, was, without doubt, of much service in disciplining and strengthening her own mind. She survived her husband a number of years, devoting her widowhood to deeds of benevolence and her literary pursuits. Her own death occurred March 9th, 1825, in the eighty-second year of her age; and she retained to the last her cheerfulness.

Her personal appearance has been thus described by her niece, Miss Lucy Aiken. — “She was in youth possessed of great beauty, distinct traces of which she retained to the latest period of her life. Her person was slender, her complexion exquisitely fair, with the bloom of perfect health; her features were regular and elegant, and her dark blue eyes beamed with the light of fancy.”

We may add that she exhibited through life that most precious of examples, intellectual eminence and Christian humility, united in a lovely and accomplished woman.

TO MR. BARBAULD.

Nov. 4th, 1778.

COME, clear thy studious looks awhile;
'T is arrant treason now
To wear that moping brow,
When I, thy empress, bid thee smile.

What though the fading year
One wreath will not afford
To grace the poet's hair,
Or deck the festal board; —
A thousand pretty ways we'll find
To mock old Winter's starving reign;
We 'll bid the violets spring again;
Bid rich poetic roses blow,
Peeping above his heaps of snow;
We 'll dress his withered cheeks in flowers,
And on his smooth bald head
Fantastic garlands bind;
Garlands, which we will get
From the gay blooms of that immortal year,
Above the turning season, set,

Where young ideas shoot in Fancy's sunny bowers.
 A thousand pleasant arts we'll have
 To add new feathers to the wings of Time,
 And make him smoothly haste away :

We 'll use him as our slave,
 And when we please we'll bid him stay,
 And clip his wings, and make him stop to view
 Our studies and our follies too ;
 How sweet our follies are, how high our fancies climb.

We 'll little care what others do,
 And where they go, and what they say ;
 Our bliss, all inward and our own,
 Would only tarnished be, by being shown,
 The talking, restless world shall see,
 Spite of the world we'll happy be,
 But none shall know
 How much we 're so,
 Save only Love, and we,

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

God of my life! and author of my days!
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
 And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.
 Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
 Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere
 Are equal all, — for all are nothing here.
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
 Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.
 I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul ;

As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
Impetuous Passion stops her headlong tide :
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;—
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give ;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :
From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flowery meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
O teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart — Beware !
With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
And, doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.

If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazoned high
With golden letters on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed in every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fears control:
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When, trembling, on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state:
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

TO MRS. R * * * * ,

[ON HER ATTENDANCE UPON HER MOTHER, AT BUXTON.]

WHEN blooming beauty in the noon of power,
While offered joys demand each sprightly hour,
With all that pomp of charms and winning mien
Which sure to conquer needs but to be seen ;
When she, whose name the softest love inspires,
To the hush'd chamber of disease retires,
'To watch and weep beside a parent's bed,
Catch the faint voice, and raise the languid head, —
What mixt delight each feeling heart must warm!
An angel's office suits an angel's form.
Thus the tall column graceful rears its head
To prop some mould'ring tower with moss o'erspread,
Whose stately piles and arches yet display
The venerable graces of decay :
Thus round the withered trunk fresh shoots are seen
To shade their parent with a cheerful green.
More health, dear maid ! thy soothing presence brings
Than purest skies, or salutary springs.
That voice, those looks such healing virtues bear,
Thy sweet reviving smiles might cheer despair ;
On the pale lips detain the parting breath,
And bid hope blossom in the shades of death.
Beauty, like thine, could never reach a charm
So powerful to subdue, so sure to warm.
On her loved child behold the mother gaze,
In weakness pleased, and smiling through decays,
And leaning on that breast her cares assuage ;—
How soft a pillow for declining age !

For this, when that fair frame must feel decay,—
Ye Fates protract it to a distant day,—
When thy approach no tumults shall impart,
Nor that commanding glance strike through the heart,
When meaner beauties shall have leave to shine,
And crowds divide the homage lately thine,
Not with the transient praise those charms can boast
Shall thy fair fame and gentle deeds be lost :
Some pious hand shall thy weak limbs sustain,
And pay thee back these generous cares again ;
Thy name shall flourish, by the good approved,
Thy memory honored, and thy dust beloved.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

November, 1814.

WHEN life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,—
Alas how hard it is to die !

When just is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
How awful then it is to die !

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,—
Ah then, how easy 'tis to die !

When faith is firm and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,

And visioned glories half appear,—
'T is joy, 't is triumph then to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,—
'T is nature's precious boon to die.

WASHING-DAY.

THE Muses are turned gossips; they have lost
The buskined step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost on the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-day.
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; — for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort; — ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day: the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlor, — an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon dispatched;
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all

Remains of quiet: then expect to hear
Of sad disasters,—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short,—and linen-horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack,
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals ;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
— But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance ; — ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus ; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious : should'st thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse checked apron, — with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when showers impend : or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Wo to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites !
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savory pie,
Or tart, or pudding: — pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat ; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious: — the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me ; for then the maids,

I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me from them:
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgencies; jelly or creams,
Relic of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one; or buttered toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost or witch, or murder—so I went
And sheltered me beside the parlor fire:
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have sour'd
One less indulgent.—

At intervals my mother's voice was heard,
Urging despatch: briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles; little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds—so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
And verse is one of them — this most of all.

JANE TAYLOR.*

THE poetry of Miss Taylor always reminds me of Cowper's; and in the character of their minds there was a striking similarity, as any one must have noticed, who has read the "Memoirs and Correspondence" of each of these gifted, good, and gentle beings. Miss Taylor possessed, like Cowper, a vein of playful humor, that often gave point and vividness to the most sombre sentiment, and usually animated the strains she sung for children; but still, there was often over her fancy, as over his, a deep shade of pensiveness, — "morbid humility," she somewhere calls it, — and no phrase could better express the state of feeling which frequently oppressed her heart. The kind and soothing domestic influences which were always around her path in life, prevented the sad and despairing tone of her mind from ever acquiring the predominance, so as to unfit her for her duties; in this respect she was much more favored than the bard of Olney. But we are inclined to think that, had she met with severe trials and misfortunes, the character of her poetry would have been more elevated, and her language more glowing. The retiring sensitiveness of her disposition kept down, usually, that energy of thought and eleva-

* There is an American edition, in three volumes, of the writings of Miss Taylor, to which is prefixed her "Memoirs and Correspondence."

tion of sentiment, which, from a few specimens of her later writings, she seemed gifted to sustain, could she only have been incited to the effort.

Miss Taylor was born in London, September, 1783. She was the second daughter of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Ongar; and her mother was, late in life, a writer of considerable celebrity. Her father, however, was not ordained a clergyman till Jane was nearly thirteen years of age. He was by profession an engraver, and taught both his daughters the art, as a means of independence. Jane excelled in drawing; her delicate taste and fine genius particularly fitted her to appreciate the beautiful in nature; but she never succeeded to satisfy herself in the productions of the graver. The education of Jane was almost entirely conducted at home, by her excellent and sensible parents; and she constantly, in her letters, dwells on the happiness of this endearing domestic intercourse. Her first effort at rhyme was made at the early age of ten years; and throughout her youth the predominance of the poetical feeling is evident, but her timidity constantly checked the natural propensity. It was not till 1804 that she ventured to appear in print. From that period till her decease, which occurred in 1824, she was more or less occupied in literary pursuits. Her prose writings, under the title of "Contributions of Q. Q. to a Periodical," are too well known to need description; and the simple story of hers, entitled "Display," has acquired a popularity which few regular two-volumed novels ever attained. But it is in her familiar "Correspondence," that the real beauty and brightness of her genius and intellect are best comprehended. Pure as the first Snow-drop of spring was her fancy, and there is a child-like simplicity in her feelings, that makes the reader of her unstudied effusions love her at once. Her piety was deep and most humble: diffidence was usually in all things the prevailing mood of her mind; and this often clouded her religious enjoyment. But she triumphed in the closing

scene; those "unreal fears" were, in a great measure, removed, and she went down to the "cold dark grave" with that firm trust in her Redeemer which disarmed death of its terrors.

—"Pure spirits should not pass unmourned;
This earth is poor without them. But a view
Of better climes broke on her, and her soul
Rose o'er its stricken tent with outspread wing
Of seraph rapture."

THE WORLD IN THE HEART.

* * * * *

Ask the good housewife, mid her bustling maids,
If ne'er the *world* her humbler sphere invades.
But if, (unconscious of its secret sway,)
She own it not, her eager looks betray.
Yes, there you find it, spite of locks and bars,
Hid in the store-room with her jams and jars;
It gilds her china, in her cupboard shines,
Works at the vent-peg of her homemade wines,
Each varied dainty to her board supplies,
And comes up smoking in her Christmas pies.

The charms of mental converse some may fear.
Who scruple not to lend a ready ear
To kitchen tales, of scandal, strife, and love,
Which make the maid and mistress *hand and glove*;
And ever deem the sin and danger less,
Merely for being in a vulgar dress.

Thus the world haunts, in forms of varied kind,
The intellectual and the grovelling mind;

Now, sparkling in the muse's fair attire,
Now, red and busy at the kitchen fire.
And were you called to give a casting voice,
One to select, from such a meagre choice,
Deciding which life's purpose most mistook —
Would you not say,—the worldly-minded *cook*?
Not intellectual vanity to flatter;
—Simply, that mind precedence claims of matter.

And she, whose nobler course is seen to shine,
At once, with human knowledge and divine;
Who, mental culture and domestic rites
In close and graceful amity unites;
Striving to hold them in their proper place,
Not interfering with her heavenly race;
Whose constant aim it is, and fervent prayer,
On earthly ground to breathe celestial air;—
Still, *she* could witness how the world betrays,
Steals softly in by unsuspected ways,
Her yielding soul from heavenly converse bears,
And holds her captive in its silken snares.
Could she not tell the trifles, that are brought
To rival heaven, and drive it from her thought?
— Her heart (unconscious of the flowery trap)
Caught in the sprigs upon a baby's cap;
Thence disengaged, its freedom boasts awhile,
Till taken captive by the baby's smile.

But oh, how mournful when resistance fails,
The conflict slackens, and the foe prevails!
For instance—yonder matron, who appears
Softly descending in the vale of years;
And yet, with health, and constant care bestowed,
Still comely, *embonpoint* and *à la mode*.
Once, in her youthful days, her heart was warm;
At least her feelings wore devotion's form;

And ever since, to quell the rising doubt,
 She makes that grain of godliness eke out.
 With comfort still, the distant day she sees,
 When grief or terror brought her to her knees;
 When Christian friends rejoiced at what she told,
 And bade her welcome to the Church's fold.
 There still she rests, her words, her forms the same;
 There holds profession's lamp without the flame;
 Her Sabbaths come and go, with even pace;
 Year after year, you find her in her place,
 And still no change apparent, saving that
 Of time and fashion, in her face and hat.
 She stands or kneels as usual, hears and sings;
 Goes home and dines, and talks of other things;
 Enjoys her comforts with as strong a *gout*
 As if they were not fading from her view;
 And still is telling what she means to do:
 Talks of events that happen to befall,
 Not like a stranger, passing from it all,
 But eager, anxious in their issue still,
 Hoping this will not be, or that it will;
 Getting, enjoying, all that can be had;
 Amused with trifles, and at trifles sad:
 While hope still whispers in her willing ears,
 "Soul, thou hast goods laid up for many years."
 A few, brief words her character portray—
 —This world contents her, if she might but stay.
 When true and fervent pilgrims round her press,
 She inly wishes that their zeal were less.
 Their works of love, their spirit, faith, and prayers,
 Their calm indifference to the world's affairs,
 Reproach her deadness, and she fain, for one,
 Would call their zeal and ardor *overdone*.

But what her thought is—what her hope and stay,
 In moments of reflection, who shall say?
 —Time does not slacken,—nay, he speeds his pace,

Bearing her onward to her finished race :
The common doom awaits her, "dust to dust ;"
The young *may* soon receive it, but she *must*.
What is the Christian's course ? — the Scriptures say,
"Brighter and brighter to the perfect day !"
Oh ! does her earthly mind, her anxious heart,
Clinging to life, *not* longing to depart,
Her languid prayer, her graces dim and faint,
Meet that description of the growing saint ?
Let her inquire (for far is spent the night)
If she be *meet*'d for that world of light :
Where are her highest, best affections placed ?—
Death may *improve*, but not *reverse* the taste :
Does she indeed the things of time prefer ?
Then surely heaven could not be heaven to her.

"THE THINGS THAT ARE UNSEEN ARE
ETERNAL."

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be ;
And but a step may be between
That world of souls and me.

The friend I loved has thither fled,
With whom I sojourned here :
I see no sight—I hear no tread,
But may she not be near ?

I see no light—I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread ;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

Jesus was wrapt from mortal gaze,
And clouds conveyed him hence;
Enthroned amid the sapphire blaze,
Beyond our feeble sense.—

Yet say not — Who shall mount on high,
To bring him from above?
For lo! the Lord is always nigh
The children of his love.

The Savior, whom I long have sought,
And would, but cannot see —
And is he here? O wondrous thought!
And will he dwell with me?

I ask not with my mortal eye
To view the vision bright?
I dare not see Thee, lest I die;
Yet, Lord, restore my sight!

Give me to see Thee, and to feel —
The mental vision clear:
The things unseen reveal! reveal!
And let me know them near.

I seek not fancy's glittering height,
That charmed my ardent youth;
But in thy light would see the light,
And learn thy perfect truth.

The gathering clouds of sense dispel,
That wrap my soul around;
In heavenly places make me dwell,
While treading earthly ground.

Illume this shadowy soul of mine,
That still in darkness lies;

O let the light in darkness shine,
And bid the day-star rise!

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife,
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives Eternal Life!

EXPERIENCE.

* * * * *

How false is found, as on in life we go,
Our early estimate of bliss and wo!
— Some sparkling joy attracts us, that we fain
Would sell a precious birth-right to obtain.
There all our hopes of happiness are placed;
Life looks without it like a joyless waste;
No good is prized, no comfort sought beside;
Prayers, tears implore, and will not be denied.
Heaven pitying hears the intemperate, rude appeal,
And suits its answer to our truest weal.
The self-sought idol, if at last bestowed,
Proves, what our wilfulness required — a goad;
Ne'er but as needful chastisement, is given
The wish thus forc'd, and torn, and storm'd from heaven:
But if withheld, in pity, from our prayer,
We rave, awhile, of torment and despair,
Refuse each proffered comfort with disdain,
And slight the thousand blessings that remain;
Meantime, Heaven bears the grievous wrong, and waits
In patient pity till the storm abates;
Applies with gentlest hand the healing balm,
Or speaks the ruffled mind into a calm;

Deigning, perhaps, to show the mourner soon,
'T was special mercy that denied the boon.

Our blasted hopes, our aims and wishes crost,
Are worth the tears and agonies they cost ;
When the poor mind, by fruitless efforts spent,
With food and raiment learns to be content.
Bounding with youthful hope, the restless mind
Leaves that divine monition far behind;
But tamed at length by suffering, comprehends
The tranquil happiness to which it tends,
Perceives the high-wrought bliss it aimed to share
Demands a richer soil, a purer air ;
That 't is not fitted, and would strangely grace
The mean condition of our mortal race ;
And all we need, in this terrestrial spot,
Is calm contentment with "the common lot."

ACCOMPLISHMENT.

How is it that masters, and science, and art,
One spark of intelligence fail to impart,
Unless in that chemical union combined,
Of which the result, in one word, is a *mind*?

A youth may have studied, and travelled abroad,
May sing like *Apollo*, and paint like a *Claude*,
And speak all the languages under the pole,
And have every gift in the world, but a soul.

That drapery wrought by the leisurely fair,
Called *patchwork*, may well to such genius compare,

Wherein every tint of the rainbow appears,
And stars to adorn it are forced from their spheres.

There glows a bright pattern (a sprig, or a spot)
'T wixt clusters of roses full-blown and red hot;
Here magnified tulips divided in three,
Alternately shaded with sections of tree.

But when all is finished, this labor of years,
A mass unharmonious, unmeaning appears;
'Tis showy, but void of intelligent grace;
It is not a landscape—it is not a face.

'T is thus Education, (so called in our schools,)
With costly materials, and capital tools,
Sits down to her work, if you duly reward her,
And sends it home finished according to order.

See French and Italian spread out on her lap;
Then Dancing springs up, and skips into a gap;
Next Drawing and all its varieties come,
Sewed down in her place by her finger and thumb.

And then, for completing her fanciful robes,
Geography, Music, the use of the Globes,
&c. &c., which, match as they will,
Are sewn into shape, and set down in the bill.

Thus Science distorted, and torn into bits,
Art tortured, and frightened half out of her wits;
In portions and patches, some light and some shady,
Are stitched up together, and make a young lady.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

IN days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
 When learning dimly gleamed from grated cells,
 When wild Astrology's distorted eye
 Shunned the fair field of true philosophy,
 And, wandering through the depths of mental night,
 Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light:—
 When curious Alchymy, with puzzled brow,
 Attempted things that Science laughs at now,
 Losing the useful purpose she consults,
 In vain chimeras and unknown results:—
 In those gray times there lived a reverend sage,
 Whose wisdom shed its lustre on the age.
 A monk he was, immured in cloistered walls,
 Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls.
 'T was a profound seclusion that he chose;
 The noisy world disturbed not that repose:
 The flow of murmuring waters, day by day,
 And whistling winds that forced their tardy way
 Through reverend trees, of ages growth, that made,
 Around the holy pile a deep monastic shade;
 The chanted psalm, or solitary prayer—
 Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

* * * * *

'T was here, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
 In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
 Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
 He formed the contrivance we now shal. explain:
 But whether by magic, or alchymy's powers,
 We know not—indeed 't is no business of ours:

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected; but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray:
But success is secure unless energy fails;
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales*.

What were they? — you ask: you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no; — for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense:
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay;
And nought so ethereal, but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant, but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made — for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed,
By a well-esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest; —
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

Again, he performed an experiment rare ;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale ; in the other was laid
The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decayed ;
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail ;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candor and sense ;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potatoe, just washed from the dirt ;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh — 't was the "pearl of great price."

At last the whole world was bowled in at the grate ;
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight ;
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof ;
Whence, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky ;
While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales*.

But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:—
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put:
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And *impartiality* use for a beam:
Then bring those good actions which pride overates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

THE VIOLET.

Down in the green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there it sheds its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.*

ENGLAND boasts no living poetess superior to Miss Landon. Hers is the true inspiration, ascribed by the ancients to Phœbus, by us to Nature, which can

———“Give to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.”

She possesses in an eminent degree that loftiest attribute of genius, creative power — her imagination is vivid, varied, and fertile, and in depicting scenes of passionate love or sorrowful despair she is unrivalled by any modern poet, of either sex. We do not, however, think these love-strains worthy of all praise. It is true that she has painted her pictures to the mind's eye, with great delicacy of touch, and many of them possess exquisite grace and beauty ; still we wish she had not so frequently made choice of “love as the

* There are several volumes of Miss Landon's poetical works, besides a countless number of fugitive pieces in the *Annals* and *Periodicals* constantly appearing. The volumes have all been re-published in America, and with the exception of Mrs. Hemans, no English writer of poetry is now more popularly known among us than L. E. L. Her lyrical effusions find a place in our papers, from Maine to Florida, and her admirable “Poem on the Death of Mrs. Hemans” has given her a warm place in the heart of many a devoted admirer of that sweet songstress.

source of song."— She somewhere remarks, as an apology for the amatory character of her early writings, that "for a woman, whose influence and sphere is the affections, love is the peculiar province." And so it is—but then she should, like Mrs. Hemans, have extended the sphere of *love* to the conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal feelings. Yes, the true love, which glows with the holiest and brightest light in the garland of poesy twined by a female hand, is that which she will find in the domestic circle—the household affections, rather than the *tender passion*, should be her theme.

In her later productions Miss Landon has greatly improved. She addresses other feelings besides *love*, her style has more simplicity and strength, and the sentiment becomes elevated and *womanly*—for we hold that the loftiest, purest and best qualities of our nature, the *moral feelings*, are peculiarly suited to the genius of woman. As she is still young, and possesses such fervidness and activity of genius, and the power of judgment which can control the exuberance which such a fancy as hers is inclined to indulge, there is every reason to hope better and richer treasures from her muse, than any yet given to the world.

In prose Miss Landon has succeeded well, though we do not place her in the first rank of the popular novelists of the day. Her "Romance and Reality" is an interesting story, and many of her short sketches and tales, which are gracing the periodicals of the day, are written with a charming naïveté and sprightliness. But the originality, pathos and deep feeling, which characterize much of her poetry, are seldom found in her prose. Nature has gifted her for the lyre, and we hope she will only practice prose writing sufficiently to correct, by its requisite common sense and naturalness, some of the eccentricities and conceits which a vivid imagination, always searching for the wonderful, the beautiful and the exciting, is so apt to indulge.

Though Miss Landon has written much pathetic poetry, depicting the woes of despairing and forsaken lovers, she is not describing her own case. It is said that she is very fond of society, and shines among the fair, fashionable and fascinating of the London world as a "bright particular star;" — and that never has a disappointment of the heart occurred to cloud her vivacity. So, no gentle reader of the "Improvasatrice," "The Venetian Bracelet," "Lost Pleiad," &c. &c — must identify the suffering heroines of those poems with the accomplished writer. But there is one strain — "the Lines on Life," which we have selected, that bear the seal of individual and real feeling. We cannot but think that in these strains Miss Landon has portrayed her own heart; and the sincerity and simplicity of the expression, which always attends real feeling, gives to this poem a strong, and stirring interest which her fancies and fictions, surpassingly beautiful as they are, can never create. She has lived in the sunshine of the world too much, and the "Eastern Tulip" may be the emblem, of her poetical temperament; but that she prizes the "little deep blue violet" so well, shows that her heart and soul are fraught with the love of simple nature, and with those warm and sacred emotions that will, when called forth

———"Make the loveliness of home."

And though—

"The fire within the poet's heart
Is fire unquenchable,
Far may its usual curse depart,
And light, but not consume, thy heart!
Sweet minstrel, fare thee well!
And may for once the laurel wreath
Not wither all that grows beneath!"

LINES OF LIFE.

Orphan in my first years, I early learnt
To make my heart suffice itself, and seek
Support and sympathy in its own depths.

WELL, read my cheek, and watch my eye, —
Too strictly school'd are they,
One secret of my soul to show,
One hidden thought betray.

I never knew the time my heart
Look'd freely from my brow ;
It once was checked by timidity,
'T is taught by caution now.

I live among the cold, the false,
And I must seem like them ;
And such I am, for I am false
As those I most condemn.

I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
My tongue its softest tone ;
I borrow others' likeness, till
Almost I lose my own.

I pass through flattery's gilded sieve,
Whatever I would say ;
In social life, all, like the blind,
Must learn to feel their way.

I check my thoughts like curbed steeds
That struggle with the rein ;

I bid my feelings sleep, like wrecks
In the unfathom'd main.

I hear them speak of love, the deep,
The true,—and mock the name;
Mock at all high and early truth,
And I too do the same.

I hear them tell some touching tale,
I swallow down the tear;
I hear them name some generous deed,
And I have learnt to sneer.

I hear the spiritual, the kind,
The pure, but named in mirth;
Till all of good, ay, even hope,
Seems exiled from our earth.

And one fear, withering ridicule,
Is all that I can dread;
A sword hung by a single hair,
Forever o'er the head.

We bow to a most servile faith,
In a most servile fear;
While none among us dares to say
What none will choose to hear.

And if we dream of loftier thoughts,
In weakness they are gone;
And indolence and vanity
Rivet our fetters on.

Surely I was not born for this!
I feel a loftier mood
Of generous impulse, high resolve,
Steal o'er my solitude!

I gaze upon the thousand stars
That fill the midnight sky ;
And wish, so passionately wish,
A light like theirs on high.

I have such eagerness of hope
To benefit my kind ;
And feel as if immortal power
Were given to my mind.

I think on that eternal fame,
The sun of earthly gloom,
Which makes the gloriousness of death,
The future of the tomb —

That earthly future, the faint sign
Of a more heavenly one ;
— A step, a word, a voice, a look, —
Alas ! my dream is done.

And earth, and earth's debasing stain,
Again is on my soul ;
And I am but a nameless part
Of a most worthless whole.

Why write I this ? because my heart
Towards the future springs,
That future where it loves to soar
On more than eagle wings.

The present, it is but a speck
In that eternal time,
In which my lost hopes find a home,
My spirit knows its clime.

Oh ! not myself, — for what am I ? —
The worthless and the weak,

Whose every thought of self should raise
A blush to burn my cheek.

But song has touch'd my lips with fire,
And made my heart a shrine;
For what, although alloy'd, debased,
Is in itself divine.

I am, myself, but a vile link
Amid life's weary chain;
But I have spoken hallow'd words,
Oh do not say in vain!

My first, my last, my only wish,—
Say, will my charmed chords
Wake to the morning light of fame,
And breathe again my words?

Will the young maiden, when her tears,
Alone in moonlight shine —
Tears for the absent and the loved —
Murmur some song of mine?

Will the pale youth, by his dim lamp,
Himself a dying flame,
From many an antique scroll beside,
Choose that which bears my name?

Let music make less terrible
The silence of the dead;
I care not, so my spirit last
Long after life has fled.

FEMALE FAITH.

SHE loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow ;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill ;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet — she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept
The gayest of the gay ;
That pride the blight of time hath swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast ;
She saw that smile decay — depart —
And then she loved you most.

Oh, such the generous faith that glows
In woman's gentle breast ;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest ;

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

MUSINGS.

METHINKS we must have known some former state
More glorious than our present, and the heart
Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left
By past magnificence; and hence we pine
With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the eyes
With bitter tears for their own vanity.
Remembrance makes the poet; 't is the past
Lingering within him, with a keener sense
Than is upon the thoughts of common men,
Of what has been, that fills the actual world
With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
That were and are not; and the fairer they,
The more their contrast with existing things;
The more his power, the greater is his grief.
— Are we then fallen from some noble star,
Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse,
And we feel capable of happiness
Only to know it is not of our sphere?

I have sung passionate songs of beating hearts;
Perhaps it had been better they had drawn
Their inspiration from an inward source.
Had I known even an unhappy love,
It would have flung an interest round life
Mine never knew. This is an empty wish;
Our feelings are not fires to light at will
Our nature's fine and subtle mysteries;
We may control them, but may not create,
And love less than its fellows. I have fed
Perhaps too much upon the lotos fruits
Imagination yields, — fruits which unfit
The palate for the more substantial food

Of our own land — reality. I made
My heart too like a temple for a home ;
My thoughts were birds of paradise, that breathed
The airs of heaven, but died on touching earth.
— The knight whose deeds were stainless as his crest,
Who made my name his watchword in the field ;
The poet with immortal words, whose heart
I shared with beauty ; or the patriot,
Whose eloquence was power, who made my smile
His recompense amid the toil which shaped
A nation's destiny : these, such as these,
The glorified — the passionate — the brave —
In these I might have found the head and heart
I could have worship'd. Where are such as these ?
— Not mid gay cavaliers, who make the dance
Pleasant with graceful flatteries ; whose words
A passing moment might light up my cheek,
But haunted not my solitude. The fault
Has been my own ; perhaps I ask'd too much : —
Yet let me say, what firmly I believe,
Love can be — ay, and is. I held that Love
Which chooseth from a thousand only one,
To be the object of that tenderness
Natural to every heart ; which can resign
Its own best happiness for one dear sake ;
Can bear with absence ; hath no part in Hope, —
For Hope is somewhat selfish, — Love is not, —
And doth prefer another to itself.
Unchangeable and generous, what, like Love,
Can melt away the dross of worldliness.
Can elevate, refine, and make the heart
Of that pure gold which is the fitting shrine
For fire, as sacred as e'er came from heaven ?
No more of this : — one word may read my heart,
And that one word is utter weariness !
Yet sometimes I look round with vain regret,

And think I will re-string my lute, and nerve
My woman's hand for nobler enterprise ;
But the day never comes. Alas ! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot : our high resolves
Look down upon our slumbering acts.

THE POET'S POWER.

On, never had the poet's lute a hope,
An aim so glorious as it now may have,
In this our social state, where petty cares
And mercenary interests only look
Upon the present's littleness, and shrink
From the bold future, and the stately past, —
Where the smooth surface of society
Is polish'd by deceit, and the warm heart
With all its kind affections' early flow,
Flung back upon itself, forgets to beat,
At least for others : — 't is the poet's gift
To melt these frozen waters into tears,
By sympathy with sorrows not our own,
By wakening memory with those mournful notes,
Whose music is the thoughts of early years,
When truth was on the lip, and feelings wore
The sweetness and the freshness of their morn.
Young poet, if thy dreams have not such hope
To purify, refine, exalt, subdue,
To touch the selfish, and to shame the vain
Out of themselves, by gentle mournfulness,
Or chords that rouse some aim of enterprise,
Lofty and pure, and meant for general good ;

If thou hast not some power that may direct
The mind from the mean round of daily life,
Waking affections that might else have slept,
Or high resolves, the petrified before,
Or rousing in that mind a finer sense
Of inward and external loveliness,
Making imagination serve as guide
To all of heaven that yet remains on earth, —
Thine is a useless lute : break it, and die.

THE ADIEU.

WE'LL miss her at the morning hour,
When leaves and eyes uncloze ;
When sunshine calls the dewy flower
To waken from repose ;
For, like the singing of a bird,
When first the sunbeams fall,
The gladness of her voice was heard
The earliest of us all.

We'll miss her at the evening time,
For then her voice and lute
Best loved to sing some sweet old rhyme,
When other sounds were mute.—
Twined round the ancient window-seat,
While she was singing there,
The jasmine from outside would meet,
And wreath her fragrant hair.

We'll miss her when we gather round
Our blazing hearth at night,
When ancient memories abound,
Or hopes where all unite ;

And pleasant talk of years to come —
 'Those years our fancies frame.
Ah! she has now another home,
 And bears another name.

Her heart is not with our old hall,
 Nor with the things of yore ;
And yet, methinks she must recall
 What was so dear before.
She wept to leave the fond roof where
 She had been loved so long,
Though glad the peal upon the air,
 And gay the bridal throng.

Yes, memory has honey cells,
 And some of them are ours ;
For in the sweetest of them dwells
 The dream of early hours.
The hearth, the hall, the window-seat,
 Will bring us to her mind ;
In yon wide world she cannot meet
 All that she left behind.

Loved, and beloved, her own sweet will
 It was that made her fate ;
She has a fairy home — but still
 Our own seems desolate.
We may not wish her back again,
 Not for her own dear sake :
Oh, love! to form one happy chain,
 How many thou must break !

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

THERE is a flower, a magical flower,
On which love hath laid a fairy power ;
Gather it on the eve of St. John,
When the clock of the village is tolling one ;
Let no look be turned, no word be said,
And lay the rose-leaves under your head ;
Your sleep will be light, and pleasant your rest,
For your visions will be of the youth you love best.
Four days I had not my own love seen,—
Where, sighed I, can my wanderer have been ?
I thought I would gather the magical flower,
And see him at least in my sleeping hour ! —
St. John's Eve came : to the garden I flew,
Where the white roses shone with the silver dew ;
The nightingale sang as I passed along —
I startled to hear even her sweet song ;
The sky was bright with moon and star shine,
And the wind was sweet as a whisper of thine,
Dear love ! for whose sake I stripped the tree-rose,
And softly and silently stole to repose.
No look I turned, and no word I said,
But laid the white roses under my head.

Oh, sweet was the dream that came to me then !
I dreamt of a lonely and lovely glen ;
There was a clear and beautiful sky,
Such as is seen in the blue July ;
To the north was a forest of darkling pine ;
To the south were hills all green with the vine,
Where the ruby clusters sparkled like gems
Seen upon princely diadems ;

On the rocks were goats as white as snow,
And the sheep-bell was heard in the valley below ;
And like a nest in the chestnut's shade,
As just for love and contentment made,
A little cottage stood, and the tree
Shadowed it over most gracefully ;
A white rose grew up beside the door,
The porch with the blossoms was covered o'er ;
Methought it was yours — you were standing by :
You welcomed me, and I felt your sigh
Warm on my cheek, and our lips met, —
On mine the touch is thrilling yet !
But, alas ! I awakened, and all I can do
Is to tell the sweet dream, my own Love, to you !

CHANGE.

AND this is what is left of youth ! . . .
There were two boys, who were bred up together,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board ;
Each tried the other's sport, from their first chace,
Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftness of the bird. They lay beside
The silver trout-stream, watching as the sun
Played on the bubbles ; shared each in the store
Of either's garden ; and together read
Of him, the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun, and a canoe,
Bounded their wishes. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say
That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain : they parted

With promises of long remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm tears
Hidden like shame by the young eyes which shed them
But which are thought upon in after years,
As what we would give worlds to shed once more.

They met again, — but different from themselves,
At least what each remembered of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles; and the other
Proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill
And toil which gathered it; each with a brow
And heart alike darkened by years and care.
They met with cold words, and yet colder looks:
Each was changed in himself, and yet each thought
The other only changed, himself the same.
And coldness bred dislike, and rivalry
Came like the pestilence o'er some sweet thoughts,
That lingered yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word,
Were strangers in their age: if their eyes met,
'T was but to look contempt, and when they spoke.
Their speech was wormwood!
. . . . And this, this is life!

WOMAN'S DESTINY.

“ I am a woman : — tell me not of fame !
The eagle's wing may sweep the stormy path,
And fling back arrows, where the dove would die.
Look on those flowers near yon acacia tree —
The lily of the valley — mark how pure
The snowy blossoms, — and how soft a breath
Is almost hidden by the large dark leaves.
Not only have those delicate flowers a gift
Of sweetness and of beauty, but the root —
A healing power dwells there ; fragrant and fair,
But dwelling still in some beloved shade.
Is not this woman's emblem ? — she whose smile
Should only make the loveliness of home —
Who seeks support and shelter from man's heart,
And pays it with affection quiet, deep, —
And in his sickness — sorrow — with an aid
He did not deem in aught so fragile dwelt.
Alas ! this has not been my destiny.
Again I'll borrow Summer's eloquence.
Yon Eastern tulip — that is emblem mine ;
Ay ! it has radiant colors — every leaf
Is as a gem from its own country's mines.
'T is redolent with sunshine ; but with noon
It has begun to wither : — look within,
It has a wasted bloom, a burning heart ;
It has dwelt too much in the open day,
And so have I ; and both must droop and die !
I did not choose my gift : — too soon my heart,
Watch-like, had pointed to a later hour
Than time had reach'd ; and as my years pass'd on,
Shadows and floating visions grew to thoughts,
And thoughts found words, the passionate words of song,
And all to me was poetry.

SONG.

FAREWELL! — we shall not meet again

As we are parting now!

I must my beating heart restrain —

Must veil my burning brow!

Oh, I must coldly learn to hide

One thought, all else above —

Must call upon my woman's pride

To hide my woman's love!

Check dreams I never may avow;

Be free, be careless, cold as thou!

Oh! those are tears of bitterness,

Wrung from the breaking heart,

When two blest in their tenderness,

Must learn to live — apart!

But what are they to that lone sigh,

That cold and fixed despair,

That weight of wasting agony

It must be mine to bear?

Methinks I should not thus repine,

If I had but one vow of thine.

Farewell! we have not often met, —

We may not meet again;

But on my heart the seal is set

Love never sets in vain!

Fruitless as constancy may be,

No chance, no change, may turn from thee

One who has loved thee wildly, well, —

But whose first love-vow breathed — farewell.

MONT BLANC.

"Heaven knows our travellers have sufficiently alloyed the beautiful, and profaned the sublime, by associating these with themselves, the common-place, and the ridiculous; but out upon them, thus to tread on the gray hair of centuries, — on the untrodden snows of Mont Blanc."

THOU monarch of the open air,
Thou mighty temple given
For morning's earliest of light,
And evening's last of heaven.
The vapor from the marsh, the smoke
From crowded cities sent,
Are purified before they reach
Thy loftier element.
Thy hues are not of earth, but heaven;
Only the sunset rose
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers
Who scaled thy breathless height,
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,
A thing for common sight.
Before that human step had felt
Its sully on thy brow,
The glory of thy forehead made
A shrine to those below:
Men gazed upon thee as a star,
And turned to earth again,
With dreams like thine own floating clouds.
The vague but not the vain.

No feelings are less vain than those
That bear the mind away,
Till blent with nature's mysteries
It half forgets its clay.
It catches loftier impulses ;
And owns a nobler power ;
The poet and philosopher
Are born of such an hour.

But now, where may we seek a place
For any spirit's dream ;
Our steps have been o'er every soil,
Our sails o'er every stream.
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,
The fortunate, the fair !
We looked for their perpetual spring
To find it was not there.
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,
We have so sought for thee,
There's not a spot in all the globe
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs,
That dwelt in legends old,
Alas ! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much, scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves ;
Our only point of ignorance
Is centered in ourselves.
Alas ! for thy past mystery,
For thine untrodden snow,
Nurse of the tempest, hadst thou none
To guard thy outraged brow ?
Thy summit, once the unapproached,
Hath human presence owned,
With the first step upon thy crest,
Mont Blanc thou wert dethron'd.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Divinest art, the stars above
Were fated on thy birth to shine;
Oh, born of beauty and of love,
What early poetry was thine?

THE softness of Ionian night
Upon Ionian summer lay,
One planet gave its vesper light,
Enough to guide a lover's way;
And gave the fountain as it play'd
The semblance of a silvery shower,
And as its waters fell, they made
A music meet for such an hour:
That, and the tones the gentle wind
Won from the leaf, as from a lute
In natural melody combined,
Now that all ruder sound was mute;
And odors floated on the air,
As many a nymph had just unbound
The wreath that braided her dark hair,
And flung the fragrant tresses round.

Pillow'd on violet leaves, which prest
Fill'd the sweet chamber with their sighs,
Lull'd by the lyre's low notes to rest,
A Grecian youth in slumber lies;
And at his side a maiden stands,
The dark hair braided on her brow,
The lute within her slender hands,
But hush'd is all its music now;
She would not wake him from his dreams,
Although she has so much to say,

Although the morning's earliest beams
Will see her warrior far away :
How fond and earnest is the gaze
Upon these sleeping features thrown,
She who yet never dared to raise
Her timid eyes to meet his own.

She bends her lover's rest above,
Thoughtful with gentle hopes and fears,
And that unutterable love
Which never yet spoke but in tears !
She would not that those tears should fall
Upon the cherish'd sleeper's face ;
She turns and sees upon the wall
Its imaged shade, its perfect grace.
With eager hand she mark'd each line —
The shadowy brow, the arching head —
Till some creative power divine
Love's likeness o'er Love's shadow spread.
Since then, what passion and what power
Has dwelt upon the painter's art !
How has it soothed the absent hour,
With looks that wear life's loveliest part !

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

“ The rose — the glorious rose is gone.”

Nightingale's Death Song.

BRING flowers to crown the cup and lute, —
Bring flowers, — the bride is near;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell, —
Bring flowers to strew the bier!
Bring flowers ! thus said the lovely song;
And shall they not be brought
To her who linked the offering
With feeling and with thought ?

Bring flowers, — the perfumed and the pure, —
Those with the morning dew,
A sigh in every fragrant leaf,
A tear on every hue.
So pure, so sweet thy life has been,
So filling earth and air
With odors and with loveliness,
Till common scenes grew fair.

Thy song around our daily path
Flung beauty born of dreams,
That shadows on the actual world
The spirit's sunny gleams.
Mysterious influence, that to earth
Brings down the Heaven above,
And fills the universal heart
With universal love.

Such gifts were thine, — as from the block,
The unformed and the cold,
The sculptor calls to breathing life
Some shape of perfect mould,

So thou from common thoughts and things
Didst call a charmed song,
Which on a sweet and swelling tide
Bore the full soul along.

And thou from far and foreign lands
Didst bring back many a tone,
And giving such new music still,
A music of thine own.
A lofty strain of generous thoughts,
And yet subdued and sweet, —
An angel's song, who sings of earth,
Whose cares are at his feet.

And yet thy song is sorrowful,
Its beauty is not bloom;
The hopes of which it breathes, are hopes
That look beyond the tomb;
Thy song is sorrowful as winds
That wander o'er the plain,
And ask for Summer's vanished flowers,
And ask for them in vain.

Ah! dearly purchased is the gift,
The gift of song like thine;
A fated doom is hers who stands
The priestess of the shrine.
The crowd — they only see the crown,
They only hear the hymn; —
They mark not that the cheek is pale,
And that the eye is dim.

Wound to a pitch too exquisite,
The soul's fine chords are wrung;
With misery and melody
They are too highly strung.
The heart is made too sensitive
Life's daily pain to bear;

It beats in music, but it beats
Beneath a deep despair.

It never meets the love it paints,
The love for which it pines;
Too much of Heaven is in the faith
That such a heart enshrines.
The meteor wreath the poet wears
Must make a lonely lot;
It dazzles, only to divide,
From those who wear it not.

Didst thou not tremble at thy fame,
And loathe its bitter prize,
While what to others triumph seemed,
To thee was sacrifice?
Oh, Flower brought from Paradise,
To this cold world of ours,
Shadows of beauty such as thine
Recall thy native bowers.

Let others thank thee — 't was for them
Thy soft leaves thou didst wreath;
The red rose wastes itself in sighs
Whose sweetness others breathe!
And they have thanked thee — many a lip
Has asked of thine for words,
When thoughts, Life's finer thoughts, have touched
The spirit's inmost chords.

How many loved and honored thee
Who only knew thy name;
Which o'er the weary working world
Like starry music came?
With what still hours of calm delight
Thy songs and image blend;
I cannot choose but think thou wert
An old familiar friend.

The charms that dwelt in songs of thine
My inmost spirit moved ;
And yet I feel as thou hadst been
Not half enough beloved.
They say that thou wert faint and worn
With suffering and with care ;
What music must have filled the soul
That had so much to spare !

Oh ! weary one ! since thou art laid
Within thy mother's breast —
The green, the quiet mother-earth —
Thrice blessed be thy rest !
Thy heart is left within our hearts,
Although Life's pang is o'er ;
But the quick tears are in my eyes,
And I can write no more.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.*

THE Hon. Mrs. Norton is one of those favored mortals who, by birthright, inherit talents, and therefore, for her to become an authoress was not considered wonderful, as is usually the case with female writers. The grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, could be no ordinary woman. Distinguished for beauty and gracefulness, among the gay circle in which she was native, as the "queenly Dahlia" is among the garden flowers, she added to the list of her accomplishments, that more dazzling, because less common endowment, genius, early displayed, and hitherto steadily improving. At the age of twelve years she composed "The Dandies' Ball," a poetical description of a little book, then quite the rage. — "The Sorrows of Rosalie," was her next production, issued in 1829, about two years after her marriage. Since that period she has published several works, besides editing for some time past "The Court Journal." — The longest Poem of Mrs. Norton's — "The Un-

* There is a handsome English edition of her Poems in two volumes: only a small selection from these have been reprinted in America. Her Prose works, "The Wife, and Woman's Reward," "The Coquette," and her shorter stories are all familiar to American readers, as well as to the London public; and her fugitive lyrical compositions are very popular.

dying One," was evidently written with much thought ; the inclination of her mind leading her, doubtless, to the effort, as one which would be more distinguished, than short lyrical compositions. The subject was not well suited to her powers ; it requires the deep, daring energy of a Byron or a Shelley to portray the dark, despairing and unholy passions which such a being as Isbal must have indulged. Nevertheless, our poetess has not *failed*—the story is skillfully drawn out, and there are many touches of tenderness and love which are inimitable. But we better like her short poems : in these she displays more freedom and grace, more of the true poetical fervor which can invest common feelings and natural objects with the light of song, making treasures of these simple and humble things which the heart will hoard, and the memory retain. There is a resemblance between the poetic characteristics of Mrs. Norton and those of Barry Cornwall—both excel in the descriptive ; both have great facility of versification ; and there is a similar delicacy in their taste and fancy. But Barry Cornwall inclines sometimes to odd conceits and quaint old phrases, the affectation or the effect of more profound learning than any fair poetess would be likely to display. Yet Mrs. Norton has a mind which might be greatly improved by study. Hers is not that fire-fly genius which shines sweetly on the fresh grass, or resting on a rose-bush in full blossom ; but which is chilled and sunk by the first dark storm or cold frost. She has strength as well as beauty and sprightliness in her lay. Some of her prose writings show great power of portraying character, as well as of delineating the manners of society. In short, few of our literary ladies at her age, twenty-seven, have written so much and so well as Mrs. Norton. She has made literature her amusement along the rose-strewed path of life—she will find it a resource and solace amid its thorns.

ALL IS FORGOTTEN.

How strange that earth, *our* earth should share
So little in our crime and care!
The billows of the treacherous main
Gape for the wreck, and close again
With daring smiles, as if the deep
Had whelm'd not with eternal sleep
Many and many a warm young heart,
Which swell'd to meet, and bled to part.
The battle-plain its verdant breast
Will show in bright and sunny vest,
Although its name is now a word,
Through sobs, and moans, and wailing heard;
And many mourn'd for from afar,
There died the writhing death of war.
Yea, e'en the stream, by whose cool side,
Lay those who thirsted for its tide,
Yearning for some young hand of yore,
Wont in bright hours, with smiles to pour
The mantling wine of him whose blood
Is mixing with the glassy flood —
Ev'n *that* pure fountain gushes by
With all its former brilliancy;
Nor bears with it one tint to show
How crimson it began to flow.
And thus an echo takes the tone
Of agony; and when 't is gone,
Air, earth and sea forget the sound,
And all is still and silent round.
And thus upon the cherished grave
The sunbeams smile, the branches wave;
And all our tears for those who now are not,
Sink in the flowery turf — and are forgot!

* * * * *

WE SHALL MEET NO MORE !

WE shall meet no more on the sunny hill,
Where the lonely wild flower springs and dies ;
We shall meet no more by the murmuring rill,
Where the blue cool waters idly rise ;
The sunshine and flowers all bright remain
In their lonely beauty, as of yore ;
But to *me* 't will never be bright again —
We shall meet no more ! we shall meet no more !

We shall meet no more in the lighted halls
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts ;
I may listen in vain as each footstep falls,
I may watch in vain as each form departs !
There *are* laughing voices, but thy young tone
Its cheerful greeting hath ceased to pour ;
Thy form from the dancing train is gone —
We shall meet no more ! we shall meet no more !

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

I SAW a widow by her cherished son,
Ere all of life, and light, and hope was gone —
When the last dying glance was faintly raised,
Ere death with withering power the brightness glazed
Of those deep heavenly eyes : a glance which seem'd
To ask her, if the world where he had dream'd
Such dreams of happiness with her, must be
Forsaken in the spring-tide of his glee ;

If he indeed must *die*. I saw her take
His hand and gaze, as if her heart would break,
On his pale brow and languid lips of grace,
And wipe the death-dew gently from his face.
I saw her after, when the unconscious clay
Deaf to her wild appeals, all mutely lay,
With brow upturn'd, and parted lips, whose hue
Was scarce more pale than hers, who met my view.
She stood, and wept not in her deep despair,
But press'd her lips upon his shining hair,
With a long bitter kiss, and then with grief, —
Like hers of old, who pray'd and found relief —
She groan'd to God, and watch'd to see him stir;
But, ah! no prophet came, to raise him up for *her*!

THE POET.

I SAW the dark and city-clouded spot,
Where, by his busy patrons all forgot,
The young, sad poet, dreams of better days,
And gives his genius forth in darken'd rays.
Chill o'er his soul, gaunt poverty hath thrown
Her veil of shadows, as he sighs alone;
And, withering up the springs and streams of youth,
Left him to feel misfortune's bitter truth,
And own with deep impassion'd bitterness,
Who would describe, must faintly feel, distress.
Slowly he wanders, with a languid pace,
To the small window of his hiding-place;
Pressing with straining force, all vainly now,
His hot, weak fingers on his throbbing brow;
And seeking for bright thoughts, which care and pain
Have driven from his dim and wilder'd brain.
He breathes a moment that unclouded air,

And gazes on the face of nature there —
 Longing for fresh wild flowers and verdant fields,
 And all the joys that open sunshine yields:
 Then, turning, he doth rest his heavy eye
 Where his torn papers in confusion lie,
 And raves awhile, and seats himself again,
 To toil and strive for thoughts and words, in vain:
 Till he can bid h's drooping fancy feel,
 And barter genius for a scanty meal!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

To worship silently at some heart's shrine,
 And feel, but paint not, all its fire in thine:
 To pray for that heart's hopes when thine are gone,
 Nor let its after coldness chill thine own:
 To hold that one, with every fault, more dear
 Than all who whisper fondness in thine ear:
 To joy thee in his joy, and silently
 Meet the upbraiding of his angry eye:
 To bear unshrinking all the blood of fate,
 Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate;
 Nor deem *that* woe, which thou canst feel is still
 Borne with him, and for him; through every ill
 To smile on ~~him~~ ^{me}, — nor weep, save when apart,
 God, and God only, looks into thy heart:
 To keep unchanged thy calm, pure, quiet love,
 If he, inconstant, doth a new one prove: *never to you*
 To love all round him as a part of him,
 Ev'n her he worships: — though thine eye be dim
 With weeping for thyself: to pray that not
 One cloud may darken o'er *their* earthly lot;
 With the affection of true hearts, to see
 His happiness, which doth not hang on thee;—
 Oh! this is woman's love — its joy — its pain;
 And this — it hath been felt — and felt in vain.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

WE stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children, at our play —
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way;
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we,
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree.
With dancing feet we leap along
Where wither'd boughs are strown,
Nor past nor future checks our song —
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In youth's enchanted spring —
When Hope (who wearies at the last)
First spreads her eagle wing;
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the color kindles in our cheek,
As blows the winter breeze;
While gazing t'wards the cold grey sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all pass'd by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In manhood's haughty prime —
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love "the olden time;"
And, as we gaze we sigh to think
How many a year hath passed,

Since, 'neath these cold and faded trees,
Our footsteps wandered last ;
And old companions — now perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead —
Come round us as those autumn leaves
Are crush'd beneath our tread !

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In our own autumn day —
And, tottering on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way ;
We look not back — too long ago
Hath all we loved been lost !
Nor forward — for we may not live
To see our new hope cross'd ;
But on we go — the sun's faint beam
A feebler warmth imparts —
Childhood without its joy returns —
The present fills our hearts !

FRIENDSHIP.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow ;
We have been friends together —
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
We have laughed at little jests —
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.

But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together —
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been *sad* together —
Shall a light word part us now?

THY WILL BE DONE!

THY will be done! how hard a thing to say
When sickness ushers in death's dreary knell,—
When eyes, that lately sparkled bright and gay,
Wander around with dimly conscious ray,
To some familiar face, to bid farewell!

Thy will be done! — the falt'ring lips deny
A passage to the tones as yet unheard;
The sob convulsed, the raised and swimming eye
Seem as appealing to their God on high
For power to breathe the yet imperfect word.

Orphan! who watchest by the silent tomb
Where those who gave thee life all coldly sleep;
Or thou, who sittest in thy desolate home,
Calling to those beloved who cannot come,
And, thinking o'er thy loneliness, dost weep!

Widow! who musest over by-gone years
Of life, and love, and happiness with him
Who shared thy joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Who now art left to shed unnoticed tears,
Till thy fair cheek is wan, and eyes grow dim!

Husband! who dreamest of thy gentle wife,
And still in fancy see'st her rosy smile
Brightening a world of bitterness and strife;
Who from the lonely future of thy life
Turnest, in dreariness, to weep the while!

Mother! whose prayers could not avail to save
Him whom thou lovedst most, thy blue-eyed boy!
Who with a bitter agony dost rave
To the wild winds that fan his early grave,
And dashedst from thy lips the cup of joy!

And thou, not widowed, yet bereaved one,
Who, buried in thy tearless, mute despair,
Roamest a desert world alone — *alone*,
To seek *him* out who from thine eyes is gone,
Scarce able to believe he is not there!

Mourners! who linger in a world of woe,
Each, bowing 'neath his separate load of grief,
Turn from the silent tomb, and, kneeling low
Before that throne at which the angels bow,
Invoke a God of mercy for relief!

Pray that ye too may journey, when ye die,
To that far world where blessed souls are gone,
And, through the gathering sob of agony,
Raise, with a voice resigned, the humble cry,
"Father — Creator — Lord — thy will be done!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FADED BEAUTY.

AH! I remember, when I was a girl,
How my hair naturally used to curl,
And how my aunt four yards of net would pucker,
And call the odious thing "Diana's tucker."
I hated it, because although, you see,
It did for *her*, it didn't do for me.
(Popkins said I should wear a low *corsage*,
But this I know was merely *badinage*.)
I recollect the gaieties of old—
Ices when hot, and punch when we were cold!
Race-balls, and county-balls, and balls where you,
For seven shillings, got dance and supper too.
Oh! I remember all the routs and plays—
"But words are idle," as Lord Byron says;
And so am I, and therefore can spare time,
To put my recollections into rhyme.
I recollect the man who did declare
When I was *at the fair*, myself was *fair*:
(I had it in my album for three years,
And often looked, and shed delicious tears.)
I didn't fall in love, however, *then*,
Because I never saw that man again.

And I remember Popkins—ah! too well!
And *all* who once in love with Chloë fell.
They called *me* Chloë, for they said my grace
Was nymph-like, as was also *half* my face.
My mouth was wide, but then I had a smile
Which might a demon of its tears beguile,—
As Captain Popkins said, or rather swore,
He liked me, (ah! my Popkins!) all the more.
He couldn't bear a little mouth; for when

It laughed, 'twas like a long slit in a pen;
Or button-hole stretched on too big a button;
Or little cut for gravy in boiled mutton.
(Popkins was clever)—but I must proceed
More regularly, that my friends may read.
I didn't marry, for I couldn't get
A man I liked; I havn't got one yet;
But I had handsome lovers by the score:
Alas! alas! I always sighed for more!

TRUE LOVE.

To look upon the fairy one, who stands
Before you, with her young hair's shining bands,
And rosy lips half parted; — and to muse,
Not on the features which you now peruse, —
Not on the blushing bride, — but look beyond
Unto the aged wife, nor feel less fond:
To feel, that while thy arm can strike them dead,
No breathing soul shall harm that gentle head:
To *know*, that none with fierce and sudden strife
Shall tear thee from her, save with loss of life:
To keep thee but to one, and let that one
Be to thy home, what warmth is to the sun;
To gaze and find no change, when time hath made
Youth's dazzling beauty darken into shade,
But fondly — firmly — cling to her, nor fear
The fading touch of life's declining year: —
This is true love, when it hath found a rest
In the deep home of manhood's faithless breast.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I HAVE tasted each varied pleasure,
And drank of the cup of delight ;
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light.
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendor,
And stood in the courts of kings ;
I have snatched at each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of Time's wings.
But vainly I've sought for joy or peace,
In the life of light and shade ;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—
That home where my childhood played.

When jewels are sparkling round me,
And dazzling with their rays
I weep for ties that bound me
In life's first early days.
I sigh for one of the sunny hours
Ere day was turned to night ;
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of those jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on the scentless buds
Which never can bloom or fade ;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields —
The home where my childhood played.

MUSIC'S POWER.

HAVE you not heard, in music's sound,
Some chords which o'er your heart
First fling a moment's magic round,
Then silently depart ?
But when the echo on the air
Roused by that simple lay,
It leaves a world of feeling there
We cannot chase away.

Yes, yes, — a sound hath power to bid them come —
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered home.

When sitting in your silent home
You gaze around and weep,
Or call to those who cannot come,
Nor wake from dreamless sleep;
Those chords, so oft as you bemoan
"The distant and the dead,"
Bring dimly back the fancied tone
Of some sweet voice that's fled !

Yes, yes, — a sound hath power to bid them come —
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered home.

And when, amid the festal throng,
You are, or would be gay —
And seek to 'wile, with dance and song,
Your sadder thoughts away, —
They strike those chords, and smiles depart,
As, rushing o'er your soul,
The untold feelings of the heart
Awake and spurn control !

Yes, yes, — a sound hath power to bid them come —
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered home.

MARY HOWITT.

GENTLE, pure-hearted poetess—we cannot call thee Mistress Howitt!—albeit thou art the wedded wife of a poet, worthy to bestow his name and the matronly title upon thee. But thy address should agree with the sweet, unpretending character of thy verse, which, like the Violet, is sought the more for its modest simplicity; and so we shall continue to speak of thee by that name, so dear to all lovers of *true*, heart-touching poetry—Mary Howitt.

We think Mary Howitt must always have been poetical. There is an ease in all her productions, and a playfulness of fancy in many of them which could never have been gained by study. She has a warm love of nature, and of children—feelings that imbue the soul of a woman with the spirit of poesy—and then she is pious, tenderly, sincerely pious; and the subjects she chooses seem to harmonize with the tenor of her thoughts, like household words in a loving family. She has, also, a taste for the mystical, just sufficient to throw an air of romance over the every-day scenes of life, and give to the old traditions of fairy lore, that reality which makes its teachings

“ A lesson not to be unlearned.”

The poems of Mary Howitt have chiefly appeared in the periodicals, or in works in which she has been associated

with her husband, William Howitt. Her last production, "The Seven Temptations," has not been republished in America; it well deserves to be, as it is imbued with those pious teachings which, invested in the garb of moving poetry, have a deep and abiding effect on the young.

There is in many parts of this work, as well as in some of her shorter poems, that fervor and power of expression which evince a genius of the first order. We think she has many of the best characteristics of Wordsworth's style—though no imitation, or the least touch of mannerism is chargeable on our sweet poetess. But, like the lyrist of nature, she can create a scene of beauty where common eyes would see only a rough landscape—and draw forth tones of love and sympathy from chords which, in a less delicate and skilful hand, would breathe only harsh and repelling dissonance.

Mary Howitt has many advantages which will facilitate her literary progress. She is united to a man of fine genius and pure taste, and is encouraged by his approbation and example to cultivate her own powers. This is a felicity which few literary ladies have enjoyed, and the gentle and womanly manner in which she employs her talents shows that she appreciates her own happy lot. The religion of the Quakers, in which faith this gifted and amiable pair were educated, is very favorable to female genius. The influences of the spirit are equally encouraged and regarded in both sexes; hence a soul-companionship is established between husband and wife, which, if they are endowed with fine talents and warm sensibilities, like the Howitts, must make their home a scene of improvement and delight.

—"For them the wreath of love was woven
With sparkling stars for flowers."

SPRING.

THE spring—she is a blessed thing!
She is the mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her, night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest, fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is warm,
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field;
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good—
With joys to store for future years,
From which, in striving crowds apart,
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health, and love, and peace are there!

TRADITIONARY BALLAD.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.—A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

“AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?”
“I’ve been at the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?”
“I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?”
“I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill.”

“Oh tell me all, my Mary,—
All, all that ever you know;

For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night, on Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:—
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!"

"And some, they played with the water,
And roll'd it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!"

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some, they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,

And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill —

“ ‘And there,’ said they, ‘the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank,
From the blind old widow’s corn!’

“ ‘Oh, the poor, blind old widow —
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!’

“ ‘And some, they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low —
‘And this,’ said they, ‘by the sun rise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow!’

“ ‘Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!’

“ ‘And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin —
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another —
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother!’

“ ‘And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;

And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

“And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard a jar below;
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

“And I peep'd into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

“And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate,
With the good news in his eye!

“Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I am tired as I can be!”

THE LADY AND THE SEA CAPTAIN.

'Twas in a palace garden
I met my lady fair;
A stately palace garden,
A-taking of the air—

A-taking of the pleasant air,
One merry morn in June;
And she was singing to herself
A soft, enchanting tune.

Among the shady cypresses
She made a little stand;
Her dainty foot so lightly set,
And a fan within her hand.

I never saw a crowned queen
With such a noble air;
So angel like, so womanly,
As is my lady fair!

I could not keep my silence,
So through the trees I broke,
And thus unto my lady fair,
With right good will I spoke:

“I am a bold Sea Captain:
The Queen she loveth me:
My palace is a noble ship,
My garden is the sea.

"Two hundred merry mariners
They do my bidding well;
And the gold that in my coffer lies
Is more than I can tell.

"There's many a heart that beats for me
Beyond the heaving main—
The black-eyed girls of Mexico,
The ladies of New Spain!

"But, beautiful although they be,
They win no love of mine:
I'd give a thousand flashing eyes
For but one glance of thine!"

My lady love, divinely bright,
She blushed all rosy red;
And turned on me her heavenly eyes,
But not a word she said.

"I've loved thee well, my lady bright,"
I said, "for many a year;
Thou know'st we set the roses,
That grow so lovely here.

"What though we were but children then —
We loved — so do we now!"
My lady cast her eyes adown,
And blushed o'er cheek and brow.

I took her lily hand in mine,
And to my lips I pressed;
But a tear from out her drooping eyes
Fell pearl-like on her breast.

“Now, now, by every saint in heaven,”
I cried, “my lady dear,
May I be banned for every word
That causeth thee a tear!”

“Nay,” she said, like an angel,
And sweetly smiled the while:
How poor was all my coffered gold
To that dear word and smile!

I locked her lily hand in mine,
And down the walk went we;
And that old palace garden
Was paradise to me!

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

“WILL you walk into my parlor?” said a spider to a fly;
“’Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there.’
“Oh no, no!” said the little fly, “to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne’er come down
again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?” said the spider to the fly.
“There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are
fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I’ll snugly tuck you in.”
“Oh no, no!” said the little fly, “for I’ve often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!”

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?

I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome — will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be; I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise.

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold your self."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning, now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again:

So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner, sly,

And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;

Your robes are green and purple — there's a crest upon your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,

Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple
hue;—

Thinking only of her crested head — poor foolish thing! —
At last

Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor — but she ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor, close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

THE SNOW-DROP.

THE snow-drop! 'tis an English flower,
And grows beneath our garden trees!
For every heart it has a dower
Of old and dear remembrances.
All look upon it, and straightway
Recall their youth like yesterday;
Their sunny years, when forth they went
Wandering in weariless content;
Their little plot of garden ground,
The pleasant orchard's quiet bound;
Their fathers' home, so free from care,
And the familiar faces there.

The household voices kind and sweet,
That knew no feigning — hushed and gone!
The mother that was sure to greet
Their coming with a welcome tone;

The brothers, that were children then,
Now anxious, thoughtful, toiling men;
And the kind sisters, whose glad mirth
Was like a sunshine on the earth;—
These come back to the heart supine,
Flower of our youth! at look of thine;
And thou, among the dimmed and gone,
Art an unaltered thing alone!

Unchanged, unchanged — the very flower
That grew in Eden droopingly,
Which now beside the peasant's door
Awakes his merry children's glee,
Even as it filled his heart with joy
Beside his mother's door — a boy;
The same, and to his heart it brings
The freshness of those vanished springs.
Bloom, then, fair flower! in sun and shade,
For deep thought in thy cup is laid,
And careless children, in their glee,
A sacred memory make of thee.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

THOUGHTS of Heaven! they come when low
The summer-eve's breeze doth faintly blow:
When the mighty sea shines clear, unstirred
By the wavering tide, or the dipping bird:
They come in the rush of the surging storm,
When the blackening waves rear their giant form —
When o'er the dark rocks curl the breakers white,
And the terrible lightnings rend the night —
When the noble ship hath vainly striven
With the tempest's might, come thoughts of Heaven.

They come where man doth not intrude,
In the untracked forest's solitude ;
In the stillness of the grey rocks' height,
Whence the lonely eagle takes his flight ;
On peaks, where lie the eternal snows ;
In the sun-bright isle, mid its rich repose ;
In the heathy glen, by the dark, clear lake,
Where the fair swan sails from her silent brake ;
Where nature reigns in her deepest rest,
Pure thoughts of heaven come unrepress'd.

They come as we gaze on the midnight sky,
When the star-gemmed vault looks dark and high,
And the soul, on the wings of thought sublime,
Soars from the dim world and the bounds of time,
Till the mental eye becomes unsealed,
And the mystery of being in light revealed :
They rise in the gothic chapel dim,
When slowly bursts forth the holy hymn,
And the organ's rich tones swell full and high,
Till the roof peals back the melody.

Thoughts of heaven ! from his joy beguiled,
They come to the bright-eyed, sinless child
To the man of age, in his dim decay,
Bringing hope his youth has not borne away ;
To the woe-smit soul in its dark distress,
As flowers spring up in the wilderness ;
And in silent chambers of the dead,
Where the mourner goes with soundless tread ;
For as the day-beams freely fall,
Pure thoughts of heaven are sent to all.

FROM "THE SEVEN TEMPTATIONS."

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

Schol. Most precious words! Now go your way,
The summer fields are green and bright.
Your tasks are done; — Why do you stay?
Christ give his peace to you! Good night!

Boy. You look so pale, sir! You are worse.
Let me remain and be your nurse!
Sir, when my mother has been ill,
I've kept her chamber neat and still,
And waited on her all the day!

Schol. Thank you; but yet you must not stay.
Still, still, my boy, before we part
Receive my blessing — 't is my last!
I feel death's hand is on my heart,
And my life's sun is sinking fast:
Yet, mark me, child, I have no fear, —
'T is thus the Christian meets his end:
I know my work is finished here,
And God — thy God too — is my friend!
Thy joyful course has just begun;
Life is in thee a fountain strong;
Yet, look upon a dying man,
Receive his words and keep them long!
Fear God, all wise, omnipotent,
In him we live and have our being;
He hath all love, all blessing sent —
Creator — Father — All-decreeing!
Fear him, and love, and praise, and trust;
Yet have of man no slavish fear;
Remember kings, like thee, are dust,
And at one judgment must appear.

But virtue, and its holy fruits,
The poet's soul — the sage's sense,
These are exalted attributes,
And these deserve thy reverence.
But, boy, remember this, e'en then,
Revere the gifts, but not the men!
Obey thy parents — they are given
To guide our inexperienced youth;
Types are they of the One in heaven,
Chastising but in love and truth.
Keep thyself pure.— Sin doth deface
The beauty of our spiritual life.
Do good to all men — live in peace
And charity, abhorring strife.
The mental power which God has given,
As I have taught thee, cultivate;
Thou canst not be too wise for heaven,
If thou dost humbly consecrate
Thy soul to God. And ever take
In his good book delight; there lies
The highest knowledge, which will make
Thy soul unto salvation wise.
My little boy, thou canst not know
How strives my spirit fervently,
How my heart's fountains overflow
With yearning tenderness for thee!
God keep, and strengthen thee from sin —
God crown thy life with peace and joy,
And give at last to enter in
The city of his rest, my boy.

PRAYER OF THE SCHOLAR.

Schol. Almighty God! look down
Upon thy feeble servant! strengthen him!
Give him the victor's crown —

And let not faith be dim!
 Oh! how unworthy of thy grace,
 How poor, how needy, stained with sin!
 How can I enter in
 Thy kingdom, and behold thy face!
 Except thou hadst redeemed me, I had gone
 Without sustaining knowledge, to the grave!
 For this I bless thee, oh thou gracious One!
 And thou wilt surely save.—
 I bless thee for the life which thou hast crowned
 With never-ending good;
 For pleasures that were found,
 Like way-side flowers, in quiet solitude:—
 I bless thee for the love that watched o'er me
 Through the weak years of infancy,
 That has been, like thine everlasting truth,
 The guide, the guardian angel of my youth.
 Oh, thou! that did'st the mother's heart bestow,
 Sustain it in its woe —
 For mourning give it joy, and praise for heaviness..

THE PRODIGAL.

Thomas. Ah, I remember well
 There is a little hollow hereabout,
 Where wild-brier roses, and lithe honeysuckle
 Made a thick bower: 'T was here I used to come
 To read sweet books of witching poetry!
 Could it be I? No, no, I am so changed
 I will not think *this* man was once *that* boy:
 The thought would drive me mad. I will but think
 I once knew one who called this vale his own;
 I will but think I knew a merry boy,
 And a kind gentle father, years ago,
 Who had their dwelling here; and that the boy

Did love this lonely nook, and used to find
Here the first nests of summer; here did read
All witching books of glorious poetry;
And thus, that as the boy became a youth,
And gentle feeling strengthen'd into passion,
And love became the poetry of life, —
Hither he wandered with a girlish beauty,
Gathering, like Proserpine, sweet meadow flowers;
And that they set beneath the wild-brier rose,
And that he thus did kiss that maiden's cheek,
The first time as a lover! Oh my God!
That was the heir of Jones. A brave boy,
A noble-hearted boy! He grew a man,
And what became of him? Ha! pass me that —
Would that I *knew not* what became of him!

SONG OF EDAH.

Little waves upon the deep
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Gentle birds upon the tree
Sing their sweetest songs for thee
Cooling gales, with voices low,
In the tree-tops gently blow!
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee,— so do I!

When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, in plant and tree,
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee!
And the glorious heaven above,
Smile on thee, like trusting love.
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee,— so do I!

SONG OF MARGARET.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye :
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismay'd,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, oh where ?
For I would hasten there —
Tell me — I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy wo !
The beautiful have left me all alone !
The true, the tender, from my paths are gone !
Oh guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair !
Where is it ?— tell me where —
Thou that art kind and gentle — tell me where.

Friend ! thou must trust in Him, who trod before
The desolate paths of life ;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife !
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod ;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed wo ;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted, nor cared for Him !
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet ;
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone
In that great agony — 'Thy will be done !'
Friend ! do not thou despair,
Christ from his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer !

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY.

WE choose to retain the name by which this gifted woman was known as an authoress, although she had changed it before her decease ; but we can never think of her as Mrs. Fletcher. Miss Jewsbury was born in Warwickshire. In early youth she lost her mother, and was thenceforth called to take her place at the head of a large family. Her father, soon after her mother's death, removed to Manchester, and here, in the midst of a busy population, oppressed with ill health, and the grave cares of life, the promptings of genius still triumphed, and the young lady found time to dream dreams of literary distinction, which the energy of her mind, in a few years, converted into realities.

It was at this period that she addressed a letter to Wordsworth, full of the enthusiasm of an ardent imagination : this led to a correspondence with the bard of the Excursion, which soon ripened into permanent friendship. She was also materially assisted in the development of her talents, and the circulation of her first literary efforts, by the advice and active kindness of Mr. Alaric Watts, at that time a resident in Manchester : these obligations she always gratefully acknowledged.

Her first work was entitled "Phantasmagoria ; or, Essays of Life and Literature," — which was well received by the public. This was soon followed by "Letters to the Young," written soon after a severe illness : then follow-

ed "Lays for Leisure Hours." Her last work was her "Three Histories,"* which she allows display much of her own character and feelings. But her best writings are to be found in the periodicals and annuals, to which she was a large and most popular contributor.

In 1833, she married Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman who held an office under the London East India Company—and soon after her marriage left England with her husband for Bombay. She anticipated, with eager pleasure, the riches of nature and antiquity, which the gorgeous East would open before her—but the buoyant and active spirit was soon to be called to another and higher existence. She died a short time after reaching India, and sleeps in that "clime of the sun," a fit resting-place for her warm and ardent heart.

As the best illustration of her character and genius which we can give, we subjoin some extracts from a private letter, which she wrote to a friend a short time before she left England:—

"The passion for literary distinction consumed me from nine years old. I had no advantages—great obstacles—and now, when from disgust I cannot write a line to please myself, I look back with regret to the days when facility and audacity went hand in hand; I wish in vain for the simplicity which neither dreaded criticism nor knew fear. Intense labor has, in some measure, supplied the deficiency of early idleness and common-place instruction; intercourse with those who were once distant and bright as the stars, has become a thing of course; I have not been unsuccessful in my own career. But the period of timidity and sadness is now come, and with my foot upon the threshold of a new life, and a new world—

'I would lay down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of wo.'

* This interesting volume was republished in America, and was very popular. Her other works have not been reprinted here,—except the "Letters to the Young;" but could her "Miscellaneous Writings" be collected, they would, no doubt, be highly appreciated.

“Unfortunately, I was twenty-one before I became a reader, and I became a writer almost as soon: it is the ruin of all young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. I would gladly burn almost every thing I ever wrote, if so be I might start now with a mind that has seen, read, thought and suffered somewhat, at least, approaching to a preparation. Alas, alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst.

“*I have done nothing* to live:— The powers which I feel, and of which I have given promise, *may* mature— may stamp themselves in act; but the spirit of despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will.

“I feel the long grass growing o’er my heart.

“In the best of every thing I have done, you will find one leading idea — *Death*. All thoughts, all images, all contrast of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow. My poetry, except some half dozen pieces, may be consigned to oblivion; but in all, you would find the sober hue, which, to my mind’s eye, blends equally with the golden glow of sunset, and the bright green of spring; and is seen equally in the ‘temple of delight,’ as in the tomb of decay and separation. I am melancholy by nature, but cheerful on principle.”

Such was the mind and heart of this noble woman. In conversation she was brilliant and eloquent; in the domestic circle she was a treasure, that Solomon would have placed above “rubies.” Active, judicious, and kind, she showed the strength of her understanding, as well as the correctness of her principles, by discharging her household duties with the same promptness and cheerfulness with which she pursued her literary career. By her premature death, a bright ornament is gone from the female authors of the age. A fair lily has folded its rich blossoms in our Wreath.

THE LOST SPIRIT.

"No man careth for my soul." Psalm cxlii. 4.

WEEP, Sire, with shame and ruing,
Weep for thy child's undoing !
For the days when I was young,
And no prayer was taught my tongue ;
Nor the record from on high,
Of the life that cannot die :
Wiles of the world, and men —
Of their three-score years and ten ;
Earthly profit — human praise,
Thou did'st set before my gaze,
As the guiding stars of life,
As the meed of toil and strife ;
I run the world's race well,
And find my guerdon — Hell !

Weep, Mother, weep — yet know
'Twill not shorten endless wo.
Nor thy prayer unbind my chain,
Thy repentance soften pain,
Nor the life-blood of thy frame,
For one moment quench this flame !
Weep not beside my tomb,
That is gentle, painless gloom ;
Let the worm and darkness prey
On my senseless slumbering clay ;
Weep for the priceless gem
That may not hide with them ;
Weep the lost spirit's fate,
Yet know thy tears too late :—
Had they sooner fallen — well,
I had not wept in Hell !

Physician, canst thou weep?
Then let tears thy pillow steep:
Couldst thou view time's wearing wave
Doomed to whelm me in its grave;
The last and lessening space,
My life's brief hour of grace,
Yet with gay unfaltering tongue,
Promise health and sojourn long?
On the brink of that profound
Without measure, depth, or bound,
View me busied with the toys
Of a world of shadowy joys?
Oh, had look, or sigh, or breath,
Then whispered aught of death;
Though nature, in the strife,
Had loosed her hold on life,
And the worm received its prey,
Perchance, an earlier day —

 This — this — and who can tell
 That I had dwelt in Hell!

False Prophet, flattering Priest,
Full fraught with mirth and feast!
Thy weeping should not fail
But with life's dark-ended tale!
For the living — for the dead —
There is guilt upon thy head!
Thou did'st make the "narrow way,"
As the broad one, smooth and gay;
So speak in accents bland
Of the bright and better land,
That the soul unchanged within,
The sinner in his sin,
Of God and Christ unshriven,
Lay down with dreams of heaven! —
 False Priest, thy labors tell,
 I dreamed — and woke in Hell!

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

The Spaniards gave this name to the eminence from which, after their expulsion, the Moorish king and his followers took their farewell view of Grenada.

WINDING along at break of day
And armed with helm and spears,
Along the martyr's rocky way
A king comes with his peers:
Unto the eye a splendid sight
Making the air all richly bright,
Seen flashing through the trees,—
But to the heart a scene of blight,
Sadder than death are these.

For, brightly fall the morning rays
Upon a conquered king;
The breeze that with his banner plays
Plays with an abject thing:
Banner and king no more will know
Their rightful place midst friend and foe.
Proud clarion cease thy blast!
Or, changing to the wail of wo,
Breathe dirges for the past.

Along, along, by rock and tower,
That they have failed to keep,
By wood and vale, their father's dower,
The exiled warriors sweep:
The chevroned steed no more elate,
As if he knew his rider's fate,
Steps languidly and slow,—
As if he knew Grenada's gate
Now open to the foe!

Along, along, till all is past
That once they called their own,
Till bows the pride of strength at last,
And knights like women moan !
Pausing upon the green hill side
That soon their city towers will hide,
They lean upon their spears —
And hands that late with blood were dyed,
Are now washed white with tears.

Another look from brimming eyes
Along the glorious plain,
Elsewhere may spread as lovely skies,
Elsewhere their monarch reign ;
But never more in *that* bright land,
With all his chivalry at hand.
Now dead or far departed !
And from the hill side moves the band,
The bravest, broken hearted !

SYMBOLS.

IN youth the heart is like the bird,
The humming-bird of eastern bowers,
That ever, (take the traveller's word)
Feeds, flying, on the dews of flowers.

IN manhood, 'tis the eagle bold,
Borne upward to the cloud, the sky —
That scorns the rock and mountain-hold,
Except to build on, or to die.

THE LADIES' WREATH.

The sparkler of the woods is caught,
The eagle's bosom pierced ere long :
What symbol shall for age be sought ?
What bird its emblem be in song ?

The mocking-bird its likeness be,
That hath no music of its own ;
That sings with imitative glee —
The bird of MEMORY alone.

THE WORLD'S MASQUE.

" I AM not old — I am not old ! " —
'Twas thus I heard one say,
" And there's a spirit in my heart
That keeps old age away ;
'Tis Love — that like an angel guards
Life's fountain from decay.

I muse upon my fellow-men —
To me they are a book,
And oft my fancy rightly spells
Their thoughts — by word and look ;
Ay, many a proud and weary wight
That searching ill would brook.

For this, I seek the haunts of mirth,
And those that mirth haunts least ;
None fear me — for they deem me one
With whom life's love hath ceased :
They slip their visors, and I see
The spectre at the feast !

When others praise the lute and song,
The singer and his spell,
I gaze upon each listener's face
That can deep histories tell,
Seeking the one, for whom, alas !
The singer sang so well.

I follow, in the track of Fame,
The path her crowned ones tread;
Others behold their glittering eyes,
But I their brows instead —
And the momentary look that asks
For rest — if with the dead!

And when I see a placid face
That speaks the heart asleep,
While others on its beauty dwell,
I — turn aside and weep;
For all that, ere a year be past,
May there plough furrows deep.

The man — the man of guile and care,
Whose heart hath long been dry;
A fountain whence no waters flow,
But weeds instead wave high;
Others may hear his courtly wit,
I — but his smothered sigh!

Oh, fellow-men ! how often grief
Is on me for your sakes !
And yet I would not love ye less —
For the sorrow that love wakes
Makes my heart prayerful for ye all,
And happy while it aches !”

BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

THOU art plucking spring-roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou ;
Thou hast unfolded to day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow ;
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie —
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,
But oh, do not wish their wing,
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie,
Stay thou on earth and sing ;
Stay in the nursing-nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie ;
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie —
Pile them up brave and high ;
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by ;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep — for thou must learn, Gennie,
That soon life's schemes are crost.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,
He calls thee his sweet wee wife ;
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,
Childhood the prophet of life :

It may be life's minstrel, Genie,
And sing sweet songs and clear;
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie?
Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarce a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree!
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet;
But think betimes of the grave, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet.

SONG.

SHE'S on my heart, she's in my thoughts
At midnight, morn and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round;
But oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound.

I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise:
I would not have my brother by,
When I upon her gaze.

The dews were from the lily gone,
The gold has lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine.

MARY-ANN BROWNE.*

THIS young poetess, daughter of the Vicar of Twickenham, and reared in that atmosphere of the muses where Pope lived and sung, gave early promise of genius. At the age of fifteen she published a volume—"Ada and other Poems," which was very kindly received by the literary public, and gained, for its juvenile writer, the friendship and correspondence of some of the "first and best" of England's gifted bards. Since that time (about seven years,) she has written, chiefly, for the periodicals and annuals. In the "Winter's Wreath" appeared "A World without Water"—a truly wonderful poem for a young lady to indite; and though the critic, seeking for resemblances, may call it a suggestion from Byron's "Darkness," it is certainly equal to Campbell's "Last Man," said, also, to be a reflection from the same source of inspiration.

* Many of the latest poems of Miss Browne, have appeared in the "Knickerbocker," published at New York, and these have made her name known, and her genius highly esteemed in this country. It has been thought here that she was a relative of Mrs. Hemans, as she bore the maiden surname of that lady—but we have learned that it is only in soul and genius that the relationship can be traced—there is no family affinity. The sister of Mrs. Hemans, who composes music, is no poetess.

There is very little, if any display, of that sort of tender and flowery description, which may be termed *sentimentalism*, in the poetry of Miss Browne. She is reflective, serious, and at times sublime. Human nature, as its passions and changes, hopes and fears, and joys are displayed in books, and in social life, seems to have been her study, rather than "running brooks," or "flowery meads." Hence her style has been modelled more on the manner of the old bards, than is usual with those who write at so early an age. She condenses her thoughts, and this gives power and energy to her language. And the moral tone of her poetry is heavenward. We think she shows great promise of future excellence. It requires much observation and experience to ripen such a mind as hers. Moral poetry, particularly, when deduced from "this scene of man," must be imbued with much knowledge; it must teach the reason as well as touch the heart of the reader. And, in some of her poems, Mary-Ann Browne shows this power. She has, likewise, a bold and ardent imagination, and delineates vividly the impressions which her fancy has suggested. But though her genius expanded early, and has grown like the Jasmine flower, yet she must bear in mind that a woman

—————"Who strives to soar
On learning's wings, to Fame's bright sky,
Far from the crowd must seek that lore,
Unheeded live, sequestered die—
And, like the Jasmine, when she's fled,
Fame's rich perfume will ever keep
Ling'ring around the faded dead,
As saints that watch some infant's sleep."

MAN'S LOVE.

WHEN woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth :
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair,
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens :
He stays but a moment near,
When that flash fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle :
He thinks not of her within,
Slightly sighing,
He forgets, in that noisy din,
That she is dying !

And when her young heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth.

Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light setteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth !

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WHEN man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek,—
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love !

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand ;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand ;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him, when the noon
Is bright o'er dale or hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden bowers,
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feast on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darkened room ;
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

THE LADIES' WREATH

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again;
Still, still, she must regret,—
She never can forget!

A WORLD WITHOUT WATER.

Yesternight I prayed aloud,
In anguish and in agony;
Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me.

COLERIDGE

I HAD a dream in the dead of night,
A dream of agony;
I thought the world stood in affright,
Beneath the hot and parching light
Of an unclouded sky;

I thought there had fallen no cooling rain
For months upon the feverish plain,
And that all the springs were dry :

And I was standing on a hill,
And looking all around :
I know not how it was—but still
Strength in my limbs was found,
As if with a spell of threefold life,
My destinies were bound.

Beneath me was a far-spread heath,
Where once had risen a spring,
Looking as bright as a silver wreath
In its graceful wandering :
But now the sultry glance of the sun,
And the glare of the dark blue sky,
Had checked its course,—no more to run
In light waves wandering by.

And farther on was a stately wood,
With its tall trees rising high :
But now like autumn wrecks they stood
Beneath a summer sky :
And every leaf, though dead, did keep
Its station in mockery ;
For there was not one breath to sweep
The leaves from each perishing tree ;
And there they hung dead, motionless ;
They hung there day by day,
As though Death were too busy with other things
To sweep their corpses away.

Oh, terrible it was to think
Of human creatures then !

How they did seek in vain for drink
In every vale and glen ;
And how the scorched foot did shrink
As it touched the slippery plain :
And some had gathered beneath the trees
In hope of finding shade ;
But alas ! there was not a single breeze
Astir in any glade !

The cities were forsaken,
For their marble wells were spent ;
And their walls gave back the scorching glare
Of that hot firmament :
But the corpses of those who died were strewn
In the street, as dead leaves lay,
And dry they withered—and withered alone,
They felt no foul decay !

Night came. The fiery sun sank down,
And the people's hope grew strong :
It was a night without a moon,
It was a night in the depth of June,
And there swept a wind along ;
'Twas *almost cool* : and then they thought
Some blessed dew it would have brought.

Vain was the hope !—there was no cloud
In the clear dark blue Heaven ;
But, bright and beautiful, the crowd
Of stars looked through the even.
And women sat them down to weep
Over their hopeless pain ;
And men had visions dark and deep,
Clouding the dizzy brain ;
And children sobbed themselves to sleep,
And never woke again !

The morning came—not as it comes
Softly 'midst rose and dew—
Not with those cool and fresh perfumes
That the weariest heart renew;
—But the Sun sprang up, as if eager to see
What next his power could do!

A mother held her child to her breast,
And kissed it tenderly,
And then she saw her infant smile:
What could that soft smile be?
A tear had sprung with a sudden start,
To her hot feverish eye;
It had fallen upon that faint child's lip
That was so parched and dry.

I looked upon the mighty Sea;
Oh, what a sight it was!
All its waves were gone, save two or three,
That lay, like burning glass,
Within the caves of those deep rocks
Where no human foot could pass.

And in the very midst, a ship
Lay in the slime and sand;
With all its sailors perishing,
Even in sight of land;
Oh, water had been a welcome sight
To that pale dying band!

Oh, what a sight was the bed of the Sea!
The bed where he had slept,
Or tossed and tumbled restlessly,
And all his treasures kept
For ages: he was gone; and all
His rocky pillows shown,

With their clustering shells, and sea-weed pall,
And the rich gems round them thrown.

And the monsters of the deep lay dead,
With many a human form,
That there had found a quiet bed,
Away from the raging storm;
And the fishes, sodden in the sun,
Were strewn by thousands round;
And a myriad things, long lost and won,
Were there, unsought for, found.

I turned away from earth and sea,
And looked on the burning sky,
But no drop fell, like an angel's tear—
The founts of heaven were dry:
The birds had perished every one;
Not a cloud was in the air,
And desolate seemed the very Sun,
He looked so lonely there!

And I began to feel the pang—
The agony of thirst;
I had a scorching swelling pain,
As if my heart would burst.
My tongue seemed parched; I tried to speak—
The spell that instant broke;
And, starting at my own wild shriek,
In mercy I awoke.

THE CLOUDS.

“ Clouds now softly sailing
Along the deep blue sky, now fixed and still.”

MISS MITFORD.

THE clouds ! the clouds ! they are beautiful,
When they sleep on the soft blue sky,
As if the sun to rest could lull
Their snowy company ;
And as the wind springs up, they start,
And career o’er the azure plain ;
And before the course of the breezes dart,
To scatter their balmy rain.

The clouds ! the clouds ! how change their forms
With every passing breath ;
And now a glancing sunbeam warms,
And now they look cold as death !
Oh often and often have I escaped
From the stir of the noisy crowd,
And a thousand fanciful visions shaped
On the face of a passing cloud.

The clouds ! the clouds ! round the sun at night
They come like a band of slaves,
That are only bright in the master’s light,
And each in his glory laves.
Oh, they are lovely, lovely then,
When the heaven around them glows —
Now touched with a purple and amber stain,
And now with the hue of the rose.

The clouds! the clouds! in the starlit sky,
How they float on the light wind's wings :
Now resting an instant, then glancing by,
In their fickle wanderings!
Now they hide the deep blue firmament —
Now it shows their folds between,
As if a silver vein were rent
From the jewelled brow of a queen.

The clouds! the clouds! they are the lid
To the lightning's flashing eye ;
And in their fleecy fold is hid
The thunder's majesty !
Oh, how their warning is proclaimed
By the shrill blast's battle song ;
And the tempest's deadliest shafts are aimed
From the midst of the dark clouds' throng.

The clouds ! the clouds ! my childish days
Are past — my heart is old ;
But here and there a feeling stays,
That never can grow cold :
And the love of nature is one of these,
That time's wave never shrouds :
And oft and oft doth my soul find peace
In watching the passing clouds.

THE HEART AND LYRE.

SHE left her lyre within the hall,
When last she parted with her loved ;
And still it hangs upon the wall —
He will not let it be removed.
Around that lyre of sweetest tone
She twined a wreath of roses fair ;
And, though their lovely hue is gone,
The withered blossoms still are there.

No hand hath touched its silver string
Since last she waked a parting lay :
To sweep its chords would only bring
A tuneless tale of its decay.
And there it hangs, slow mouldering,
Its sweetness gone, its passion quell'd ;
And round it those dead roses cling,
Like withered hopes still fondly held.

And his sad mourning heart is such —
No happy feeling it affords ;
It cannot bear the lightest touch
Of mirth upon its ruined chords.
Her name to him they ne'er repeat,
It would but waken thoughts of wo ;
And though 'twas once so very sweet,
He could not brook to hear it now.

He fixes on that lyre his eye
For hours, but never, never speaks ;
Unmoved he gazes, silently,
And only starts when some chord breaks.

It hath an echo in his heart,
Both mutely their bereavement bear:
In her affections both had part,
And both are left to perish there.

THE DEPARTED.

THEY are not there! where once their feet
Light answer to sweet music beat —
Where their young voices sweetly breathed,
And fragrant flowers they lightly wreathed.
Still flows the nightingale's sweet song —
Still trail the vine's green shoots along —
Still are the sunny blossoms fair;
But they who loved them are not there!

They are not there! by the lone fount
That once they loved at eve to haunt;
Where, when the day-star brightly set,
Beside the silver wave they met:
Still lightly glides the quiet stream —
Still o'er it falls the soft moon beam;
But they who used its beams to share
With fond hearts by it, are not there!

They are not there! by the dear hearth
That once beheld their harmless mirth;
When through their joy came no vain fear,
And o'er their smiles no darkening tear:
Its burns not now a beacon-star;
'Tis cold and fireless as they are:
Where is the glow it used to wear?
'Tis felt no more — they are not there!

MEMORY.

“ Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remembered too.”

MOORE.

AND wouldst thou advise me to mix with the crowd,
And strive to efface the remembrance of years;
When, though mists and misfortune too often might shroud,
One smile hath repaid me for long hours of tears?
And sayst thou that memory only can feed
The fever that preys on the desolate heart?
Oh! thou knowest not, unless thou hast felt it indeed,
What joy the remembrance of joy can impart!

There are things that are past, which I would not forget
For the brightest of pleasures that earth can now give;
Their bliss had a mixture of sorrow, and yet
Like stars in the night of my bosom they live.
As on scenes we have passed, when by distance made soft,
We gaze the more fondly the further we go,
So, when years of our prime have gone over, how oft
We turn with delight to past pleasure and wo.

I once felt affections, more gentle and fond,
That shone o'er my soul, like the stars o'er the seas;
And think'st thou my spirit can ever despond,
While memory revives such emotions as these?
Oh! how many a smile and affectionate word
Remain through long years on the wo-blighted mind,
When joy hath shot over its wastes, like a bird
That hath left a bright gift from its plumage behind!

And what though the vision of happiness flies
From the heart that had cherished it fondly before?
Its flowers may be withered, but memory supplies
Their vigor, and fragrance, and beauty once more.
Oh! may my remembrances never depart!
May I still feel a bliss in beholding the past —
While memory over the gems of the heart
Shall, sentinel-like, keep her watch to the last.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

DROPS from the ocean of Eternity,
Rays from the centre of unfailing light,
Things that the human eye can never see,
Are spirits, — yet they dwell near human sight!
But as the shattered magnet's fragment still,
Though far apart, will to each other turn, —
So, in the breast imprisoned, spirits will
To meet their fellow spirits vainly burn; —
And yet not vainly. If the drop shall pass
Through streams of human sorrow undefiled, —
If the eternal ray that heavenly was,
To no false earthly fire be reconciled, —
The drop shall mingle with its native main,
The ray shall meet its kindred ray again!

CAROLINE BOWLES.

“ALL high poetry must be religious,” says Professor Wilson. — And who that is conscious of possessing a soul which longs for immortality, but feels the truth of this doctrine? There is an aspiration in every mind for something higher, better, lovelier than can be found on earth; and it is the holiest office of poesy to embody in language these vague yearnings for happiness and purity, and paint, on the dark and torn canvass of human life, transparent and glowing pictures of heavenly beauty and tranquillity. Few writers have done this with more effect than Miss Bowles. There is a sincerity, a devotedness, ay, and an enjoyment too, in her religious musings, which shows that Christian feeling has elevated the poetic sentiment in her heart till she can sing of the “better land” with the sure and sweet conviction of its reality and blessedness. — Would that we had room for a larger number of extracts from this poetess, as her effusions are not as well known in our country as they deserve to be. Her volume entitled “Solitary Hours” has never been reprinted here. And it is only through the Annals and Periodicals that, occasionally, a strain of hers is wafted across the Atlantic. But every true sister of the lyre feels a companionship with Caroline Bowles. And she is a model to which we delight to direct the attention

of our young ladies. As the Myrtle is all beautiful, leaf, flower and tree, so is her poetry *all* worthy of our admiration and esteem.

In private life Miss Bowles is the Christian lady, doing good and communicating happiness in her domestic pursuits as well as by her literary talent. She is sister of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, and in genius, as well as in its direction to subjects of devout and benevolent character, their tastes and minds harmonize, like the music from instruments tuned by the same hand.

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf —
A voice in every rill;
A voice that speaketh every where —
In flood and fire, through earth and air —
A tongue that's never still.

'Tis the Great Spirit wide diffused
Through everything we see,
That with our spirits communeth,
Of things mysterious — Life and Death,
Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder-cloud;
I hear him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him *everywhere*, —
In *all things* — darkness, light,

Silence and sound — but most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dew,
By grateful earth betrayed;
I feel him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am!)
I've turned, in sullen mood,
From all these things, whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like ungrateful dew;
The darkness that encompassed me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
My own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient — slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining, discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked;

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart!
Not always so — I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"Oh Lord, how good thou art!"

The clouds drew up — the shadows fled;
The glorious sun broke out;
And love, and hope, and gratitude
Dispelled that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

ABJURATION.

THERE was a time — sweet time of youthful folly! —
 Fantastic woes I courted — feigned distress;
WOOING the veiled phantom, Melancholy,
 With passion born, like Love, in idleness.

And like a lover — like a jealous lover —
 I hid mine idol with a miser's art,
(Lest vulgar eyes her sweetness should discover,)
 Close in the inmost chambers of mine heart.

And there I sought her — oft in secret sought her,
 From merry mates withdrawn, and mirthful play —
TO wear away, by some deep, stilly water,
 In greenwood lone, the live-long summer day;

Watching the flitting clouds, the fading flowers,
 The flying rack athwart the wavy grass;
And murmuring oft — “Alack! this life of ours —
 Such are its joys — so swiftly doth it pass!”

And then, mine idle tears (ah, silly maiden!)
 Bedropped the liquid glass like summer rain;
And sighs, as from a bosom sorrow-laden,
 Heaved the light heart, that knew no real pain.

And then, I loved to haunt lone burial-places,
 Pacing the churchyard earth with noiseless tread;
TO pore in new-made graves, for ghastly traces,
 Brown, crumbling bones of the forgotten dead;

To think of passing bells, of death and dying,—
Methought 't were sweet in early youth to die,
So loved, lamented, in such sweet sleep lying,
The white shroud all with flowers and rosemary

Strewed o'er by loving hands!—but then 't would grieve me
Too sore, forsooth! the scene my fancy drew;
I could not bear the thought to die and leave ye,—
And I have lived, dear friends! to weep for you.

And I have lived to *prove* that fading flowers
Are life's best joys, and all we love and prize:
What chilling rains succeed the summer showers!
What bitter drops, wrung slow from elder eyes!

And I have lived to look on death and dying,—
To count the sinking pulse — the shortening breath;
To watch the last faint life-streak flying,—flying,—
To stoop — to start — to be alone with — Death.

And I have lived to wear the smile of gladness,
When all within was cheerless, dark and cold;
When all earth's joys seemed mockery and madness,
And life more tedious than “a tale twice told.”

And now — and now, pale, pining Melancholy!
No longer veiled for me your haggard brow
In pensive sweetness — such as youthful folly
Fondly conceited — I abjure ye now.

Away! avaunt! No longer now I call ye
“Divinest Melancholy! mild, meek maid!”
No longer may your siren spells enthrall me,
A willing captive in your baleful shade.

Give me the voice of mirth — the sound of laughter —
The sparkling glance of Pleasure's roving eye.

The past *is* past: avaunt, thou dark hereafter!

“Come, eat and drink — tomorrow we must die!”

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken —

The fool whose heart hath said, “There is no God.”

But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,

There’s balm in Gilead yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it as the stroke descendeth,

Distilleth balm to allay the inflicted smart;

And “peace that passeth understanding” blendeth

With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation, —

No longer feigned distress — fantastic woe; —

I know my griefs, — but then my consolation,

My trust, and my immortal hopes I know.

AURA VENI.

BALMY freshness! heavenly air!

Cool, oh! cool this burning brow;

Loose the fiery circlet there: —

Blessed thing! I feel ye now.

Blessed thing! depart not yet;

Let me, let me quaff my fill:

Leave me not my soul to fret

With longing for what mocks me still.

Oh, the weary, weary nights

I’ve lain awake and thought of thee!

Of clouds and corn — and all sweet sights

Of shade and sunshine, flower and tree;

Of running waters, rippling clear;
Of merry birds, and gipsy camp:
Then how I loathed to see and hear
That ticking watch — that sickly lamp, —

And longed at least for light again —
For day, that brought no change to me; —
The weight was on my heart and brain:
God might remove it — *only* He.

But now and then, the fount of tears,
So seeming dry, was free to flow;
'T was worth the happiness of years,
That short-lived luxury of wo!

And in the midst of all my pain,
I knew I was not quite forgot;
I knew my cry was not in vain, —
So I was sad, but fainted not.

And now His merciful command
Hath lightened what was worst to bear —
And given of better days at hand
A foretaste in this blessed air.

THE WOODBINE.

T'OTHER evening I strolled down the shady, green lane,
All with eglantine arched overhead,
Where the hare comes her sweet, dewy supper to pick,
And the banks are with wild-flowers jewelled so thick,
And the turf is so soft to the tread.

The woodman's old horse, when his harness is off,
Comes thither, with hunger sore pressed ;
But so weary, he scarce crops a mouthful or so —
He heaves a deep sigh, with his head hanging low,
And sinks down supinely to rest.

And there, t'other evening, stretched out in my path,
All across it — poor creature ! — he lay.
“Never mind, honest Jack, take your comfort,” I said ;
“You’ve worked very hard for your old master’s bread,
All the hours I’ve idled away.”

“And you ’re idling them still, with such babyish stuff,”
May Sir Oracle gravely opine.
“No matter, Old Wisdom, you need not attend ;
And you’ve said the same thing (now I think of it, friend)
Of lays better warbled than mine.

“So I’ll sing as I please — and you’ll listen or not,
As it likes you, — no matter to me ;
I sing, like that little brown bird in the brake,
Because nature invites me such joyance to make,
In her haunts to all commoners free.”

So away to my lane — for I have not yet done
With my tale of that wonderful place ;
How the woodman’s old horse, though he patiently heard
My affecting address, never answered a word,
Though he looked very hard in my face :

How the hare started up from a mole-hill of thyme,
And a partridge chirred out at my feet ;
How the blackbird was singing his vesper so clear,
And a nightingale joined from a hazel-copse near,
And the woodbines were temptingly sweet.

And I’ll have them, said I — what a nosegay they ’ll make !
How they ’ll perfume my own bonny bower !

And with that, up the bank in a moment was I,
And the beautiful prize, though suspended so high,
Was already almost in my power.

Almost — but we know an old proverb that tells
What may hap 'twixt the cup and the lip;
So I scrambled, and reached, and just touched it at last, —
Yet another bold spring, and I'll have them full fast;—
Good lack! what a terrible slip!

'*Twas* a terrible slip;— down through bramble and bush
To the ground in a twinkling I came;
And my hands were all scratched, and my gown was all
torn.
Had you seen it, ma bonne! you'd have said, I'll be sworn,
As you used in old time, "What a shame!"

And then, to be sure, I looked silly enough,
And ashamed of my plight, as I lay;
While the woodbine above, in its beautiful pride,
Just flaunted more freely, my fall to deride;
And methought the vain creature should say —

"Ah! ha! — keep your distance, poor dweller of earth!
You may find in your own proper place,
On your own lowly level, contentment enow;
Who reaches beyond it will gather, I trow,
Small guerdon but shame and disgrace."

LINES SUGGESTED BY SOME LATE AUTUMN
FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far !

And why ? — They are the last ! —
The last ! — the last ! — the last !
Oh ! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred —
That sister of the past !

Pale flowers ! — pale, perishing flowers !
Ye 're types of precious things —
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings ;

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends) —
Last tears in silence shed —
Last words half uttered —
Last looks of dying friends.

Who would but fain compress
A life into a day —
The last day spent with one
Who, e'er the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye !

Oh, precious, precious moments !
Pale flowers ! ye 're types of those ;
The saddest ! sweetest ! dearest !
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! — pale, perishing flowers !
I woo your gentle breath ;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows :—
Tell me of change and death,

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away ;
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they !
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop, without decrepitude or pain, into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither “toil nor spin ;”
Yet lo ! what goodly raiment they 're all apparelled in ;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen, endiademed with light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures never pall ;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all !
The dew, the shower, the sunshine, the balmy blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, tho' all may freely share.

The happy careless creatures ! of time they take no heed ;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed ;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away ;
Nor when 'tis gone cry dolefully, “ would God that it were
day ! ”

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast :
No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay ;
Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, when Hope has built a bower,
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thornless
 flower,
To dwell therein securely, the self-deceiver's trust,
A whirlwind from the desert comes—and "all is in the
 dust !"

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart
 clings
With all its finest tendrils—with all its flexile rings,—
That goodly thing it cleaveth too, so fondly and so fast,
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss—
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this ;
One moment round about us, their "Angel lightnings"* play,
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all hath past
 away.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly
 fair—
Too finely framed to 'bide the brunt, more earthly natures
 bear :—
A little while they dwell with us—blest ministers of love,
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their
 home above.

* Il lampeggiar del angelico rico.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

MISS MITFORD has written pleasant poems and successful tragedies, and yet we did hesitate about introducing her name in our Wreath. Not that we love her poetry less than that of others, but her *prose* more. And then we felt that we could not do her justice. *Rienzi* is a splendid production, but it requires to be seen on the stage, in action, to understand its superior excellences—such extracts as our limits allow will only mar its beauties. Her poems, too, have chiefly been written for the annuals, as illustrations of engravings, and, detached from these historical scenes, lose half their interest.

But what matters it? Who does not know and love the author of “*Our Village?*”—whose charming descriptions have made the rural life of the English villager as familiar to Americans as though we were “neighbors over the way!” In these descriptions Mary Mitford is unrivalled. She has a manner, natural to her, no doubt, but inimitable and indescribable, which sheds interest around the most homely subjects and coarsest characters. Who ever threw by a sketch of hers half read? No one who admired a spring daisy—or that most fragrant blossom, the wall-flower, which beautifies every object, however rough, rude or ruinous, around which it wreathes. And, though she does not trace the motives of conduct very deeply, or attempt to

teach principles of moral duty, yet there is much in her sprightly and warm sketches of simple nature which draws the heart to love the Author of all this beauty; and much in her kind and contented philosophy to promote love and good feelings. She is a philanthropist, for she joys in the happiness of others—a patriot, for she draws the people to feel the beauties and blessings which surround the most lowly lot in that “land of proud names and high heroic deeds.”

Well, we must go back to her poesy: that is our present subject. “Rienzi” has placed Miss Mitford in a high rank as a dramatic poetess. It has many powerful passages, and shows a bold fancy, and refined and ingenious taste in its construction and management. There is, also, that gentleness and simplicity in the character of Claudia, and those home descriptions and feelings which reveal the intelligent observer of nature and of the heart. As a historic legend it is sustained with great talent; but this kind of invention, which gathers and combines the pomp of fictitious circumstance around *real* events and *actual* personages, we do not consider the loftiest attribute of genius. Minds of the highest order have a creative power, so to speak, compounded of imagination and reason, which can form its legend from the world within the soul. The “Count Basil,” of Joanna Baillie, compared with “Rienzi,” will illustrate our meaning. The genius of Mary Mitford is like the fairy skill, which can transmute “chucky stones” into diamonds: there is a genius which does not need the aid of stones, but can *think* diamonds.

But if we do not place Mary Mitford among the very highest talent, we consider her one of the brightest living ornaments of female literature. Her descriptions of rural and domestic life are patterns of sentiment and style, which we commend, not for imitation, as that is never well, but for study and admiration to our young ladies. And then her own example is a pattern. She is no longer a very

young lady, but retains the cheerfulness and dispenses around her the happiness of youth. She resides with her father, who is vicar of Reading, in ——— shire, and manages the domestic duties of lady of the parsonage with the same ease and grace with which she pursues her distinguished literary career.

SELECTIONS FROM "RIENZI."

HOME AND LOVE.

Rie. CLAUDIA — nay, start not ! Thou art sad to-day ;
I found thee sitting idly, 'midst thy maids —
A pretty, laughing, restless band, who plied
Quick tongue and nimble finger. Mute, and pale
As marble, those unseeing eyes were fixed
On vacant air ; and that fair brow was bent
As sternly, as if the rude stranger, Thought,
Age-giving, mirth-destroying, pitiless Thought,
Had knocked at thy young giddy brain.

Cla. Nay, father,
Mock not thine own poor Claudia.

Rie. Claudia used
To bear a merry heart with that clear voice,
Prattling ; and that light busy foot, astir
In her small housewifery, the blithest bee
That ever wrought in hive.

Cla. Oh ! mine old home !

Rie. What ails thee, lady-bird ?

Cla. Mine own dear home !

Father, I love not this new state ; these halls,
Where comfort dies in vastness ; these trim maids,
Whose service wearies me. Oh ! mine old home !
My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle,

Woven round the casement; and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in fields;
My pretty snow-white doves; my kindest nurse;
And old Camillo. — Oh! mine own dear home!

Rie. Why, simple child, thou hast thine old fond nurse,
And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves,
Thy myrtles, flowers, and cedars; a whole province
Laid in a garden an' thou wilt. My Claudia,
Hast thou not learnt thy power? Ask orient gems,
Diamonds, and sapphires, in rich caskets, wrought
By cunning goldsmiths; sigh for rarest birds,
Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers to flit
Around thy stately bower; and, at thy wish,
The precious toys shall wait thee. Old Camillo!
Thou shalt have nobler servants, — emperors, kings,
Electors, princes! Not a bachelor
In Christendom but would right proudly kneel
To my fair daughter.

Cla. Oh! mine own dear home!

Rie. Wilt have a list to choose from? Listen, sweet!
If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle,
And the white-doves, were tell-tales, I would ask them
Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall?
And if, at eventide they heard not oft
A tuneful mandoline, and then a voice,
Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song
O'erwhelmed the quivering instrument; and then
A world of whispers, mixed with low response,
Sweet, short, and broken as divided strains
Of nightingales.

Cla. Oh, father! father! [*runs to him, and falls upon
his neck.*]

Rie. Well!

Dost love him, Claudia?

Cla. Father!

Rie. Dost thou love
 Young Angelo? Yes? Saidst thou yes? That heart —
 That throbbing heart of thine, keeps such a coil,
 I cannot hear thy words. He is returned
 To Rome; he left thee on mine errand, dear one;
 And now — is there no casement myrtle-wreathed,
 No cedar in our courts, to shade to-night
 The lover's song?

Cla. Oh, father! father!

Rie. Now,
 Back to thy maidens, with a lightened heart,
 Mine own beloved child. Thou shalt be first
 In Rome, as thou art fairest; never princess
 Brought to the proud Colonna such a dower
 As thou. Young Angelo hath chosen his mate
 From out an eagle's nest.

Cla. Alas! alas!

I tremble at the height. Whene'er I think
 Of the hot barons, of the fickle people,
 And the inconstancy of power, I tremble
 For thee, dear father.

Rie. Tremble! let them tremble.

I am their master, Claudia, whom they scorned,
 Endured, protected.—Sweet, go dream of love!
 I am their master, Claudia.

CLAUDIA PLEADING FOR HER HUSBAND.

Cla. [*Without.*] Father! father!

Rie. Guard the door!

Be sure ye give not way.

Cla. [*without.*] Father!

Rie. To see

Her looks! her tears!

Enter CLAUDIA hastily.

Cla. Who dares to stop me? Father!

[*Rushes into the arms of Rienzi.*]

Rie. I bade ye guard the entrance.

Cla. Against me!

Ye must have men and gates of steel, to bar
Claudia from her dear father. Where is he?
They said he was with you — he — thou know'st
Whom I would say. I heard ye loud. I thought
I heard ye; but perchance, the dizzying throb
Of my poor temples — Where is he? I see
No corse — an' he were dead — Oh, no, no, no!
Thou could'st not, would'st not! say he lives.

Rie. As yet
He lives.

Cla. Oh! blessings on thy heart, dear father!
Blessings on thy kind heart! When shall I see him?
Is he in prison? Fear hath made me weak,
And wordless as a child. Oh! send for him. —
Thou hast pardoned him; — didst thou not say but now
Thou hadst pardoned him?

Rie. No.

Cla. Oh, thou hast! thou hast!
This is the dalliance thou wast wont to hold
When I have craved some girlish boon, — a bird,
A flower, a moonlight walk; but now I ask thee
Life, more than life. Thou hast pardoned him?

Rie. My Claudia!

Cla. Ay! I am thine own Claudia, whose first word
Was father! These are the same hands that clung
Around thy knees, a tottering babe; the lips
That, ere they had learnt speech, would smile, and seek
To meet thee with an infant's kiss; these eyes
Thou hast called so like my mother's, eyes that never
Looked on thee, but with looks of love. — Oh, pardon!
Nay, father, speak not yet; thy brows are knit
Into a sternness. Pr'ythee speak not yet!

Rie. This traitor —

Cla. Call him 'as thou wilt, but pardon!
Oh, pardon!

[*Kneels.*

Rie. He defies me.

Cla. See, I kneel.

And he shall kneel, shall kiss thy feet ; wilt pardon ?

Rie. Mine own dear Claudia.

Cla. Pardon !

Rie. Raise thee up ;

Rest on my bosom ; let thy beating heart

Lie upon mine ; so shall the mutual pang

Be stilled. Oh ! that thy father's soul could bear

This grief for thee, my sweet one ! Oh, forgive —

Cla. Forgive thee what ? 'Tis so the headsman speaks

To his poor victim, ere he strikes. Do fathers

Make widows of their children ? send them down

To the cold grave heart-broken ? Tell me not

Of fathers — I have none ! All else that breathes

Hath known that natural love ; the wolf is kind

To her vile cubs ; the little wren hath care

For each small young one of her brood ; and thou —

The word that widowed, orphaned me ? Henceforth

My home shall be his grave ; and yet thou canst not —

Father ! [*Rushing into Rienzi's arms.*]

Rie. Ay ! Dost call me father once again, my Claudia,

Mine own sweet child !

Cla. Oh, father, pardon him !

Oh pardon, pardon ! 'T is my life I ask

In his. Our lives, dear father !

Rie. Ho, Camillo !

Where loiters he ?

[*Enter Camillo.*]

Camillo, take my ring ;

Fly to the captain of the guard, Alberti ;

Bid him release Lord Angelo.

Cla. Now bless thee, —

Bless thee, my father !

Rie. Fly, Camillo, fly !

Why loiterest thou ?

Cam. The ring.

[*Rienzi gives the ring to Camillo — Exit Camillo.*]

INFLEXIBLE JUSTICE.

Rie. This is justice,
Pure justice, not revenge! — Mark well, my lords —
Pure, equal justice. Martin Ursini
Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned,
And he shall die!

Col. Yet listen to us —

Rie. Lords,
If ye could range before me all the peers,
Prelates and potentates of Christendom,—
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
For this great robber, still I should be blind
As Justice.. But this very day a wife,
One infant hanging at her breast, and two,
Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,
Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
Her squalid form, grasped at my bridal rein
To beg her husband's life; condemned to die
For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi:
And, whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and reared,
Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
There, midst the dangerous coil, unmoved she stood,
Pleading in piercing words, the very cry
Of nature! And, when I at last said no —
For I said no to her — she flung herself
And those poor innocent babes between the stones
And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all,
Thank Heaven, we saved them all! but I said no
To that sad woman midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
Ask for mercy now.

THE MORNING WALK.

'Tis a bright summer morn, and the sunlight proud
Gleams on the water, and sleeps on the cloud,
Fitfully glitters the wood-path between,
And casts a broad glow on the shadowy green.

And a lovely lady is walking there,
Placid, and gentle, and smiling, and fair,
With the grace of a queen in her gay palace bowers,
And a foot that seems born to tread only on flowers.

And beside that fair lady, so stately and mild,
Mild, stately, and graceful — a tottering child,
With her dimpled hand on her dimpled knee,
Stands, like a model of infancy.

And fair as they seem in the morn's dewy light,
The beautiful child, and the lady so bright ;
We feel, as we view them, a sympathy live
Truer, purer, and deeper, than beauty can give.

For there harbors love, with its smiles and its tears,
Its tender forbodings, its tenderer fears,
And its hopes, the sweetest on earth that rest —
The matchless love of a mother's breast.

'Tis that which lends life to her form's proud grace,
Which awakens the charms of her sparkling face ;
Her glance may be wandering around the wide land,
But her thoughts on the treasure she holds by the hand.

THE LADIES' WREATH.

PART SECOND.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

WE have now arrived at the part assigned to our American Poetesses; and it is with no small pleasure as well as pride that we may begin our list with a name deservedly honored and distinguished. The task of examining the productions and judging the literary merit of living and cotemporary writers, is a difficult and delicate one, more especially when those writers are our own countrywomen, and esteemed correspondents or personal friends. — But respecting the talents and merits of Mrs. Sigourney there will be no doubt or cavil. She has nobly won her high place in the literature of our country.

Lydia Huntley was born in Norwich, Connecticut. She was the only child of her parents, and reared with great tenderness. Her parentage was in that happy mediocrity of fortune which requires industry, yet encourages hope — and the habits of order and diligence, to which she was sedulously trained by her judicious mother, have, no doubt, been of inestimable advantage to the poetess. She early exhibited indications of genius — perhaps the loneliness of her brotherless and sisterless lot had an influence in sub-

stituting intellectual pursuits for the common sports of childhood. We are by no means in favor of establishing precocity of intellect as the standard of real genius; yet it is certain that many distinguished persons have been marked in childhood as extraordinary—the opening blossom has given forth the sweet odor which the rich fruit, like that of the Mangostan, embodies in its delicious perfection.—At eight years of age, the little Lydia was a scribbler of rhymes—like Pope lisping in numbers. Her first work was published in 1815. It was a small volume, entitled “Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse.” Before this period, however, she had, fortunately met with a judicious and most generous patron. To Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., of Hartford, belongs the tribute of praise which is due for drawing such a mind from the obscurity where it had remained “afar from the untasted sunbeam.” In 1819 Miss Huntley was married to Charles Sigourney, a respectable merchant of Hartford, and a gentleman of cultivated taste and good literary attainments.—From that period Mrs. Sigourney has devoted the leisure which the wife of a man of wealth may always command, to literary pursuits. And her improvement has been rapid and great.—Her published works are “Traits of the Aborigines” a Poem, written in blank verse: “Connecticut Forty Years Since”—a prose volume, principally of traditionary description: three volumes of “Poems”—a volume of prose “Sketches”—“Letters to Young Ladies”—and a number of small books for children.—In all these works, varied as they are in style and subject, *one* purpose is recognised as the governing motive—the purpose of doing good.—In her prose writings, this zeal of heart is the great charm. She always describes nature with a lover’s feelings for its beauties, and with much delicacy and taste; still we think her talent for description is much more graceful and at home in the measured lines of her poetry, than in her best prose. Her genius brightens in the Muses’ smile, and she can

command by that spell, as Prospero could with his staff, the attendance of the "delicate spirit" of Fancy, which, like Ariel, brings

"Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not:"

and those "solemn breathing strains" that move conscience to its repentant work, or lift the trusting and contrite soul to heaven.

"Oh God! who can describe Niagara?" exclaimed Mrs. Butler, in the agony of her admiration. Mrs. Sigourney has described it, and worthily too—and this single poem would be sufficient to establish her fame. It does more and better, it stamps her as the devoted Christian; for except faith in the "dread Invisible" had sustained her genius, and trust in the Savior had kept warm the fount of sympathy in her heart, she could not have surrounded a theme so awful, strange and lonely, with such images of beauty and hope.

True it is, that female poetic writers owe their happiest efforts to religious feelings. Devotion seems to endow them with the martyr's glowing fervency of spirit. In the actual world the path of woman is very circumscribed, but in that "better land" her imagination may range with the freedom of an angel's wing. And there the genius of Mrs. Sigourney delights to expatiate. And this constant uplifting of her spirit has given a peculiar cast to her language and style; rendering the stately blank verse measure the readiest vehicle of her fancies. She has a wonderful command of words, and the fetters of rhyme check the free expression of her thoughts. She is also endowed with a fine perception of the harmonious and appropriate, and hence the smooth flow of the lines, and the perfect adaptation of the language to the subject. These qualities eminently fit her to be the eulogist of departed worth; and incline her to elegiac poetry. To her tender feelings and naturally contemplative mind, every knell that summons the

mourner to weep, awakens her sympathy, and the dirge flows, as would her tears, to comfort the bereaved were she beside them. Nor is the death song of necessity melancholy. Many of hers sound the notes of holy triumph, and awaken the brightest anticipations of felicity—ay,

“Teach us of the melody of heaven.”

She “leaves not the trophy of death at the tomb,” but shows us the “Resurrection and the Life.” Thus she elevates the hopes of the Christian, and chastens the thoughts of the worldly minded. This is her mission, the true purpose of her heaven-endowed mind; for the inspirations of genius are from heaven, and, when not perverted by a corrupt will, rise as naturally upward as the morning dew on the flower is exhaled to the skies. The genius of Mrs. Sigourney, like the “imperial Passion Flower,” has always been

“Consecrate to Salem’s peaceful king,—
Though fair as any gracing beauty’s bower,
Yet linked to sorrow like a holy thing.”

It is this sadness which shows her strains to be of earth—their purity, and serene loveliness are angelic. If there is a want felt in reading her effusions, it is that of fervency: the light is brilliant, but it does not kindle into flame. Her “truths” need to be more “impassioned,” to produce their greatest effect. Yet this deficiency arises from that delicacy of taste, which makes her fear to pour forth the full gush of her feelings. And it is very rare that a woman can or will do this. Hence much of the monotony and mediocrity of their poetry.

We must not omit to record that Mrs. Sigourney is an example to her sex in private life, as well as their admiration in her public career. She is a good wife and devoted mother; she has two children, whom she has hither-

to educated entirely herself—and in all domestic knowledge and the scrupulous performance of domestic duties, she shows as ready acquaintance and as much skill as though these only formed her pursuit. Her literary studies are her recreation—surely as rational a mode of occupying the leisure of a lady, as the morning call, or the fashionable party.

NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty—God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet.—And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

And who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow,—'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn?—Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves
Retire abashed.—For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm:—but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not night or day.

The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem, — and those wrecking fires
That wait the Archangel's signal to dissolve
The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unfathomed page. — Each leafy bough
That lifts itself within thy proud domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
And tremble at the baptism. — Lo! yon birds
Do venture boldly near, bathing their wing
Amid thy foam and mist — 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, — or lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath, —
Who sport unharmed upon the fleecy cloud,
And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, — it seems
Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak
Familiarly of thee. — Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty ;
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And check its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

WINTER.

I DEEM thee not unlovely, — though thou com'st
With a stern visage. — To the tuneful bird, —
The tender flow'ret, — the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh. — But unto Man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry, —
Thy lengthened eve is full of fire-side joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart ;
So that the hoarse stream passes by unheard. —
Earth, rob'd in white, a peaceful Sabbath holds,
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet. —
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
And from the harvest shouting. —

Man should rest
Thus from his fevered passions, — and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health. — As the tossed bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay,
To trim its shattered cordage, and repair
Its riven sails. — So should the toil-worn mind
Refit for Time's rough voyage. — Man, perchance,
Soured by the world's sharp commerce, — or impaired
By the wild wanderings of his summer's way,
Turns, like a truant scholar toward his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save. --

The ruddy boy
Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport,
On the smooth frozen lake, as the first star
Hangs pure and cold, its silver cressit forth ;

And, throwing off his skates, with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side.— Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draw him nearer, and, with gentle voice,
Asks of his lessons — while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven
To bless the lad.—

The timid infant learns
Better to love its father, — longer sits
Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language, as the tongue
Hath never spoken. —

Come thou to life's feast,
With dove-eyed meekness and bland charity, —
And thou shalt find even Winter's rugged blast
The minstrel-teacher of the well-tuned soul ;
And when the last drop of its cup is drained,
Arising with a song of praise, go up
To the eternal banquet.

NATURE'S ROYALTY.

“ Show me a king, whose high decree
By all his realm is blest,
Whose heaven-deputed sway, shall be
Deep in his subject's breast.”
And lo, a lofty throne was nigh,
A gorgeous purple robe,
A crowned brow and eagle eye
That aimed to rule the globe.

Peers at his bidding came and went,
Proud hosts to battle trod ;
Even high-soul'd Genius lowly bent,
And hailed him as a God.
Wealth spread her treasures to his sight,
Fame bade her clarion roll,
But yet his sceptre seem'd to blight
The freedom of the soul.

And deep within his bosom lay
The poison'd thorn of care,
Nor ermined pomp, nor regal sway
Forbade its rankling there.
No fearless truth his ear addressed,
Though crowds extolled his ways,
A hollow-hearted thing at best
Was all their courtly praise.

I saw Suspicion cloud his day,
And Fear his firmness move,
And felt there was no perfect sway
Save what is built on love.
"Show me a king." — They brought a child
Clad in his robe of white,
His golden curls waved loose and wild,
His full blue eye was bright.

A haughty warrior strode that way,
Whose crest had never bowed
Beneath his brother of the clay
In battle or in crowd : —
Yet down before that babe he bent,
A captive to his charms,
And meek as with a slave's intent,
Receiv'd him in his arms.

Beauty was near, and love's warm sigh
Burst forth from manhood's breast,
While pride was kindling in that eye
Which saw its power confest : —
“ Sing me a song,” the urchin cried,
And from her lips did part,
A strain to kneeling man denied,
Rich music of the heart.

A sage austere, for learning famed,
Frown'd with abstracted air :
“ Tell me a tale,” the boy exclaimed,
And boldly climbed his chair : —
While he — (how wondrous was the change !)
Poured forth in language free,
Enforced with gestures strong and strange,
A tale of Araby.

“ I sought *a king*.” — And Nature cried
His royalty revere,
Who conquers beauty, power and pride,
Thus with a smile or tear.
The crowned despot's eye may wake,
His bosom grieve alone,
But infant Innocence doth make
The human heart its throne.

STANZAS.

"Arise ye, and depart,—for this is not your rest."

MICAH ii. 8, 10.

THE vines are wither'd oh, my love,
That erst we taught to tower,
And in a mesh of fragrance wove,
Around our summer-bower.

The ivy on the ancient wall
Doth in its budding fade ;
The stream is dry, — whose gentle fall
A lulling murmur made.

The tangled weeds have chok'd the flowers ;
The trees so lately bright,
In all the pomp of vernal hours
Reveal a blackening blight.

There is a sigh upon the gale
That doth the willow sway,
A murmur from the blossoms pale,
"Arise, and come away."

So, when this life in clouds shall hide
Its garland fair and brief,
And every promise of its pride
Doth wear the frosted leaf ;

Then may the undying soul attain
That heritage sublime,
Where comes no pang of parting pain,
No change of hoary time.

RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

BRIGHT Clouds ! ye are gathering one by one,
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner, and golden pall,
Like a host to their chieftain's funeral ;
Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot
With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

But, methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest
And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest ;
Not thus in the day of his pride and wrath
Did ye dare to press on his glorious path ;
At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear,
And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say *he is dead?* — You exult in vain,
With your rainbow robe and your swelling train :
He shall rise again with his strong, bright ray ;
He shall reign in power when you fade away, —
When ye darkly cower in your vapory hall,
Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The Soul — ! the Soul ! — with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire ;
It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained ;
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

I SAW a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles, — and the winds
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came

From weary commerce with the heartless world ;
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, — and heard the tramp
Of those gay insects at their honied toil,
Shining like winged jewelry, — and drank
The healthful odor of the flowering trees
And bright-eyed violets ; — but most of all,
When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength to run
My weary race — lifting a thankful prayer
To *Him* who showed me some bright tints of heaven
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk,
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to heaven.

SOLITUDE.

DEEP Solitude I sought.—There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark back-grounds 'gainst the sky.

Thither I went,
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount
For which it long had thirsted 'mid the strife
And fever of the world. — I thought to be
There without witness. — but the violet's eye
Looked up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek.
There were glad voices, too, — the garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history. — Up came the singing breeze
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive every one. — Even busy life
Woke in that dell. — The dexterous spider threw
From spray to spray the silver-tissued snare.
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The rifled grain, toiled toward her citadel.
To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,
While from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings. —

Yet I strangely thought
To be *alone* and *silent* in thy realm,
Spirit of life and love! — it might not be! —
There is *no solitude* in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joys, and shuts out others' grief.

Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world
Without a witness. Even the desert place
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

ALICE.

A very interesting daughter of the late Dr. Cogswell, who was deprived of the powers of hearing and speech, cherished so ardent an affection for her father, that, after his death, she said, in her strong language of gesture, that "her heart had so grown to his, it could not be separated." By the providence of the Almighty she was called in a few days to follow him; and from the abodes of bliss, where we trust she has obtained a mansion, may we not imagine her as thus addressing the objects of her fondest earthly affections?

SISTERS! — there's music here,
From countless harps it flows,
Throughout this bright celestial sphere
Nor pause, nor discord knows.
The seal is melted from my ear
By love divine,
And what through life I pined to hear
Is mine! Is mine!
The warbling of an ever-tuneful choir
And the full, deep response of David's sacred lyre.
Did kind earth hide from me
Her broken harmony,

That thus the melodies of heaven might roll,
And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my rapt, my wondering
soul?

Joy! — I am mute no more, —
My sad and silent years,
With all their loneliness are o'er ;
Sweet sisters ! dry your tears :
Listen at hush of eve — listen at dawn of day —
List at the hour of prayer — *can ye not hear my lay?*
Untaught, unchecked it came,
As light from chaos beamed,
Praising his everlasting name,
Whose blood from Calvary streamed —
And still it swells that highest strain, the song of the re-
deemed.

Brother! — my only one!
Beloved from childhood's hours,
With whom, beneath the vernal sun,
I wandered when our task was done,
And gathered early flowers ;
I cannot come to thee,
Though 'twas so sweet to rest
Upon thy gently-guiding arm — thy sympathizing breast.
'Tis better here to be.
No disappointments shroud
The angel-bowers of joy;
Our knowledge hath no cloud,
Our pleasures no alloy,
The fearful word — *to part*,
Is never breathed above ;
Heaven hath no broken heart —
Call me not hence, my love.

Oh, mother! — He is here
To whom my soul so grew,

That when Death's fatal spear
 Stretched him upon his bier,
 I fain must follow too.

His smile my infant griefs restrained —
 His image in my childish dream
 And o'er my young affection's reigned,
 With gratitude unuttered and supreme.

But yet, till these refulgent skies burst forth in radiant glow,
 I knew not half the unmeasured debt a daughter's heart
 doth owe.

Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?

Ask ye, if filial love
 Unbodied spirits prove?

'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.

I bend to soothe thy woes,—

How near — thou canst not see —

I watch thy lone repose,

Alice doth comfort thee;

To welcome thee I wait — blest mother! come to me.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
 Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
 Toil on, for the wisdom of man ye mock,
 With your sand-based structures and domes of rock,
 Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
 And your arches spring up through the r.sted wave
 Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bfind the deep with your secret zone,
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone,

Fresh wreaths from the coral pavements spring
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup,
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee.
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea with the thronging dead ?

Ye build ! ye build ! but ye enter not in ;
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,
From the land of promise, ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye,
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep,
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep ;
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.*

LONG hast thou slept unnoted. ' Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dew.

She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect.

But now we come
To do thee homage — mother of our chief!
Fit homage — such as honoreth him who pays.

Methinks we see thee — as in olden time —
Simple in garb — majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance — in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth — to sport a while
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.

For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ," for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,

* On laying the corner-stone of the monument to her memory.

Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought,
We know not — Heaven can tell.

Rise, sculptured pile !

And show a race unborn, who rests below ;
 And say to mothers what a holy charge
 Is theirs — with what a kingly power their love
 Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
 Warn them to wake at early dawn — and sow
 Good seed, before the world hath sown her tares ;
 Nor in their toil decline — that angel-bands
 May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
 And gather to his garner.

Ye, who stand,
 With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
 Who nobly reared Virginia's godlike chief—
 Ye, whose *last* thought upon your nightly couch,
 Whose *first* at waking, is your cradled son,—
 What though no high ambition prompts to rear
 A second Washington ; or leave your name
 Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
 Of deathless gratitude — yet may you raise
A monument above the stars — a soul
 Led, by your teachings and your prayers. to God.

POETRY.

MORN on her rosy couch awoke,
 Enchantment led the hour,
 And mirth and music drank the dews
 That freshen'd Beauty's flower.
 Then from her bower of deep delight,
 I heard a young girl sing,—
 "Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a noisy thing."

The Sun in noon-day heat rose high,
And on, with heaving breast,
I saw a weary pilgrim toil
Unpitied and unblest.
Yet still in trembling measures flow'd
Forth from a broken string, —
“Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing.”

'Twas night, and Death the curtains drew,
'Mid agony severe,
While there a willing spirit went
Home to a glorious sphere.
Yet still it sigh'd, even when was spread
The waiting Angel's wing, —
“Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing.”

FILIAL CLAIMS.

Who bendeth, with meek eye and bloodless cheek,
Thus o'er the new-born babe? content to take
As payment for all agony and pain,
Its first soft kiss, its first breath on her brow,
The first faint pressure of its tiny hand?
It is not needful that I speak the name
Of that *one being on this earth*, whose love
Doth never falter.

Answer me, young man,
Thou, who thro' chance and change of time hast trod
Thus far, when some with vengeful wrath have mark'd
Thy waywardness, or in thy time of woe
Deserted thee, or with a rainbow smile

Lur'd and forsook, or on thine errors scowl'd
With unforgiving memory, — *did she?*
Thy Mother?

Child! in whose rejoicing heart
The cradle-scene is fresh, the lulling hymn
Still clearly echoed, when the blight of age
Withereth that bosom, where thine head doth lay,
When pain shall paralyze the arm that clasps
Thy form so tenderly, *wilt thou forget?*
Wilt thou be weary, tho' long years should ask
The patient offices of love to gird
A broken mind?

Turn back the book of life
To its first page. What deep trace meets thee there?
Lines from a Mother's pencil. When her scroll
Of life is finish'd and the hand of Death
Stamps that strong seal, which none but God can break,
What should its *last trace be?*

Thy bending form
In sleepless love, the dying couch beside,
Thy tender hand upon the closing eye,
Thy kiss upon the lips, thy prayer to Heaven,
The chasten'd rendering of thy filial trust,
Up to the white-wing'd angel ministry.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.*

THERE is a festive strain within the walls
Of the Eternal City, and high praise
Unto the glorious dead. Beauty doth twine
Her votive wreath, and Eloquence and Song
In eulogy burst forth. To whom, O Rome,

* Celebrated at Rome, by the Americans, February 22d, 1829.

Mid all thy heroes, all thy demi-gods,
Thy purple-rob'd and mitred ones, to whom
Riseth this homage? But she wav'd her hand,
And pointed me in silence, as of scorn,
Unto a stranger-band. Yes, there they stood,
The children of that Western Clime which slept
In embryo darkness, when tiara'd Rome
In all the peevish plenitude of power
Call'd Earth her footstool. There they stood serene,
True sons of that fair realm which needeth not
The faded pomp of royal pageantry
To trick her banner. Wheresoe'er they roam,
Whether 'mid Andes' canopy of cloud,
Or the sunk cells of groping Labrador,
Or the broad seas, or the bright tropic-isles
Where Nature in her noon-day faintness holds
A long siesta,—still their hearts enshrine
Liberty as a God. There, 'neath the shade
Of the Colliseum vaulting up to Heaven,
The time-spar'd arch, the mighty Basilic,
Palace, and pantheon, and monument,
Where throng a wondering world in pilgrimage,
They bow no knee to Cesar, but compel
The kingly Tiber to pronounce the name
Of their own Washington. Sublime they pour
Warm Memory's incense to their Country's Sire,
He, who in pliant infancy was train'd
By Spartan nurture *first to rule himself*,
And then a young, embattled host to lead
Through toil and terror, to a glorious seat
Among the nations. Then when every eye
Of every clime was bent on him with awe
Like adoration, from his breast he rent
The adhesive panoply of power, retir'd
From the loud pæans of a world, to sleep

And there was silence mid the gather'd throng.
The stranger, and the hard of heart, did draw
Their breath supprest, to see the mother's lip
Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire
Shrink as with smother'd sorrow, when he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far off clime.

Haply his thought
Travers'd the grass-grown prairies, and the shore
Of the cold lakes; or those o'erhanging cliffs
And pathless mountain tops, that rose to bar
Her log-rear'd mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend. Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea! and its own life also, — lays them all,
Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth,
A scene like this, ye laughter-loving ones; —
The licens'd jester's lip, the dancer's heel —
What do they here?

Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,
Fill'd with life's dewy flow'rets, girdeth on
That harness, which the ministry of Death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

INDIAN NAMES.

“How can the red man be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?”

YE say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forest where they roamed
There rings no hunter shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's sure is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
 Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dashed it out.—There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip;—he touched the veins with ice
And the rose faded.—Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which Innocence
Alone can wear.—With ruthless haste he bound
The fringes of their curtained lids
Forever.—There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears.—The spoiler set
His seal of silence.—But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy from that marble brow,—
Death gazed and left it there;—he dared not steal
The signet ring of heaven.

FELICIA HEMANS.

NATURE doth mourn for thee. There is no need
For Man to strike his plaintive lyre, and fail, —
As fail he must, — if he attempt thy praise.
The little plant that never sang before,
Save one sad requiem when its blossoms fell,
Sighs deeply, through its drooping leaves, for thee
As for a florist fallen. The ivy wreath'd
Round the grey turrets of a buried race,
And the tall palm, that like a prince doth rear
Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,
With their dim legends blend thy glorious name.
Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make
Whate'er it touched, most holy. The pure shell,
Laying its pearly lip on ocean's floor,
The cloister'd chambers where the sea-gods sleep,
And the unfathom'd melancholy main,
Lament for thee, through all the sounding deeps.
— Hark! from snow-breasted Himmaleh, to where
Snowden doth weave his coronet of cloud,
From the scath'd pine-tree, near the red man's hut,
To where the everlasting banian builds
Its vast columnar temple, comes a moan
For thee, whose ritual made each rocky height
An altar, and each cottage home the haunt
Of Poesy. Yea, thou didst find the link
That joins mute nature to ethereal mind,
And made that link a melody.

The couch

Of thy last sleep was in the native clime
Of song and eloquence, and ardent soul, —
Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance, that isle,

So lov'd of favoring skies, yet bann'd by fate,
Might shadow forth thine own unspoken lot.
For at thy heart the ever-pointed thorn
Did gird itself, until thy life-stream oozed
In gushes of such deep and thrilling song,
That angels, poising on some silver cloud,
Might linger 'mid the errands of the skies,
And listen, all unblam'd.

How tenderly
Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest,
And like a nurse, with finger on her lip
Watch lest some step disturb thee, — striving still
From other hands, thy sacred harp to guard. —
Waits she thy waking, as some Mother waits
The babe, whose gentle spirit sleep hath stolen,
And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven?
— We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No.
For every mountain stream and shadowy dell
Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back
The falsehood on our souls. Thou speak'st alike
The simple language of the freckled flower,
And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.
And from thy living intercourse with man,
Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth
Drops her last gem into the doom's-day flame.
Thou hast but taken thy seat with that blest choir
Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learn'd so well
From this subluner terrace, and so long
Interpreted. Therefore, we will not say
Farewell to thee: — for every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities;
The sage shall meet thee with his benison,
And woman shrine thee as a vestal flame
In all the temples of her sanctity, —
And the young child shall take thee by the hand,
And travel with a surer step to heaven.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD."

COME, gather to this burial-place, ye gay !
Ye, of the sparkling eye, and frolic brow,
I bid ye hither. She, who makes her bed
This day, 'neath yon damp turf, with spring-flowers sown,
Was one of you. Time had not laid his hand
On tress or feature, stamping the dread lines,
Of chill decay, till Death had nought to do,
Save that slight office which the passing gale
Doth to the wasted taper. No, her cheek
Shamed the young rose-bud ; in her eye was light
By gladness kindled ; in her footsteps grace ;
Song on her lips ; affections in her breast,
Like soft doves nesting. Yet, from all she turned,
All she forsook, unclasping her warm hand
From Friendship's ardent pressure, with such smile
As if she were the gainer. To lie down
In this dark pit she cometh, dust to dust,
Ashes to ashes, till the glorious morn
Of resurrection. Wondering do you ask —
Where is her blessedness ! Go home, ye gay,
Go to your secret chambers, and kneel down,
And ask of God. Urge your request like him
Who on the slight raft, 'mid the ocean's foam
Toileth for life. And when ye win a hope,
That the world gives not, and a faith divine,
Ye will no longer marvel how the friend
So beautiful, so loved, so lured by all
The pageantry on earth, could meekly find
A blessedness in death.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE great popularity of Miss Gould we consider a most encouraging omen for the lovers of genuine poetry, of that which is true in thought and natural in description. She charms by the rare merit of imparting interest to small things and common occurrences. These make up far the greater part of life's reality, and, if truth be the essence of poetry, they must be poetical. Unfortunately, but few poets have had the power or the inclination to invest the actual world with the beauty and attractiveness which has been lavished on ideal and false creations of fancy; and hence it is that their labors have been accounted idle, and their profession degraded. Passion has too often usurped the place of reason, and a selfish sensitiveness been fostered, instead of that healthful sentiment of complacency in the happiness of others, which all high exercise of the mental faculties should exalt and encourage. It is this enlarging and elevating the affections, which improves the heart and purifies the taste. And this is one important office of true poetry—such poetry as Miss Gould has written.

She also possesses great delicacy and scope of imagination; she gathers around her simple themes imagery of peculiar beauty and uncommon association—and yet this imagery is always appropriate. Then she has a very felicitous command of language, and the skill of making the

most uncouth words "lie smooth in rhyme," which the greatest poet of the age might envy. And she, not seldom, displays humorous turns of thought, and a sportive raillery which is very amusing.

Wit is a much more rare quality than wisdom in female writers. We shall not here enter into the inquiry why it is that women, who are, proverbially, quick in perception, and who are often accused of delighting in repartee and scandal, should nevertheless, when submitting their sentiments to the public, almost scrupulously avoid ridicule and satire, even when the subjects treated of seemed to justify or demand these forms of expression. But such is the fact—and hence Miss Gould's sprightly wit has the advantage of appearing more original. She, however, uses it with great delicacy, and always to teach or enforce some lesson which would not disparage "divine Philosophy," to inculcate.—In truth, the great power of her poetry is its *moral* application. This hallows every object she looks upon, and ennobles every incident she celebrates. She takes lowly and homely themes, but she turns them to the light of heaven, and they are beautified, and refined, and elevated. She brings to her God the rich treasures of her intellect, and the warm feelings of her heart. Everywhere and in every thing she sees and feels His presence; and her song rises in those "spiritual breathings," which lift the hearts of her readers, to unite with her, in praise to the Lord.

The mania for melancholy and despairing poetry, which the Byronia era introduced, never found any favor in the clear, calm, sensible mind of our poetess. Her philosophy is as practical and contented as her piety is ardent.—Her motto seems to have been

"The Muse should gladden the seasons,
Should strengthen the heart in pain"—

and like her own "Ground Laurel" she adds cheerfulness to every scene, however sequestered or lonely, which her

fancy pictures. Truly such a genius is a blessing to the world.

Miss Gould is a native of Massachusetts, and now resides at Newburyport, housekeeper, nurse and friend of her aged father, who was a veteran of the Revolution. She did not appear before the public as a writer till her powers of mind were matured, and she has, therefore, few juvenile errors of fancy to regret. — Her poems were first published in the periodicals and annuals, from whence she has collected and issued them in two volumes. This more permanent form was demanded by their popularity — a strange thing for *poetry*, the booksellers say. Her poems will be popular while truth has friends and nature admirers, and while children are readers. And what praise is sweeter to a pure, good mind than the praise of childhood, in which the *heart* is always given with the *lips*?

THE ZEPHYR'S SOLILOQUY.

THOUGH from whence I came, or whither I go,
My end or my nature I ne'er may know,
I will number o'er to myself a few
Of the countless things I am born to do.
I flit in the days of the joyous Spring,
Through field and forest, and freight my wing
With the spice of the buds, which I haste to bear
Where I know that man will inhale the air.
And while I hover o'er beauty's lip,
I part her locks with my pinion's tip;
Or brighten her cheek with my fond caress,
And breathe in the folds of her lightsome dress.
I love to sport with the silken curl
On the lily neck of the laughing girl;

To dry the tear of the weeping boy,
Who's breaking his heart for a broken toy;
To fan the heat of his brow away,
And over his mother's harp-strings play,
Till, his grief forgotten, he looks around,
For the secret hand that has waked the sound.
I love, when the warrior mails his breast,
To toss the head of his snow-white crest:
To take the adieu that he turns to leave,
And the sigh that his lady retires to heave!
When the sultry sun, of a summer's day,
Each sparkling dew-drop has dried away,
And the flowers are left to thirst to death,
I love to come and afford them breath;
And, under each languid drooping thing,
To place my balmy and cooling wing.
When the bright fresh showers have just gone by,
And the rainbow stands in the evening sky,
Oh! then is the merriest time for me,
And I and my race have a jubilee!
We fly to the gardens, and shake the drops
From the bending boughs, and the floweret tops;
And revel unseen in the calm star-light,
Or dance on the moon-beams the live-long night.
These, ah! these are my hours of gladness!
But, I have my days and my nights of sadness!

When I go to the cheek where I kissed the rose,
And 't is turning as white as the mountain snows;
While the eye of beauty must soon be hid
Forever beneath its sinking lid—
Oh! I'd give my whole self but to spare that gasp,
And save her a moment from death's cold grasp!
And when she is borne to repose alone
'Neath the fresh cut sod, and the church-yard stone,
I keep close by her and do my best
To lift the dark pall from the sleeper's breast;

And linger behind with the beautiful clay,
When friends and kindred have gone their way !
When the babe whose dimples I used to fan,
I see completing its earthly span,
I long, with a spirit so pure, to go
From the scene of sorrow and tears below,
Till I rise so high I can catch the song
Of welcome that bursts from the angel throng,
As it enters its rest — but alas ! alas !
I am only from death to death to pass.
I hasten away over mountain and flood,
And find I'm alone on a field of blood.
The soldier is there — but he breathes no more ;
And there is the plume, but 't is stained with gore ;
I flutter and strive in vain, to place
The end of his scarf on his marble face ;
And find not even a sigh, to take
To her, whose heart is so soon to break !
I fly to the flowers I loved so much —
They are pale, and drop at my slightest touch.
The earth is in ruins ! — I turn to the sky —
It frowns ! — and what can I do, but die ?

THE LITTLE FOOT.

My boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand I feel thee put,
In playful dreams, thy little foot,
The thrilling touch sets every string
Of my full heart a quivering ;
For, ah ! I think, what chart can show,
The ways through which this foot may go ?

Its print will be, in childhood's hours,
Traced in the garden, round the flowers;
But youth will bid it leap the rills —
Bathe in the dews of distant hills —
Roam o'er the vales, and venture out
When riper years would pause and doubt;
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.

But what, when manhood tints thy cheek,
Will be the ways this foot may seek?
Is it to lightly pace the deck?
To, helpless, slip from off the wreck?
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,
Returning to thy home no more,
Until the bosom, now thy pillow,
Is low and cold beneath the willow?

Or, is it for the battle plain?
Beside the slayer and the slain —
Till there its final step be taken?
There, sleep thine eye, no more to waken?
Is it to glory, or to shame —
To sully, or to gild thy name —
Is it to happiness or wo,
This little foot is made to go?

But wheresoe'er its lines may fall,
Whether in cottage, or in hall;
O, may it ever shun the ground
Where'er His foot had not been found,
Who on his path below, hath shed
A living light, that all may tread
Upon his earthly steps; and none
E'er dash the foot against a stone!

Yet if thy way is mark'd by fate,
As guilty, dark and desolate, —
If thou must float, by vice and crime,
A wreck, upon the stream of time —
Oh! rather than behold that day,
I'd know this foot, in lightsome play,
Would bound with guiltless, infant glee
Upon the sod that shelters me.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads — and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen

Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees ;
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees ;
There were cities with temples and towers ; and these
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair —
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there,
That all had forgotten for him to prepare —

“Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“This costly pitcher I'll burst in three ;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick !' to tell them I'm drinking !”

THE THRICE CLOSED EYE.

THE eye was closed, and calm the breast —
'Twas sleep — the weary was at rest,
While fancy on her rainbow wings,
Ranged through a world of new made things,
'Mid regions pure and visions bright,
Formed but to mock the waking sight.
For ah ! how light does slumber sit
On sorrow's brow — how quickly flit
From her pale throne, when envious care
Comes robed in clouds, and frowning, there !

Again — I saw the falling lid,
And from his sight the world was hid :
The lip was moved — the knee was bent —
The heavy-laden spirit went,
Bearing her burden from the dust
Up to her only rock of trust ;

And, childlike, on her Father's breast
Cast off the load, and found her rest !
And this was prayer — 'twas faith and love
Communing with a God above !

At length that eye was locked — the key
Had opened heaven — 'twas Death ! — 'twas he
Had sweetly quelled the mortal strife,
And to the saint, the gates of life
Unfolded. — On the sleeper's brow
Lay the smooth seal of quiet, now,
Which none could break. — The soul that here
Dwelt with eternal things so near,
Had burst her bonds, to soar on high,
And left to earth the thrice-closed eye !

WORSHIP BY THE ROSE-TREE.

AUTHOR of beauty, Spirit of Power —

Thou, who didst will that the Rose should be,
Here is the place, and this is the hour

To feel thy presence and bow to thee !
Bright is the world with the sun's first rays ;

Clear is the dew, on the soft, green sod ;
The Rose-Tree blooms, while the birds sing praise,
And earth gives glory to nature's God.

Under this beautiful work of thine,

The flowery boughs, that are bending o'er
The glistening turf, to thy will divine,
I kneel, and its Maker and mine adore.

Thou art around us. Thy robe of light
Touches the gracefully waving tree,
Turning to jewels the tears of night,
And making the buds unfold to thee.

Traced is thy name in delicate lines
On flower and leaf, as they dress the stem.
Thy care is seen, and thy wisdom shines
In even the thorn, that is guarding them.
Now, while the Rose, that has burst her cup,
Opens her heart, and freely throws
To me her odors, I offer up
Thanks to the Being, who made the Rose !

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Ah ! slumber on, my darling boy,
Nor send the blissful dream away,
Which makes the smile of conscious joy
Across thy beauteous features play.

Thou think'st, perhaps, thy sire is here,
And clasps thee in a fond embrace ;
Thou know'st not 'tis thy mother's tear,
So warm upon thy dimpled face !

Thou hast not learned how still and cold,
The arms where thou believ'st thou art ;
Nor dost thou know that mine infold
An orphan near a widow's heart !

And, should'st thou at this moment wake,
I know what name thou 'dst lisp the first ;
To hear it called in vain, would make
This aching, swelling heart to burst !

THE EMPTY BIRD'S NEST.

AND thou, my sad, little, lonely nest,
Has oft been sought as the peaceful rest
Of a weary wing and a guileless breast !

But where is thy builder now ?
And what has become of the helpless brood,
For which the mother with daily food,
Came flitting so light, through the spicy wood,
To her home on the waving bough ?

The fowler, perhaps, has hurled the dart,
Which the parent bird has received in her heart ;
And her tender orphans are scattered apart,
So wide, they never again
In thy warm, soft cell of love can meet ;
And thou hast been filled with the snow and the sleet,
By the hail and the winds have thy sides been beat,
And drenched by the pitiless rain.

Though great was the toil which thy building cost,
With thy fibres so neatly coiled and crossed,
And thy lining of down, thou art lorn and lost,
A ruin beyond repair !
So I'll take thee down, as I would not see
Such a sorrowful sight on the gay green tree ;
And when I have torn thee, thy parts shall be,
Like thy tenants, dispersed in air.

Thou hast made me to think of each heart-woven tie ;
Of the child's first home, and of her, whose eye
Watch'd fondly o'er those, who were rear'd to die
Where the grave of a distant shore

Received to its bosom the stranger's clay ;
For when, as thy birds, they had passed away
'T was not to return, and the mother and they
In time were to meet no more !

THE PROSTRATE PINK.

ALAS ! alas ! a silly Pink,
To climb so fast, and never think
How feeble was my trust !
I sought a high and airy throne ;
Aspired too far to stand alone ;
And now, in lowliness, must own
My kindred with the dust !

O, would my stem had snapt in twain,
And saved me from the lingering pain
Of being thus abased !
'T is worse than death to lie so low,
While all the laughing flowers must know,
Ambition caused my overthrow,
And brought me here disgraced !

My native spot is far behind !
Nor can I turn and hope to find
Again my parent root,
Where, fain my blushing head I'd screen
Among the leaves so thick and green,
Whence I a timid bud was seen
In infancy to shoot.

My beauteous form and hue, so bright,
I thought could tempest, hail and blight
And insect's touch defy.

I grew in boldness — meekness fled ;
I burst my cup, my odors shed
With lavish haste ; my petals spread
And courted every eye.

I little knew how great the fault
Myself to flatter and exalt,
Until I found, too late,
My head grew giddy with the height ;
The sunbeam seemed a whirling light ;
I lost my balance — lost my sight ;
And here I met my fate.

My sister flowers, take heed ! take heed !
Your loveliness will ever need
Protection from the blast.
Be cautious what your beauties court,
Whereon you venture, how you sport :
And if a straw is your support,
See where you may be cast.

Your charms are highest half-concealed ;
Your sweets are dearest when revealed
With modesty and fear ;
And she, who quits the leafy shade
That nature for her shelter made,
May pine and languish, moan and fade,
Like her who sorrows here.

THE MOON UPON THE SPIRE.

THE full-orb'd moon has reached no higher
Than yon old church's mossy spire,
And seems, as gliding up the air,
She saw the fane, and, pausing there,
Would worship, in the tranquil night,
The Prince of peace — the Source of light,
Where man, for God, prepared the place,
And God, to man, unveils his face.

Her tribute all around is seen - -
She bends, and worships like a queen !
Her robe of light, and beaming crown
In silence she is casting down ;
And, as a creature of the earth,
She feels her lowliness of birth —
Her weakness and inconstancy
Before unchanging Purity.

Pale traveller on thy lonely way,
'Tis well thine honors thus to pay —
To reverence that ancient pile ;
And spread thy silver o'er the aisle,
Which many a pious foot hath trod,
That now is dust beneath the sod —
Where many a sacred tear was wept,
From eyes that long in death have slept !

The temple's builders, where are they ?
The worshippers ? — all past away ;
Who came the first to offer there
The song of praise, the heart of prayer !

Man's generation passes soon —
It wanes and changes like the moon!
He rears the perishable wall —
But ere it crumble, he must fall!

And does he fall to rise no more?
Hath he no part to triumph o'er
The pallid king? — no spark to save
From darkness, ashes and the grave?
Thou holy place; the answer wrought
In thy firm walls forbids the thought!
The spirit that establish'd thee
Nor death nor darkness e'er shall see!

RECOLLECTIONS.

I WONDER what they have done with the pine,
Where the red-breast came to sing —
With the maple too, where the wandering vine
So wildly used to fling
Its loaded arms from bough to bough;
And if they gather the grapes there now.

I should like to know if they've kill'd the bee,
And carried away the hive;
If they've broken the heart of my chestnut-tree,
Or left it to still survive,
And its laughing burs are showering down
Their loosened treasures of shining brown.

And there was a beautiful pond, that stood
Like an ample azure vase;

Or a mirror embosom'd in wild green wood,
For the sun to see his face. —
Have they torn up its lilies to open a sluice
And let that peaceful prisoner loose ?

Perhaps they have ruin'd the ancient oak
That gave me its ample shade ;
And its own dead root in its bed is broke
By the plough from its branches made.
Nor am I sure I could find the spot
Where I had my bower and my mossy grot.

And shall I go back to my first loved home
To find how all is changed,
Alone o'er those altered scenes to roam,
From my early self estranged ?
Shall I bend me over the glassy brook,
No more on the face of a child to look ?

No ! no ! for that loveliest spot upon earth
Let memory's charm suffice !
But the spirit will long to the place of her birth
From time and its change to rise —
To soar and recover her primal bloom
When death with his trophy has stopp'd at the tomb !

THE WATERFALL.

YE mighty waters, that have joined your forces,
Roaring and dashing with this awful sound,
Here are ye mingled ; but the distant sources
Whence have ye issued, where shall they be found ?

Who may retrace the ways that ye have taken,
Ye streams and drops ? who separate you all,
And find the many places ye've forsaken,
To come and rush together down the fall ?

Through thousand, thousand paths have ye been roaming
In earth and air, who now each other urge
To the last point ! and then, so madly foaming,
Leap down at once from this stupendous verge.

Some in the lowering cloud awhile were centred,
That in the stream beheld its sable face,
And melted into tears, that falling entered,
With sister waters on the sudden race.

Others, to light that beamed upon the mountain,
Have from the vitals of the rock been freed,
In silver threads, that, shining down the mountain,
Twirled off among the verdure of the mead.

And many a flower that bowed beside the river,
In opening beauty, ere the dew was dried,
Shook by the breeze, has been an early giver
Of her pure offering to the rolling tide.

Thus from the veins, through earth's dark bosom pouring,
Many have flowed in tributary streams;
Some in the bow that bent, the sun adoring,
Have shone in colors borrowed from his beams.

But He who holds the ocean in the hollow
Of his strong hand, can separate you all!
His searching eye the secret way will follow,
Of every drop that hurries to the fall!

We are like you, in mighty torrents mingled,
And speeding downward to one common home;
Yet there's an eye that every drop hath singled,
And marked the winding ways through which we come.

Those who have here adored the Sun of heaven,
And shown the world their brightness drawn from him,
Again before him, though their hues be *seven*,
Shall blend their beauty never to grow dim.

We bless the promise, as we thus are tending
Down to the tomb, that gives us hope to rise,
Before the Power to whom we now are bending,
To stand his bow of glory in the skies.

THE WILD VIOLET.

VIOLET, violet, sparkling with dew,
Down in the meadow-land wild where you grew,
How did you come by the beautiful blue
With which your soft petals unfold?
And how do you hold up your tender, young head
When rude, sweeping winds rush along o'er your bed,

And dark, gloomy clouds ranging over you, shed
Their waters so heavy and cold ?

No one has nursed you, or watched you an hour,
Or found you a place in the garden or bower ;
And they cannot yield me so lovely a flower,
As here I have found at my feet !

Speak, my sweet violet ! answer and tell
How you have grown up and flourished so well,
And look so contented where lowly you dwell,
And we thus by accident meet !

“ The same careful hand,” the Violet said,
“ That holds up the firmament, holds up my head !
And He, who with azure the skies overspread,
Has painted the violet blue.
He sprinkles the stars out above me by night,
And sends down the sunbeams at morning with light
To make my new coronet sparkling and bright,
When formed of a drop of his dew !

“ I’ve nought to fear from the black heavy cloud,
Or the voice of the tempest that comes strong and loud !
Where, born near the lowland, and far from the crowd,
I know, and I live but for ONE.
He soon forms a mantle about me to cast,
Of long silken grass, till the rain and the blast
And all that seemed threatening have harmlessly passed,
As the clouds scud before the warm sun !”

THE FROZEN DOVE.

AWAY, away from the path, silly dove,
Where the foot, that may carelessly tread,
Will crush thee! — what! wilt thou not move?
Alas! thou art stiffened and dead!

Allured by the brightness of day,
To sink 'mid the shadows of night,
Too far from the cote didst thou stray,
And sadly has ended thy flight!

For here, with the snow at thy breast,
With thy wings folded close to thy side,
And crouched in the semblance of rest,
Alone, of the cold thou hast died!

Poor bird! thou hast pictured the fate
Of many in life's changeful day,
Who, trusting, have found but too late
What smiles may be lit to betray.

How oft for illusions that shine
In a cold and a pitiless world,
Benighted and palsied like thine,
Has the wing and the spirit been furled!

And hearts the most tender and light,
In their warmth, to the earth have been thrown,
Mid the chills of adversity's night,
To suffer and perish alone!

THE GROUND LAUREL.

I LOVE thee, pretty nursling,
Of vernal sun and rain ;
For thou art Flora's firstling,
And ledest in her train.

When far away I found thee,
It was an April morn ;
The chilling blast blew round thee,
No bud had decked the thorn.

And thou alone wert hiding
The mossy rocks between,
Where, just below them gliding,
The Merrimack was seen.

And while my hand was brushing
The seary leaves from thee,
It seemed as thou wert blushing
To be disclosed to me.

So modest, fair, and fragrant,
Where all was wild and rude,
To cheer the lonely vagrant
Who crossed thy solitude, —

Thou didst reward my ramble
By shining at my feet,
When, over brake and bramble,
I sought thy lone retreat, —

As some sweet flower of pleasure
Upon our path may bloom,
'Mid rocks and thorns that measure
Our journey to the tomb.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

MRS. EMBURY is a native of New-York, and daughter of Doctor Manley, a physician of eminence in that city. She began to write when quite young, her first effusions appearing in the periodicals of the day, over the signature of "Ianthe." Soon after her marriage, in 1828, was published "Guido, — and other Poems ; — by Ianthe ;" — a handsome volume, which attracted considerable attention. The choice of subjects for the principal poems, however, was not fortunate, and in consequence the talents of the authoress did not receive their full meed of praise. She had entered the circle in which L. E. L., Barry Cornwall, and other popular English writers were then strewing with the flowers of fancy and sentiment ; and no wonder that the delicate blossoms, offered by our young poetess, were considered merely exotics, which she had trained from a foreign root, — beautiful as Camellias, but hardly worth the attempt to cultivate in our cold climate and sterile soil.

It is the natural impulse of poetic and ardent minds to admire the genius and glory of Italy, and to turn to that land of bright skies and passionate hearts for themes of song. Mrs. Embury did but follow the then expressed opinion of all European critics, and the admitted acknowledgment of most Americans, that our new world afforded no subjects propitious for the muses.

Yet surely, in a land where the wonders of nature are on a scale of vast and glorious magnificence which Europe cannot parallel; and the beautiful and the fertile are opening their treasures on every side; and enterprise and change, excitement and improvement, are the elements of social life, —there must be poetry! Happily “Gertrude of Wyoming,” to say nothing of what American poets have written, has settled the question. — We have named this subject, chiefly for the purpose of entreating our American poetesses to look into their own hearts, not into the poems of others, for inspiration, and to sing, in accordance with Nature and human life around them,

“The beauteous scenes of our own lovely land.”

Mrs. Embury has a fertile fancy, and her versification flows with uncommon ease and grace; — she has fine sensibilities, and her pictures of beauty are clear and soft as the summer moonbeams on a placid lake; and in some of her poems there is pathos and deep tenderness. — In her later poems she has greatly improved her style — that is, she writes naturally, from her own thoughts and feelings, and not from a model; and some of her short pieces are very beautiful. — She is, too, a popular prose writer, many sketches and stories from her pen enrich our periodical literature. And she is warmly engaged in the cause of improving her own sex, and has written on the subject of “Female Education” with much judgment, discrimination and delicacy. — If she were under a necessity of writing, we should not doubt that she would soon excel; but this is not the case. Wealth makes smooth the path of life before her, and her husband and children engross her heart — what she writes is, therefore, from the impulse of genius, or the desire to oblige her friends.

CLARA.

"You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures."

HENRY VIII.

SHE had sprung up like a sweet wild flower, hid
From common eyes, in some lone dell, amid
The light and dews of heaven ; and ne'er was found
A purer bud on earth's unhallowed ground.
Her face was fair, but the admiring eye
Loved less its beauty than its purity ;
No cloud e'er darkened o'er that placid brow ;
No care e'er dimmed her bright smile's sunny glow ;
A gentle heart that ne'er had dreamed of sin
Or suffering, shone her dove-like eyes within ;
And the high hope that with such calm joy stirs
The trusting soul — the Christian's hope was hers :
'Twas this that gave such sweetness to a mien
So softly gay, so peaceful and serene ;
Calm without apathy ; as woman mild,
Yet innocent and playful as a child.

But in her heart there was one unbreathed thought,
With all a woman's holiest fondness fraught :
Hers was not wild, fierce passion, such as glows
In untamed hearts, but the calm love that grows
Within the soul like an expanding flower,
Breathing its perfume o'er each passing hour :
From infancy it grew. — The graceful boy
To whose embrace she clung with childish joy,
And on whose breast her head had oft reposed
When weariness her infant eyes had closed,
Was still as dear to her young bosom now,
Though time had written man upon his brow.

There was no shame in such a love concealed
In her heart's quiet depths, or but revealed
By the slight tremor or the blush that came
O'er cheek and bosom, when she heard his name.

And did not Henry look with loving eye
On the fair orphan, who so tenderly
Cherished his image? — long he vainly strove
To check the feeling he dared not call love:
He thought of earlier days, when she had smiled
In his encircling arms, a reckless child:
Could she forget the difference in their years,
And listen to a lover's hopes and fears
From one so much her elder? — he might claim
A sister's tenderness; but the pure flame
Of deep and deathless love could never be
Kindled by him in its intensity.
Thus deemed he in his hopelessness; but vain
His efforts to repress the thrilling pain
That filled his heart, while thinking of the hour
When he should see his loved and cherished flower
Breathing in fragrance in another's bower.

One balmy summer eve, with him she roved
Through many a green-wood haunt they long had loved;
When, as they gazed upon the glorious west,
Dark clouds obscured the bright sun's glowing crest;
And through the forest trees the wind's wild cry
Rang, as of some strong man in agony.
A storm was coming, and while, pale with fear,
She clung to him, his own proud castle near
Offered them shelter — in his arms he bore
The maiden to those halls oft trod before
In childhood's day; and while the tempest's strife
Blackened the scene so late with gladness rife,
His heart was filled with joy; for maiden pride
Was hushed by fear, and Clara dared to hide

Her face upon his breast, while the red fire
Flashed from dark clouds, careering in their ire
Like angry spirits. — Ere an hour had past,
The storm was spent, and its terrific blast
Hushed into stillness ; but, before they turned
To leave the spot, the restless thoughts that burned
In Henry's breast, were breathed o'er Clara's cheek,
And silence answered more than words could speak.

And they were wed — oh, gentle Love, how dear
Is thy sweet influence when thou thus dost rear
Amid our household gods thy sacred shrine,
And giv'st thy torch upon our hearths to shine,
Folding in calm repose thy radiant wings,
And gathering round our homes earth's purest, loveliest
things !

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER WEDDED DAUGHTER.

Go, dearest one ; my selfish love shall never pale thy cheek ;
Not e'en a mother's fears for thee will I in sadness speak :
Yet how can I with coldness check the burning tears that
start ? —

Hast thou not turned from me, to dwell within another's
heart ?

I think on earlier, brighter days, when first my lip was prest
Upon thy baby brow, whilst thou lay helpless on my breast.
In fancy still I see thine eye uplifted to my face ;
I hear thy lisping tones, and mark with joy thy childish
grace.

E'en then I knew it would be thus ; I thought e'en in that
hour,
Another would its perfume steal, when I had reared the
flower ;
And yet I will not breathe a sigh — how can I dare repine ?
The sorrow that *thy* mother feels was suffered once by
mine.

A mother's love ! — oh ! thou knowest not how much of
feeling lies
In those sweet words ; the hopes, the fears, the daily
strength'ning ties :
It lives ere yet the infant draws its earliest vital breath,
And dies but when the mother's heart chills in the grasp
of death.

Will he, in whose fond arms thou seek'st thine all of earth-
ly bliss,
E'er feel a love untiring, deep, and free from self as this ?
Ah, no ! a husband's tenderness thy gentle heart may prove ;
But never, never wilt thou meet again a mother's love.

My love for thee must ever be fond as in years gone by ;
While to thy heart I shall be like a dream of memory.
Dearest, farewell ! may angel hosts their vigils o'er thee
keep, —
How can I speak that fearful word, "farewell," and yet not
weep ?

STANZAS.

I LOVED thee — not because thy brow
Was bright and beautiful as day,
Nor that on thy sweet lip the glow
Was joyous as yon sunny ray.
No; though I saw thee fairest far,
The sun that hid each meaner star;
Yet 'twas not this that taught me first
The love that silent tears have nurst.

Nor was it that thine every word
With stores of intellect was fraught,
With eloquence each heart that stirred,
With deepest feeling, holiest thought;
Nor thy sweet voice, whose witching spell
Like music on my spirit fell,
Rich as the notes the mellow horn
Breathes when o'er moon-lit waters borne.

But I beheld the dark'ning stain
Of tears becloud that beaming eye,
And marked thy bosom's secret pain
Find utterance in the struggling sigh:
Then too, like some neglected lute,
My young heart's sweetest chords were mute;
No hand had ever touched its strings,
To wake its blissful murmurings. —
Was it not then just fit to be
Roused by the touch of sympathy?

Yes, thine the touch that first awoke
The hidden music of my heart;

Thy hand the chain of silence broke,
And bade it love's sweet tones impart:
And now could even beauty wane
Till not one noble trace remain;
Could genius sink in dull decay,
And wisdom cease to lend her ray;
Should all that I have worshipped change,
E'en this could not my heart estrange;
Thou still wouldst be the first, the first
That taught the love sad tears have nursed.

THE THREE PAINTERS.

FIRST, Fancy seized the brush, and well
Her magic hues she blent,
As beautiful as if Heaven's bow
Its own bright hues had lent:
But, ere her brush was laid aside,
Each lovely scene had fled,
And not a trace remained to show
The tints her hand had spread.

Next, Feeling, from the heart's rich store,
Her varied hue supplies;
And never sunset clouds could wear
More deep and gorgeous dyes.
"These will not fade."—E'en while she spoke
Her own rude touch effaced
All that with so much anxious skill
The pencil's art had traced.

Then Memory came — with dark cold tints,
And pencil rude, she drew

The scenes of many a vanished joy,
 Which once the sad heart knew.
 I looked, in hope her dreary sketch
 Like Fancy's scenes would fade :
 I hoped in vain — fadeless *her* tints —
 She only paints in shade.

MELANCHOLY.

“There are times when melancholy thoughts oppress us, we know not why, and come upon us, we know not whence. In the midst of the festive scene, no less frequently than in the loneliness of our closet, our hearts thrill beneath them, even as the chords of an untouched heart will vibrate to the wild sweep of the evening breeze.”

WHENCE comes this painful heaviness of soul,
 These dark presentiments of coming ill?
 These dreams, that spurn at reason's sage control?
 And these thick gathering phantasies that fill
 The spirit with deep fearfulness, and chill
 The heart with sudden terror? — Are they sent
 As portents of the future, to fulfil
 The dark decrees of fate, or only meant
 To sap the strength of mind — man's noblest battlement?

We know not whence they come, nor can we tell
 Whither they flee — we only feel their power
 Withering our hearts by some mysterious spell,
 And stealing o'er us, even in the hour
 When hope and joy are brightest, till we cower
 Before these shadows, as the warrior steed
 Undaunted braves the battle's iron shower,
 And yet will quiver like a shaken reed,
 If through a moonlit wood his onward pathway lead.

Oh man, how stange a mystery thou art !
The noblest, yet the weakest in creation ;
Unable to subdue thine own proud heart,
Yet swaying oft the fortunes of a nation ;
Godlike in thy high attributes and station,
Wormlike in each low, grovelling desire ;
Yet, even in thy lowest degradation,
Showing forth glimpses of that heavenly fire,
Which, though earth-stained and dim, can never quite expire.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

HE woos me with those honied words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear.
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade :
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me, when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,
The words of heartfelt praise ;
And often in my eyes he looks,
Some answering love to see, —
In vain ! he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake,
With every gentle word ;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred.

The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last ;
And while he speaks of future bliss ;
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb.
And, as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead,
Unless it glow for him.

STANZAS TO A SISTER.

" Her lot is on you — silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless wishes from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower !
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship — therefore pray ! "

FELICIA HEMANS.

Ay, mark the strain, sweet Sister ! watch and pray —
Wean thy young stainless heart from earthly things :
Oh ! wait not thou till life's blest morning ray
Only o'er withered hopes its radiance flings ;
But give to Heaven thy sinless spirit *now*,
Ere sorrow's tracery mar the placid brow.

Gentle and pure thou art — yet is thy soul
Fill'd with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams,

Sweet phantasies, that mock at thought's control,
Like atoms round thee float, in fancy's beams;
But trust them not, young dreamer, bid them flee —
They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Well can I read thy dreams — thy gentle heart,
Already woman's in its wish to bless,
Now longs for one, to whom it may impart
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,
And pants to learn the meaning of the thrill
Which wakes when fancy stirs affection's rill.

Thou dreamest too of happiness — the deep
And placid joy which poet's paint so well:
Alas! man's passions, even when they sleep,
Like ocean's waves are heaved with secret swell;
And they who hear the frequent half-hushed sigh,
Know 'tis the wailing of the storm gone by.

Vain are all such visions! — couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot —
Oh! couldst thou read, upon her pride-veiled brow,
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot, —
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,
And pray for strength to wear her victim crown.

But thou wilt do as all have done before,
And make thy heart for earthly gods a shrine;
There all affection's priceless treasures pour,
There hope's fair flowers in votive garlands twine;
And thou wilt meet the recompense all must,
Who give to mortal love their faith and trust.

ANNA MARIA WELLS.

MRS. WELLS was born in Gloucester, Mass. Her maiden name was Foster. Her father died when she was an infant; her mother married a second husband, and soon after removed to Boston, where Anna Maria received every advantage of education then enjoyed by young ladies. She was distinguished during childhood for her passionate love of reading and of music—these pursuits almost excluding the desire for what are usually considered amusements, of every kind. Her juvenile essays in literary composition are said to have evinced quite a precocity of genius; but, happily, her taste was also early formed and refined, and hence she was a fastidious critic of her own performances. It was not easy, therefore, to induce her to publish her effusions; and she rarely did this till after her marriage, in 18—.

Her husband, Thomas Wells, was a man of considerable literary talent and taste; but, unfortunately for his family, he had small inclination for business, and great love for the luxuries of life. Mrs. Wells, in consequence, found it necessary to exert her own powers. There is no stimulus to the female mind so irresistible as the maternal affections. Let the mother find that her genius can confer benefits on her children, and she will be roused to efforts of mind, which no other earthly inducement could have made her attempt.

In 1831, Mrs. Wells appeared before the public as authoress of "Poems and Juvenile Sketches," a volume which was commended, as the production of maternal love and female genius should be, in a community which ostensibly makes virtue and talent the basis of renown. She had previously contributed to several periodicals, and her pure and gentle muse was always kindly welcomed. But, in our land, the muse, though she may command praise, can rarely command "the siller." Mrs. Wells had four children, — and the care of supporting and educating these, was imposed on her. Like Mrs. Hemans, she had to tax her own powers for the means to "*meet the exigency of the boys' education,*" and she found her talent for music the most available for her purpose. She has, for the last year or two, resided at the South, where her virtues, genius and accomplishments render her highly esteemed and beloved.

The predominant characteristics of her poetry are tenderness of feeling, and simplicity and perspicuity of language. Her eyes seem to "love all they look on," and her imagination invests every object she describes with something that is loveable. She has the true ethereal touch of genius; for she can beautify creation, and sanctify the household affections, and draw human hearts away from their worldliness, to admire images of simple beauty, and to lift up their yearning thoughts to "things that are unseen and eternal." But she attempts no ambitious theme; humble as the "Sweet-Brier Rose" that

———"Grows along

The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door, "

is her gentle muse — and, like that "little four-leaved rose," it may be said of her song, that

"Its sweetness all is of our native land."

THE WHITE HARE.

It was the Sabbath eve — we went,
My little girl and I, intent
The twilight hour to pass,
Where we might hear the waters flow,
And scent the freighted winds that blow,
Athwart the vernal grass.

In darker grandeur — as the day
Stole scarce perceptibly away, —
The purple mountain stood, —
Wearing the young moon as a crest, —
The sun, half sunk in the far west,
Seemed mingling with the flood.

The cooling dews their balm distilled;
A holy joy our bosoms thrilled;
Our thoughts were free as air;
And by one impulse moved, did we
Together pour, instinctively,
Our songs of gladness there.

The green-wood waved its shade hard by,
While thus we wove our harmony: —
Lured by the mystic strain,
A snow-white hare that long had been
Peering from forth her covert green,
Came bounding o'er the plain.

Her beauty 'twas a joy to note, —
The pureness of her downy coat, —
Her wild, yet gentle, eye —

The pleasure that, despite her fear,
Had led the timid thing so near,
To list our minstrelsy!

All motionless, with head inclined,
She stood, as if her heart divined
The impulses of ours, —
'Till the last note had died, and then
Turned half reluctantly again,
Back to her green-wood bowers.

Once more the magic sounds we tried —
— Again the hare was seen to glide
From out her sylvan shade;
Again — as joy had given her wings,
Fleet as a bird she forward springs
Along the dewy glade.

Go, happy thing! disport at will, —
Take thy delight o'er vale and hill,
Or rest in leafy bower: —
The harrier may beset thy way,
The cruel snare thy feet betray! —
Enjoy thy little hour!

We know not, and we ne'er may know,
The hidden springs of joy and woe,
That deep within thee lie.
The silent workings of thy heart —
They almost seem to have a part
With our humanity!

ELLEN OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

PART FIRST.

THE mountain tops are touched with light,
The woods are misty grey ;
The curling vapors of the night
Are flitting fast away.

Young Ellen sits beside her loom,
The shuttle useless lies ; —
Her youthful brow is tinged with gloom,
And dimmed with tears her eyes.

“ I cannot weave, — I tremble so —
I know not what I fear !
Ere yonder mist shall come and go,
I must be far from here.

“ My mother on her pillow rests ;
My sister dreams alone ;
There will be sorrow in their breasts,
To wake and find me gone.”

Yet, hark ! a tramping step she hears ; —
The tear no longer flows ; —
A blush starts up — a smile appears. —
“ *Ellen !* ” — That voice she knows.

The wicket gate is open wide,
Before it stands the steed ;
To claim his young and promised bride,
Hath Edwin come with speed.

“Up, up, my love; — the day hath wings —
Stay not for scarf or hood.”

He grasps her hand; up light she springs —
Away — o’er flood and wood.

And now before the priest they stand,
The morning sun looks on —
The joined in heart, are joined in hand,
And Edwin’s bride is won.

PART SECOND.

A cot by stranger’s feet unsought
The green-wood stands beside :
It is the home where Edwin brought
Erewhile his stolen bride.

Beside the hearth-flame Ellen sits,
And feeds it listlessly ;
She hears the winds that swell by fits :
Her husband — where is he ?

He seeks the game. “Why comes he not ?
The sun hath long been set —
How cheerful was my father’s cot !
I wish I could forget.”

She stirs the fire — the kettle sings,
The faggot blazes fast ;
No cheer to Ellen’s heart it brings,
No thought, but of the past.

Young Edwin loves the mountain high ;
He loves the forest wide ;
He loves the green-wood minstrelsy :
Loves he his youthful bride ?

Ah Ellen! by thy sister's side
The morning of that day
That made thee Edwin's willing bride
Hadst been content to stay,

Not now the bitter tear had flown
Of slighted love unblessed;
A mother's sigh — a father's groan
Not now disturbed thy breast.

Love, by a parent's smile approv'd,
Thou hadst not need to shun;
And Edwin might have longer lov'd
A bride less lightly won!

From duty's paths who reckless stray,
Albeit they tread on flowers,
The sun that lights their dawning day,
Shall set in clouds and showers.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

WINTER is coming on; the forest trees
Put off their green, and leaves, that early fall,
Already lie, crush'd by the white-winged frost.
Others, yet waving to the breeze, themselves
Richly array in crimson, brown and gold;
Gauds that foretel their ruin.

Now the last
Autumnal sunset bathes in yellow light
The hills! The pale-eyed moon and that one star
That never doth her mistress' side forsake,
Go wandering coldly through the clear blue sky.

Old earth her yearly task accomplished hath;
The joyous harvest is in-gather'd, and
The laborer rests awhile from toil and care,
In fire-side comfort and the joys of home!

Winter is coming on! I feel it near,
The winter of my life!—Now, half afraid
To scan the train that startled memory brings,
Thought backward glances, and an inward voice
Asks for the harvest of my summer time.

In that sweet season, when all vital things
Within my soul first woke; when childhood smil'd
As only childhood can, and life flowed on
As a clear stream that dances in the sun,
Tho' oft my wayward spirit would rebel,
I still, with answering gentleness, gave smile
For smile into the eyes that loved me. As
Young thoughts expanded, in my mind there grew
Heart-fancies, like to flowers that breathe delight;
While hopes, like butterflies with gilded wings,
Lay lightly on them—and false Flattery's voice
Mellifluous sung ever in my ear!
Did I then feel?—I did—I did—that there
Were purer, nobler objects. Then I had
Keen aspirations unto better things:—
I felt what virtue was, and worshipped it.
But in the bustle and the stir of life,
Mid varied good and ill—the gush of joy,—
Corroding sorrow—oh, mid these, that power
Of holy truth that on me early fell,
Hath it been purely kept? and o'er my path
With steady ray, still doth it light me on?
My spirit—hath it known the grace of mild
Forbearance? And hath resignation kiss'd
Meekly the rod—and grateful love adored
The hand that blessed? The powers God gave—have they

Been nurtur'd, and, within their humble sphere,
Diffus'd around love — joy — intelligence ?
Where are the golden stores of mind ? — the fruits
Of intellectual and of moral strength ?
Oh, inward voice, that *must* be answered, cease,
Or help my prayers, or tell my sinking heart
That th' All-Wise is th' All-Merciful.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

EACH morning when my waking eyes first see,
Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,
There sits a robin on the old elm tree,
And with such stirring music fills my ear,
I might forget that life had pain or fear ;
And feel again, as I was wont to do,
When hope was young, and joy and life itself were new.

No miser, o'er his heaps of hoarded gold,
Nor monarch, in the plenitude of power,
Nor lover free the chaste maid to enfold
Who ne'er hath owned her love 'till that blest hour,
Nor poet couched in rocky nook or bower,
Knoweth more heart-felt happiness than he,
That never tiring warbler of the old elm tree.

From even the poorest of Heaven's creatures, such
As know no rule of impulse, we may draw
Lessons of sweet humility, and much
Of apt instruction in the homely law
Of Nature ; — and the time hath been, I saw
Nought, beautiful or mean, but had for me
Some charm, even like the warbler of the old elm tree.

And, listening to his joy-inspiring lay,
Some meet reflections are engendered thence ;
As, half in tears, unto myself I say,
God, who hath given this creature sources, whence
He such delight may gather and dispense,
Hath in my heart joy's living fountain placed,
More free to flow, the oftener of its waves I taste.

THE TAMED EAGLE.

HE sat upon his humble perch, nor flew
At my approach ;
But as I nearer drew,
Looked on me, as I fancied, with reproach,
And sadness too :

And something still his native pride proclaimed,
Despite his wo ;
Which, when I marked, — ashamed
To see a noble creature brought so low,
My heart exclaimed,

“ Where is the fire that lit thy fearless eye,
Child of the storm,
When from thy home on high,
Yon craggy-breasted rock, I saw thy form
Cleaving the sky ?

It grieveth me to see thy spirit tamed —
Gone out the light
That in thine eye-ball flamed,
When to the midday sun thy steady flight
Was proudly aimed !

Like a young dove forsaken, is the look
Of thy sad eye,
Who, in some lonely nook,
Mourns on the willow bough her destiny,
Beside the brook.

Oh, let not me insult thy fallen dignity,
Thou monarch bird,
Gazing with vulgar eye
Upon thy ruin; — for my heart is stirred
To hear thy cry;

Yet, something sterner in thy downward gaze
Doth seem to lower,
And deep disdain betrays,
As if thou cursed man's poorly acted power,
And scorned his praise.

ANNA.

With the first ray of morning light
Her face is close to mine — her face all smiles:
She hovers round my pillow like a sprite
Mingling with tenderness her playful wiles.

All the long day,
She's at some busy play;
Or, twixt her tiny fingers
The scissors or the needle speeds
Or some sweet story-book she reads,
And o'er it, serious, lingers.

She steps like some glad creature of the air,
As if she read her fate, and knew it fair, —
In truth, for fate at all she hath no care.

Yet hath she tears as well as gladness:
A butterfly in pain,

Will make her weep for sadness,
But straight she'll smile again.
And lately she hath pressed the couch of pain:
Sickness hath dimmed her eye,
And on her tender spirit lain,
And brought her near to die.

But like the flower
That droops at evening hour
And opens gaily in the morning;
Again her quick eye glows,
And health's fresh rose
Her soft cheek is adorning.

Hushed was her childish lay:
Like some sweet bird did sickness hold her in a net;
And when she broke away,
And shook her wings in the bright day,
Her recent capture she did quite forget.

What joy again to hear her blessed voice!
My heart, lie still! but in thy quietness rejoice!
Again, along the floor and on the stair,
Coming and going, I hear her rapid feet.
Again her little, simple, earnest prayer,
Hear her, at bed time, in low voice repeat.
Again, at table, and the fire beside,
Her dear head rises, smiling with the rest.
Again her heart and mind are open wide
To yield and to receive—bless and be blest,
Pliant and teachable, and oft revealing
Thoughts that must ripen into higher feeling.
Oh sweet maturity!—the *gentle* mood
Raised to the *intellectual* and the *good*.
The bright, affectionate and happy child—
The woman, pure, intelligent and mild!
It must be so:—they cannot waste on air
A mother's labor, and a mother's prayer.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

THE shades of eve are gathering slowly round,
And silence hangs o'er meadow, grove and hill,
Save one lone voice, that, with continuous sound,
Calls thro' the deep'ning twilight — *Whippoorwill*.

Faintly is heard the whispering mountain breeze ;
Faintly the rushing brook that turned the mill :
Hush'd is the song of birds — the hum of bees ; —
The hour is all thine own, sad *Whippoorwill*.

No more the woodman's axe is heard to fall :
No more the ploughman sings with rustic skill,
As if earth's echoes woke no other call,
Again and yet again, comes *Whippoorwill*.

Alas! enough before my heart was sad,
Sweet bird ! thou mak'st it sadder, sadder still.
Enough of mourning has my spirit had ;
I would not hear *thee* mourn, poor *Whippoorwill*.

Thoughts of my distant home upon me press,
And thronging doubts, and fears of coming ill :
My lone heart feels a deeper loneliness,
Touched with that plaintive burthen — *Whippoorwill*¹

Sing to the village lass, whose happy home
Lies in yon quiet vale, behind the hill ;
But, doomed far, far from all I love to roam —
Sing not to me, oh gentle *Whippoorwill*.

Loved ones ! my children ! ah they cannot hear
My voice that calls to them. An answer shrill,

A shrill, unconscious answer rises near,
Repeating, still repeating *Whippoorwill*.

Another name my lips would breathe; — but then
Such tender memories all my bosom fill:
Back to my sorrowing breast it sinks again!
Hush, or thou'lt break my heart, sad *Whippoorwill*.

LINES.

“They remembered their Creator in the days of their youth.”

I saw, and blessed them! From amid the crowd
I blessed them in the silence of my heart:
A troubled spirit fluttered there, and brought,
With a sweet tumult, tears into my eyes.

Up to God's temple, three fair boys had come,
And in the glow of young devotion stood,
And a pure faith, to give themselves to Him.
Their white robes flowed around them, and their step
Was firm as if they knew they trod upon
The Rock of Ages. To the altar first,
Came one with brow upraised, and look intent,
And eyes made eloquent with serious joy.
Another bowed his youthful head; and but
That his clasped hands were tremulous with awe,
And on his cheek a flush would come and go,
He might have seemed, so motionless he stood,
A statue by some gifted sculptor wrought.
The third, as he had been my own fond boy,
Far, far away, stirred all the mother's heart
Within me, for he seemed scarcely emerged
From infancy, and it was sweet to see

The innocent look of childhood blending with
Devotion's light: a dew-steeped violet
At early morn, touched with the sun's warm ray!

Children! once more I bless you: may your steps
In pastures green be found, and by the side
Of the still waters; as ye early seek,
So shall ye see the beauty of the Lord.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

BELINDA! The young blossom that doth lie
So lightly on thy bosom, — clasp it there;
For on her brow an empress doth not wear,
Nor in her jewelled zone, a gem more fair,
Or that doth deck her more becomingly.
Forget not then, that deep within thy flower
The germs lie hid of lovelier, holier things: —
Filial affection, that spontaneous springs;
High *truth* and maiden *purity*; — the *power*
That comes of *gentleness*; — ay, and more, —
Piety, nourished in the bosom's core;
These, if so cherished, shall thy blossom bear,
And with the dews of heavenly love impearled,
It shall adorn thee in another world.

SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH.

It is a melancholy pleasure to gather up the memorials of departed genius and worth; and we linger over the song of one who passed away in her bloom and brightness from earth, as though it were a holy strain, because the sweet lyrist was so near

“The world of peace, of joy, and perfect love.”

Mrs. Smith, formerly Miss Hickman, was born June, 1811, and died February, 1832, in the 21st year of her age. Her maternal ancestors resided many years at Newton, near Boston; but Louisa was born at Detroit, while her grandfather, Major-general William Hull was governor of that territory. Mrs. Hickman returned to Newton when Louisa was in her infancy, and there devoted herself to the education of her two daughters. The uncommon quickness of talent exhibited by Louisa, soon attracted attention from her instructors. She had a most wonderful memory, and gathered knowledge without any apparent effort — yet was she ever among the most active in mental pursuits. And the ease with which she acquired information was not more remarkable than the modesty which accompanied her superiority. She began to write when a mere child, and these juvenile productions were often so excellent, as to elicit great commendations from her family and their con-

fidential friends; yet this praise never fostered pride or self-confidence in the youthful poetess. She wrote from the spontaneous overflowing of her own heart, which seemed filled with thoughts of beauty, and all tender and sweet emotions. By the persuasion of her friends, she was induced to send some of her effusions, anonymously, to different periodicals. These were greatly admired, and often reprinted. Before she was fifteen her name had become known, and she was distinguished as a young lady of uncommon powers of intellect. She was soon an object of attention. Her personal appearance was very prepossessing. She had a countenance bright with the "light of mind," a soft and delicate complexion, a "large loving eye," and a head of that fine "spiritual form," which at once impresses the beholder with the majesty and purity of the mind within.

In the autumn of 1828, Miss Hickman was married to Mr. S. J. Smith, then the editor of a literary periodical in Providence. Soon after her marriage, her husband published a volume of her Poems; some collected from the literary journals, and others written as the book was passing through the press. She was then but "careless seventeen," as she says of herself; and it was a hazardous experiment to give a volume of poetry, which must have been, however highly imbued with genius, more fraught with the feelings and sentiments of others, than with those teachings of truth and nature which experience in the *real* world can only bestow. But the book was popular, and though she would, had she lived till the maturity of her powers, no doubt greatly excelled her early writings, yet, as the blossoms of an original and extraordinary genius, these poems will ever be admired. And yet it is not as an authoress that she is remembered and lamented by her intimate friends, or by those who had the pleasure of a brief personal acquaintance. "Any literary reputation that she might have acquired, could never have been thought of in

her presence;" is the testimony of one who knew her. "It was the confiding sincerity of her manners, the playfulness of her conversation, her enthusiastic and devoted assiduity to those she loved, which made her presence a perpetual delight." — In her own home she was a model of discretion, cheerfulness and kindness. Her husband was always her *lover*, and her two little sons she cherished with that peculiar tenderness which only those endowed with the finest sensibilities can feel. Yet, amid all her maternal and household cares, her mind was rapidly gathering strength for high literary pursuits. She was, at the time of her decease, engaged in reviewing her early opinions on literature, and her early productions, pointing out, and acknowledging her errors and deficiencies, with the most frank honesty, and preparing by study and reflection to make her genius the faithful interpreter of nature and the human heart. What she has written is marked by ease, grace, and that intuitive perception of the beautiful and good, which shows that her imagination was a blessing to herself, as well as a pleasure to others. Her thoughts, as they flowed out in her poetry, have the softness and sweetness of the tones of distant music; — we yield to the spell and treasure the remembrance as a pleasant emotion. Though it may not have made us wiser, it can beguile us of care.—And with the refinement of taste and warmth of affections which Mrs. Smith possessed, was united, pure, ardent and unaffected piety. The hope of immortality was to her a glorious hope; and the benevolence which the Gospel inculcates, was her cherished feeling. Such was the poetess, who in her youth and loveliness has gone from among us. But we place her name in our Wreath—a "Forget-me-not," which,

"Like purity's own halo light,
Will ever smile upon the sight."

THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

INDIAN TRADITION.

THE Indian Hunter left his cot,
When the morning sun rode high,
With springing step, for the distant spot
Where the fleet wild deer must die ;
And his bride, by the low-roof'd cabin door,
Singing some joyous lay,
That softly floated the blue hills o'er,
As his footstep died away.

Pokhawa — pride of the red-man's race,
Flower of her warlike tribe ;
She had come, his mountain hearth to grace,
A soft-eyed, dusky bride ;
With robe in scarlet berries prest,
And feathers gaily green ;
They had robb'd the wild bird of his crest,
To deck their dark-ey'd queen.

Away — away, his shout is heard
Far over the distant plain ;
But at even-fall, like the mountain bird,
He sought his home again.
The quick, light step thro' the forest green
Scarce echoed in the glen ;
And when evening's last gray light was seen,
He stood where his home *had been*.

But, alas for the hunter ! the white man's hand
Had fearfully mark'd the spot,

And left the blacken'd and smoking brand,
In place of the flower-edged cot.
And where is the "Bird" of the Indian's nest?
They have borne her far away!
And the hopes, that the morning hour saw blest,
Closed with the closing day.

Darkness is on his brow —
Deep darkness in his soul,
As he sternly breath'd the vengeful vow,
And the words in terror roll!
The night-wind heard and sigh'd —
The forest branches bow'd,
And 'twas echoed back by the mountain tide,
In murmurs hoarse and loud! —
The moon went up — and pearly light
Was shed o'er hill and tree,
Darkness should still have veil'd a night
That such dark deeds must see.

A fair, young mother lull'd a child
To its gentle evening rest;
On its last dim waking-look she smil'd,
And its lip of beauty prest;
Then watch'd for the sound of a well-known tread,
As the still hours glided by:
But she never met that sound again,
Or the glance of that love-lit eye.
The Indian Chief from his mountain home
Had cross'd the moon-lit plain,
And the might of that deep revenge had come,
That was never vow'd in vain!

THE HUMA.

“ A bird peculiar to the east. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground.”

FLY on ! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard
May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on — nor seek a place of rest
In the home of “care-worn things ;”
'Twould dim the light of thy shining crest
And thy brightly burnish'd wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
Thy place where stars shine free :
I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
Above life's stormy sea.
I would never wander, bird, like thee,
So near this place again,
With wing and spirit once light and free —
They should wear no more the chain
With which they are bound and fetter'd here,
Forever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird,
Hopes as thy plumage gay ;
Our air is with them forever stirr'd,
But still in air they stay.
And happiness, like thee, fair one,
Is ever hovering o'er,

But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

THE HEART'S TREASURES.

Know ye what things the heart holds dear
In its hidden cells?
'Tis never the beam of careless smiles,
Nor riches wafted from far-off isles;
The light that cheers it is never shed
From the jewell'd pomp of a regal head.
Not there it dwells.

Gay things, the loved of worldly eyes
Enchain it not;
It suns its blossoms in fairer skies,
The dewy beam of affection's eyes;
The spell is there that can hold it fast,
When earthly pride in its pomp is past,
And all forgot.

Thoughts that come from their far, dim rest,
Woke by a smile —
The memory sweet of a youthful hour,
The faded hue of a cherished flower,
Or parting tones of a far off friend,
It loves in melody soft to blend
With him the while.

Know ye what things the heart holds dear?
Its buried loves!

Those that have wrung from it many a tear,
Gone where the leaves never fall or sear,
Gone to the land that is sought in prayer,
The trace of whose step is fairest, where
Fond memory roves.

The sound of music at even-fall,
Filling its springs
With a flow of thought, and feeling sweet
As summer winds, when at eve they meet,
And lips that are loved, breathe forth the song,
When day with its troubled sounds is gone —
To these it clings.

And nature's pleasant murmurings,
So sweet to hear;
Her bowers of beauty, and soft-shed gleams
Of light and shadow on forest streams,
Her mossy rocks and places rude,
The charm of her breathing solitude —
These it holds dear.

THE STRANGER.

It was a face where you would seek in vain for thoughts of
rest,
For something said that many hopes had been thro' life
unblest;
Yet lingered beauty's brilliancy around her youthful form —
As rainbows linger brightly o'er, at close of summer's
storm.

There was repose, deep, still repose, like that when day is
o'er,
And the sun sends down his last lone look upon a sleeping
shore —
Yet there was nothing calm, to still the breast of him who
gazed,
Whose troubled feelings by that look of quiet grief were
raised.

The *spirit's* beauty met you there, in every line and shade,
The light that sorrow touches not when the rosier blossom's
fade :
But there dwelt not with her, sparkling looks, such as the
careless know ;
The very smiles in their sweetness told, life's cup had
been of woe.

Clouds pass the moon, nor leave their trace upon her
silvery brow,
And stars that have been veiled in storms, shine on as
brightly now :
The ocean leaves no shade of wrath upon the peaceful
shore,
But the fragile reed of human joy, once broken, blooms no
more.

You knew that suffering had been there ; too oft it leaves
its trace,
To dim the glorious brightness breathed around the human
face :
But *there* it left what lovelier made the face whereon it
shone,
And if hearts might worship aught of earth, that were an
altar-stone.

There's something holy in a heart so beautifully lone,
That wanders on its shadow'd path, nor asks one soothing
tone,

And only tells in looks, that shade has been its outline
here,

That one by one the blossoms went, it had been joy to rear.

She was a stranger—home, with all its pleasant lights was
far,

The deep, dark waters roll'd between her and that "guid-
ing star;"

Wild flowers were lying on the grave of one who held her
dear,

And little thought to leave her thus, a lonely "pilgrim
here."

I've heard her sing of a far home, and seen the tear-drops
fall

At thousand images of love, memory would fain recall,
In all their loveliness of hue, but to plant a deeper thorn
In a bosom, which a fearful weight of worldly ill had
borne.

'Tis a lonely sight to view the things in Heaven's own
image made;

Fading thus early 'neath the blight of sorrow's earthly
shade,

To see the brightness and the bloom of the human brow
o'ercast;

And know that such things still must be, till love and death
are past.

TRUST IN HEAVEN.

“For He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

Yes, He hath said, whose word hath power,
Nor may His children fear
The clouds that on their pathway lower,
With this high promise near.

When He, whose arm sends o’er the deep
The shades of falling night,
And calls the morning sun to steep
The isles of earth in light,

Is o’er their path, and guarding still
Those whom He knows are frail;
When gathering clouds of worldly ill,
Cause human strength to fail.

The spirit hath a chord that clings
To lights that *must* grow dim,
And places trust in fragile things,
That should be placed on Him.

But when that hold is sever’d—then,
In sorrow’s hour of night—
When the plant has lost its earthly stem,
He sends His own clear light.

And in those words of truth and power
Is the sacred promise given;
Which has lifted many a drooping flower
To the still clear air of heaven.

STANZAS.

I WOULD not have thee deem my heart
Unmindful of those higher joys,
Regardless of that better part
Which earthly passion ne'er alloys.
I would not have thee think I live
Within heaven's pure and blessed light,
Nor feeling, nor affection give
To Him who makes my pathway bright.

I would not chain to mystic creeds
A spirit fetterless and free ;
The beauteous path to heaven that leads
Is dimm'd by earthly bigotry :
And yet, for all that earth can give,
And all it e'er can take away,
I would not have that spirit rove
One moment from its heavenward way.

I would not that my heart were cold
And void of gratitude to Him,
Who makes those blessings to unfold,
Which by our waywardness grow dim.
I would not lose the cherished trust
Of things within the world to come,—
The thoughts, that when their joys are dust,
The weary have a peaceful home.

For I have left the dearly lov'd,
The home, the hopes of other years,
And early in its pathway prov'd
Life's rainbow hues were formed of tears.

I shall not meet them here again,
Those lov'd and lost, and cherish'd ones,
Bright links in young affection's chain,
In memory's sky unsetting suns.

But perfect in the world above,
Through suffering, wo, and trial here,
Shall glow the undiminished love
Which clouds and distance failed to sere ;
But I have lingered all too long,
Thy kind remembrance to engage,
And woven but a mournful song,
Wherewith to dim thy page.

I WOULD NEVER KNEEL.

I WOULD never kneel at a gilded shrine
To worship the idol-gold,
I would never fetter this heart of mine
As a thing for fortune sold.
There are haughty steps, that would walk the globe,
O'er necks of humbler ones,
I would scorn to bow to their jewell'd robe,
Or the beam of their coin-lit suns.
But I'd bow to the light that God has given,
The nobler light of *mind*,
The only light save that of Heav'n
That should free-will homage find.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.*

THE premature death of Miss Davidson is another warning to those who are rejoicing in the bright promise of early genius, how soon the frost may wither their hopes. Like the "Flower-of-an-hour" was her brief blossoming; and though the memorials of her extraordinary talents remain, yet we feel these are very inadequate to convey the impression which her living presence must have excited. — Who can imagine truly what the fruit would have been by merely examining a petal from the half-opened bud?

Lucretia Maria, second daughter of Dr. Oliver and Margaret Davidson, was born at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, Sept. 27th, 1808. Her parents were then in indigent circumstances, and to add to their troubles, her mother was often sickly. Under such circumstances, the little Lucretia would not be likely to owe her precocity to a forced education. The manifestations of intellectual activity were apparent in the infant, we may say; for at four years old she would retire by herself to pore over her books, and draw pictures of animals, and soon illustrated these rude drawings by poetry. Her first specimens of writing were

* A selection from her MS. was made after her decease, and a volume published — "Amir Khan and other Poems" — with a "Biographical Sketch." By Samuel F. B. Morse.

imitations of printed letters, but she was very much distressed when these were discovered, and immediately destroyed them.

The first poem of hers which has been preserved, was written when she was nine years old. — It was an elegy on a Robin, killed in the attempt to rear it. — This piece was not inserted in her works. The earliest of her poems which has been printed was written at eleven years old. — Her parents were much gratified by her talents, and gave her all the indulgence in their power, which was only time for reading such books as she could obtain by borrowing; as they could afford no money to buy books, or to pay for her instruction. Before she was twelve years old, she had read most of the standard English poets — much of History, both sacred and profane — Shakspeare's *Kotzebue's* and Goldsmith's dramatic works, and many of the popular novels and romances of the day. Of the latter, however, she was not an indiscriminate reader — many of those weak and worthless productions, which are the élite of the circulating libraries, this child, after reading a few pages, would throw aside in disgust. Would that all young ladies possessed her delicate taste and discriminating judgment!

When Lucretia was about twelve years old, a gentleman, who had heard of her genius and seen some of her verses, sent her a complimentary note, enclosing twenty dollars. Her first exclamation was — "Oh, now I shall buy me some books!" — But her dear mother was lying ill — the little girl looked towards the sick bed — tears gushed to her eyes, and putting the bill into her father's hand, she said — "Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without books."

It is no wonder that her parents should feel the deepest affection for such a good and gifted child. Yet there will always be found officious, meddling persons, narrow-minded, if not envious, who are always prophesying evil on any

pursuits in which they or their's cannot compete. These meddlers advised that she should be deprived of pen, ink, and paper, and rigorously confined to domestic pursuits. Her parents were too kind and wise to follow this counsel; but Lucretia, by some means, learned that such had been given. Without a murmur she resolved to submit to this trial; and she faithfully adhered to the resolution. She told no one of her intention or feelings, but gave up her writing and reading, and for several months devoted herself entirely to household business. Her mother was ill at the time, and did not notice the change in Lucretia's pursuits, till she saw the poor girl was growing emaciated, and a deep dejection was settled on her countenance; — She said to her one day, — “Lucretia — it is a long time since you have written any thing.” — The sweet child burst into tears, and replied — “O mother, I have given that up long ago.” Her mother then drew from her the reasons which had influenced her to relinquish writing — namely, the opinions she had heard expressed that it was wrong for her to indulge in mental pursuits, and the feeling that she ought to do all in her power to lighten the cares of her parents. — Mrs. Davidson was a good, sensible woman; with equal discretion and tenderness she counselled her daughter to take a middle course, resume her studies, but divide her time between these darling pursuits and the duties of the household. Lucretia from thenceforth occasionally resumed her pen, and soon regained her quiet serenity and usual health.

Her love of knowledge grew with her growth, and strengthened by every accession of thought. “Oh!” said she one day to her mother — “Oh! that I only possessed half the means for improvement which I see others slighting! I should be the happiest of the happy!” — At another time she exclaimed — “How much there is yet to learn! — If I could only grasp it at once!”

This passionate desire for instruction was at length

gratified. When she was about sixteen, a gentleman, a stranger at Plattsburgh, saw, by accident, some of her poems, and learned her history. With the prompt and warm generosity of a noble mind, he immediately proposed to place her at school, and give her every advantage for which she had so ardently longed. Her joy on learning this good fortune was almost overwhelming. She was, as soon as possible, placed at the Troy Female Seminary, then, as now under the care of Mrs. Emma Willard. She was there at the fountain for which she had so long thirsted, and her spiritual eagerness could not be restrained. "On her entering the Seminary," says the Principal, "she at once surprised us by the brilliancy and pathos of her compositions — she evinced a most exquisite sense of the beautiful in the productions of her pencil; always giving to whatever she attempted to copy, certain peculiar and original touches which marked the liveliness of her conceptions, and the power of her genius to embody those conceptions. — But from studies which required calm and steady investigation, efforts of memory, judgment and consecutive thinking, her mind seemed to shrink. She had no confidence in herself, and appeared to regard with dismay any requisitions of this nature." — In truth, she had so long indulged in solitary musings, and her sensibility had become so exquisite, heightened and refined as it had been by her vivid imagination, that she was dismayed, agonized, even, with the feeling of responsibility, which her public examination involved. — She was greatly beloved and tenderly cherished by her teachers; but it is probable that the excitement of the new situation in which she was placed, and the new studies she had to pursue, operated fatally on her constitution. — She was, during the vacation, taken with an illness, which left her feeble and very nervous. When she recovered she was placed at Albany, at the school of Miss Gilbert — but there she was soon attacked by severe disease. She partially recovered, and was

removed to her home, where she gradually declined till death released her pure and exalted mind from its prison-house of clay. She died August 27th, 1825—before she had completed her seventeenth year. In person she was exceedingly beautiful. Her forehead was high, open and fair as infancy—her eyes large, dark, and of that soft beaming expression which shows the soul in the glance—her features were fine and symmetrical, and her complexion brilliant, especially when the least excitement moved her feelings. But the prevailing expression of her face was melancholy. Her beauty, as well as her mental endowments, made her the object of much regard; but she shrunk from observation—any particular attention always seemed to give her pain; so exquisite was her modesty. In truth, her soul was too delicate for this “cold world of storms and clouds.” Her imagination never revelled in the “gairishness of joy:”—a pensive, meditative mood was the natural tone of her mind. The adverse circumstances by which she was surrounded, no doubt deepened this seriousness, till it became almost morbid melancholy—but no external advantages of fortune would have given to her disposition the buoyant cheerfulness which characterized Louisa P. Smith. In their genius and its precocity of development there is a great similarity; in their constitutional temperaments they were utterly unlike—and this made the one *L'Allegro*, the other *Il Penseroso* in thought.

The writings of Miss Davidson were astonishingly voluminous.—She had destroyed many of her poems, her mother says, at least one-third—yet those remaining amount to *two hundred and seventy-eight* pieces. There are among them five regular poems of several cantos each, twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters, to her mother. Her poetry is marked by strong imaginative powers, and the sentiment of sad forebodings.—These dark visions, though they tinged all her

earthly horizon, were not permitted to cloud her hope of heaven. She died calmly, relying on the merits of our Lord and Saviour for salvation. The last word she spoke was the *name* of the gentleman who had so kindly assisted her. And if his *name* were known, often would it be spoken, for his generosity to this humble, but highly gifted daughter of song, will make his deed of charity a sacred remembrance to all who love genius, and sympathise with the suffering.

TO A FRIEND.

AND thou hast marked in childhood's hour
The fearless boundings of my breast,
When fresh as summer's opening flower,
I freely frolick'd and was blest.

Oh say, was not this eye more bright?
Were not these lips more wont to smile?
Methinks that then my heart was light,
And I a fearless, joyous child.

And thou didst mark me gay and wild,
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth;
The simple pleasures of a child,
The holiday of man on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
When every nerve of life was new,
When pleasures fann'd youth's infant flower,
And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading; it hath fled;
And I am left in darkness now,
A wand'rer towards a lowly bed,
The grave, that home of all below.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

To Miss E. C.—Composed on a blank leaf of her Paley, during recitation

I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid, and I rest
In mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast ;
At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat,
When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses flow
In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow,
O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,
And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my soul,
My tempest the clouds, which around thee may roll ;
I feast my light form on thy rapture-breathed sighs,
And drink at the fount of those beautiful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me ;
There are some which, half-breathed, half-acknowledged
by thee,
Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,
Just ruffling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly lies,
With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled skies,
I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight,
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night ;
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy,

My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art,
 My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart.
 Farewell! for the shadows of evening are fled,
 And the young rays of morning are wreathed round my
 head.

TO A STAR.

THOU brightly glittering STAR of EVEN —
 Thou gem upon the brow of heaven!
 Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
 How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!

How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,
 Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine;
 Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
 Was never ransomed — never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
 Their hopes, their joys, together share;
 While hovering angels touch the string,
 And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There cloudless days and brilliant nights,
 Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights;
 There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
 And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling Star of Even —
 Thou gem upon an azure heaven!
 How swiftly will I soar to thee,
 When this imprisoned soul is free!

FEATS OF DEATH.

I HAVE passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night ;
I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad light ;
I have paused o'er the bower where the infant lay sleeping,
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night
Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low :
I cull'd the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I paused o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high ;
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth ;
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,
I stop not to pity — I stay not to save.

I paused in my pathway, for beauty was there ;
It was beauty too death-like, too cold, and too fair !
The deep purple fountain seemed melting away,
And the faint pulse of life scarce remembered to play :
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me,
I gazed, I passed on, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream rolled gladly, and bounded along,
With ripple, and murmur, and sparkle, and song ;

The minstrel was tuning his wild harp to love,
And sweet, and half-sad were the numbers he wove.

I passed, and the harp of the bard was unstrung ;
O'er the stream which rolled deeply, 'twas recklessly hung ;
The minstrel was not ! and I passed on alone,
O'er the newly-raised turf, and the rudely-carved stone.

STANZAS.

Addressed to her Sister, requesting her to sing " Moore's Farewell to his Harp."

WHEN evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven ;
When not a murmur, not a sound
To Fancy's sportive ear is given ;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye ;
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie ; —

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,
Oh, sister ! sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And, hovering, trembles half afraid,
Oh, sister ! sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'T were almost sacrilege to sing
 Those notes amid the glare of day;
 Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
 And wafted by their breath away.

When, sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
 Should'st thou still linger here above,
 Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
 And, sister, sing the song I love?

FRAGMENT.*

THERE is a something which I dread, —
 It is a dark a fearful thing;
 It steals along with withering tread,
 Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
 Of grief, of sickness or of sadness;
 'T is not the dread of death — 't is more,
 It is the dread of madness!

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
 Forgetful of their feverish course;
 May this hot brain, which burning glows
 With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
 A tenant of its lowly bed;
 But let not dark delirium steal —

* * * * *

* These lines are the last she ever wrote; they were left thus unfinished.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

MRS. Osgood, formerly Miss Locke, has only been known to the public as a writer, by her signature of "Florence." The beauty and merit of her poetry, however, fully entitle her to a place in our Wreath. Her genius, like the sweet "Lily of the Valley," sung by Percival, has found a "green spot," in which to bloom in the midst of life's busy throng.—

"The din of the city disturb'd it not,
For the spirit that shades the quiet cot,
With its wings of love was there."

Frances Locke is sister, by the maternal side, of Anna Maria Wells : she was born in Boston, where she has constantly resided, till about a year since, when she married Mr. Osgood, a young artist of much promise, and immediately accompanied her husband to Europe. They are now settled in London, where Mr. Osgood has, we learn, been very kindly encouraged in portrait painting, (the branch of art to which he chiefly devotes himself,) by many noble and eminent patrons. Mrs. Osgood has also found friends, as one so amiable and gifted could hardly fail to do, who are fostering her genius with the "warm breath" of praise, so very pleasant, when given by those we honor and love. Several of her articles have already appeared in the London periodicals, and she is receiving that attention from per-

sons of taste and influence, which, we doubt not, will stimulate her to vigorous application—all that is wanting to insure her success and celebrity.

The first poems of "Florence" were printed in the "Juvenile Miscellany," when she could not have been more than sixteen. These early effusions were marked by the same warmth of fancy and elegance of expression, which have distinguished all she has written. Since that period, she has contributed to several periodicals, chiefly to the American Ladies' Magazine, from which the specimens now given are mostly selected. Her poems have never been collected, though they would make a volume very creditable to one of her age. It is, however, better that she should wait till the changes of life shall awaken more of those strong sympathies of the soul, which vivify and elevate the genius of woman. As yet, she has never affected a lofty theme—but takes whatever the passing moment suggests; and generally her heart turns to the dear, cherished affections of home and friends. She is, moreover, of a cheerful temperament, and *life, love and happiness*, are to her synonymous terms. Hence the deepest tones of her genius have never yet been sounded: it is only *actual suffering*, that will teach a sanguine disposition that there is light in the darkness of affliction, and inspire the muse to picture "beauty for ashes," and describe the "joy of grief," till the soul feels its own immortality made surer, calmer, happier, holier from the doubts, tossings, sorrows, and imperfections of this transitory world. This high moral strain of poetry she has as yet scarcely attempted, because her thoughts have never been turned, by her own feelings, to such subjects.

She writes from her feelings, and her common mood of mind is poetical; hence there is a naturalness and simple grace in her metaphors and diction which are original and very pleasing. She composes with great rapidity, bestowing, apparently, no more effort on a poem, than though she

were scribbling prose. This remarkable command of language, united, as it is, with clear ideas, vivid imagination, and an intuitive feeling of the harmonious, mark her as one destined, if her life is prolonged, to occupy a bright place in our literature. She is still in the bloom of youth, and has scarcely begun to appreciate her own powers, or to cultivate them by careful study and critical revision.

THE BLIND GIRL.

“ I thought it slept.”

My brow was burning for holier air,
The blessed mountain breeze ;
My heart was away, in the valleys fair,
With the woodland streams and trees ;
And I longed to be in a tranquil spot,
Shaded and pleasant and still,
Where, alone with the flowers, and noticed not,
I could follow my wayward will :
And so, in sadness, I went away,
From the city's peopled street,
And I found the sunlight and stream, at play,
Where the breathing blossoms meet

Soft as the spirit's parting smile,
Lighting some young, blue eye to death ;
Bright as that spirit's pinions while
They rise upon the expiring breath,
And leave their radiance trembling there,
On lip and cheek and forehead fair,
Our sungod sends his farewell ray,
Sweet Wilda ! where thy waters play !

And, while his glittering wings unclose,
In glory o'er thy calm repose,
One pitying moment rests above,
To light thee with his glance of love ;
Then, soft receding, floats in light,
Away, beyond the mountain height.

I found the stream — the woodland stream —
I lingered by its golden gleam,
While softly, in the luminous air,
The dream-like clouds were floating fair,
And all serene as seraph's eye,
The waters went in beauty by.
I laid me on the pleasant green, —
The graceful slope that bends between,
In one sweet sunny nook of love,
The fir-trees of the darkling grove.

Oh ! 'tis a gem, that lone retreat !

A fairy gift, by nature wrought,
To lay at laughing summer's feet, —

An emerald with her bright smile fraught, —
An emerald, set in sapphire light,
And hidden in the woods from sight !
Fair summer hung her prize, above,
And lent it light, from looks of love,
And press'd it with her fondling hand,
And bless'd it with her breezes bland,
Till, smiling back that radiant gaze,
The wave its fairy music plays,
And gaily, from the grove, are heard
The warblings of the woodland bird.

At times she weeps her softest tears,

When dim decay is near her treasure ;
And then, again, in joy appears,

Her fond and sunlight smile of pleasure :

While born in beauty 'neath her eyes,
And wreathed around, on shrub and tree,
She sees her forest-blossoms rise,
And lists her forest-melody.

A lonely cottage rises there,
Against the trees in fair relief;
Its smoke is blending with the air,
As melts in joy, the cloud of grief:
Behind, the shadowy elms wave o'er it,
And all sweet flowers are bright before it.
I wander'd to the garden's gate,
And thought at first 'twas desolate;
But there half hid, with eyelids closed,
A sweet unconscious child reposed, —
A fairy girl, — her soft brown hair
Lay floating from her forehead fair,
Among the flowers, that in her play,
She'd careless thrown around her there;
Some on her white dress blooming lay;
Some in her tresses, and a few
Crush'd buds of blushing, rosy hue,
Within her little hand were press'd.
I thought the fair thing was at rest,
And almost feared her sleep to break,
I thought to see her start and wake,
And lift to me, in wild surprise,
The sweet blue light of laughing eyes: —
Ah no! tho' close I went to her,
Those soft-veined eyelids did not stir!
But offering, — with a motion glad,
And smile of gay dreams telling,
As in deep sleep, — her rosebuds bright, —
In accents, — Oh! so sweetly sad,
They mock'd her smile's unclouded light —
— She said, — “What are they, Ellen?”

I knelt beside the gentle child,
And wondered at that slumber mild.
"It is not Ellen," — whisper'd I,
She did not start,—she did not cry;
She put her soft hand on my face,
With all a child's unconscious grace,
And slowly moved it, as if thought,
Deeply, within her dreaming wrought.
I spoke, -- I thought to win the while
Her eyes to see my soothing smile;
Ah! still those lashes met the cheek!
Still closed her lids in slumber meek.
"Have you ne'er seen a rose before?" --
— A shadow fell her forehead o'er, —
 She lifted her soft face to me,
While tears from those shut eyelids came,
And half in sweetness, half in blame,
 She said — "*I cannot see!*"

MY MOTHER'S SIGH.

I've felt it oft in childhood's hour —
 The magic of a mother's sigh:
I've yielded to its gentle power,
 With heart subdued, and drooping eye.

When full of glee, a wayward child,
 I've stolen from my task away,
That sound amid the frolic wild
 Would rouse and check my careless play.

I've read, with rapt and earnest look,
 O'er pages filled with wild romance, —

My mother sighed! — I closed the book,
And broke at once the idle trance.

If passion flushed my youthful cheek,
And pride and gloom were on my brow,
When others' frowns were vain and weak,
Her sigh could bid my spirit bow.

If, checked in Folly's wayward whim,
I've turned away with laughing eyes, —
My mother's sigh that smile could dim,
And tears, repentant tears, would rise. —

My dream has fled — and wearying care
Has silenced Folly's childish strain;
The thoughtless mirth that revelled there
May never, never come again!

But still I feel that holy power,
It thrills my heart and fills my eye
With tears, as when, in "childhood's hour,"
I yielded to *my mother's sigh*.

STANZAS.

WHEN the warm blessed spirit that lightens the sky,
Hath darkened his glory, and furled up his wing,
And nature forgets the sweet smile, that her eye
Was wont on that radiant spirit to fling, —

I turn from the world without, calm and content,
And find in my own heart a day-dream as bright;
And dearer, far dearer than that which is lent
To illumine creation with glory and light.

There's a thought in that heart it can never forget —
There's a ray in that heart that will lighten my doom ;
Through many a sorrow they linger there yet,
And, holy and beautiful, smile through the gloom.

But they say that the garland Affection is wreathing,
Will fade ere the morrow has wakened its bloom —
They say the wild blossoms where young Hope is breathing,
Their beauty, their fragrance are all for the tomb.

They tell me the vision of Bliss that is "glinting,"
My heart's star of promise in gloom will decline ;
And the far scene that Fancy, the fairy, is tinting,
Will lose all its sunny glow ere it is mine.

Oh ! if Love and Life be but a fairy illusion,
And the cold future bright but in Fancy's young eye,
Still, still let me live in the dreamy illusion,
And, true and unchanging, hope on till I die !

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I WOULD not tell thee, for the world,
Thy early love will change ;
I would not see thy sweet lip curled
In scorn of words so strange.

I would not bid thy smiles away,
Nor quell that speaking blush ;
For happy spirits lend the ray,
And timid thoughts the flush :

Yet, love is but a dangerous guest
For hearts so young as thine ;

Where youth's unshadowed joy should rest,
Life's spring-time fancies shine.

Too soon — oh ! all too soon — would come,
In *later* years, the spell, --
Touching, with changing hues, the path,
Where once but sun-light fell. —

Then, sweetest, leave the wildering dream,
Till Time has nerved thy heart
To brook the fitful cloud and gleam,
Which must in love have part.

Ah ! life has many a blessed hour,
That passion never knows ;
And youth may gather many a flower,
Beside the blushing *rose*.

Turn to thy books, my gentle girl ! —
They will not dim thine eyes ;
That hair will all as richly curl,
That blush as brightly rise. —

Turn to thy friends ! A smile as fond,
On friendship's lip may be,
And breathing from a heart as warm
As love can offer thee. —

Turn to *thy home* ! — Affection wreathes
Her dearest garland there ;
And more than all, a *mother* breathes
For thee — for thee, her prayer !

Ay ! life has many a hallowed hour,
That passion never knows ;
And youth may often find a flower,
More precious than the Rose.*

* The flower of Love.

LINES

On a picture of a young girl weighing Cupid and a butterfly: —
the winged boy rises, as he should, and the motto beneath is, " Love
is the lightest."

" LOVE THE LIGHTEST! "

SILLY maiden ! weigh them not !
Butterflies are *earthly* things :
Thou forget'st their lowly lot,
Gazing on their glittering wings.

Find a star-beam from the sky —
Find a glow-worm in the grass —
Will the earth-lamp rise on high ?
Will that heaven-ray downward pass ?

Love—ethereal, holy love,
Light, perchance, and proud, and free,
Maiden — see ! it soars above
Worldly pride and vanity !

Drooping to its native earth,
Sinks the gilded insect-fly ;
Love, of holier, heavenlier birth,
Rises towards his home on high.

Maiden, throw the scales away !
Never *weigh* poor Love again !
Even *the doubt* has dimmed the ray
On his pinions with its stain !

See! he lifts his wondering eye,
Half reproachfully to thee —
“ *Measured with a butterfly!* ”
 I'd try my wings, if I were he.

THE STAR OF PROMISE.

WHEN kneeling sages saw of yore
 Their orb of promise rise for them,
How Learning's lamp grew dim, before
 The heaven-born Star of Bethlehem, —
How falter'd Wisdom's haughty tone,
 When, led by God's exulting choir,
His radiant herald glided on
 The darkling heathen's beacon-fire!

When sweet, from many an angel voice,
 While rung the viewless harps of heaven,
He heard the song of love — “ Rejoice,
 For peace on earth and sins forgiven! ”
The Chaldean flung his scroll aside,
 The Arab left his desert-tent —
Their hope, their trust — that silver guide —
 Till low at Mary's feet they bent.

Ay! Asia's wisest knelt around,
 Forgetting Fame's too earthly dream,
While, bright upon the hallowed ground,
 Their golden gifts — a mockery — gleam.
There vainly too, their censers breathed;
 Oh! what were incense — gems — to Him,
Around whose brow a glory wreathed,
 That made their sun-god's splendor dim!

To Him o'er whose blest spirit came
 The fragrance of celestial flowers,

And light from countless wings of flame
That flashed thro' heaven's resplendent bowers!—
To "kneeling Faith's" devoted eye,
It shines—that "star of promise" *now*,
Fair, as when, far in Asia's sky,
It lit her sage's lifted brow.

No sparkling treasure *we* may bring,
Nor "gift of gold," nor jewel-stone:
The censer's sweets we may not fling,
For incense round our Saviour's throne:
But when, o'er sorrow's clouded view,
That planet rises to our prayer,
We, where it leads, may follow too,
And lay *a contrite spirit* there!

A FRAGMENT.

OH, do believe me, Julian! woman's heart,—
A true, proud, loving, woman's, ne'er was won,
By that must worthless bubble, Flattery.
Your thoughtless words betray their own light falsehood,
For we are very sure, when lips o'er praise,
The mind must undervalue our true worth,
And wrong our intellect,—deeming we try,
With child-like eagerness and love, to catch
Your bribe for hearts,—your rainbow-lit illusion.
Why, 't is a heartless insult! that doth call
For all a woman's spirit to resist!—
Now—in our injured cause,—I dare ye all!—
And fling our gauntlet proudly at your feet;—
But once o'erstep Truth's pure and holy limit,
And from that hour, your eloquence is lost—
Your worship scorned—your sweetest whispers vain,
As the fair eastern fruit that looks so rich,
And tempts the lip, with its bright nothingness.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

MRS. DINNIES, hitherto known as a poetess under the name of "Moina," was born in Georgetown, South Carolina. Her father, Judge Shackelford, an eminent lawyer in that state, removed to Charleston, when Anna was a child. She was there educated at the Female Seminary of the Miss Ramsays', daughters of the celebrated Doctor David Ramsay. Miss Shackelford gave early promise of genius, and of a poetical talent, which she inherited from her father. He was a distinguished scholar, and his influence in forming the literary taste of his daughter was very happily and effectually exerted.

In May, 1830, Miss Shackelford married John C. Dinnies, a gentleman of New-York, but then settled at St. Louis, Missouri, where Mrs. Dinnies has ever since resided. — Her published poetry has chiefly been written since her marriage, and breathes the tender, trusting and devoted feeling of conjugal love, in a manner which is very flattering to her husband. He must be worthy of esteem, to engross so deeply the imagination and heart of one familiar in domestic life. — The circumstances attending their union were romantic, and it would seem that, in this case, the romance has proved a happy reality. — They became engaged in a literary correspondence, which continued more than four years. The result was their marriage,

though they never met till *one week* before their nuptials. The contract was made long before, entered into solely from the sympathy and congeniality of mind and taste. That in their estimate of each other they have not been disappointed, we may infer from the tone of her songs; for there cannot be domestic confidence, such as these pourtray, unless *both* are happy. We have ventured to give this pleasant picture of Love and the Muse at home, as a hint to our young men and maidens, that to insure a happy marriage, higher requisites than personal beauty and bank stock are necessary. — There must be intellectual charms and moral wealth, to insure that sentiment which will

“Live on through each change, and love to the last.”

The poetry of Mrs. Dinnies is characterized by vigor of thought, and delicate tenderness of feeling. — There is something exceedingly fascinating in the display of intellectual power, when it seems entirely devoted to the happiness of others. It is genius performing the office of a guardian angel. There is a fervidness in the expressions of this poetess, which goes to the heart of the reader at once, and exalts the strain, no matter what the theme may be. In the regions of imagination she does not soar far or often; the wild and mysterious are not her passion; but the holy fire of poesy burns pure and bright in her own heart, and she cherishes it to illumine and bless her own hearth. The genius that has warmed into summer beauty a frozen “Chrysanthemum,” that “peerless picture of a modest wife,” should be cherished and encouraged; for this “beauty-making power” it is which most essentially aids religious truths to refine and purify social and domestic life.

WEDDED LOVE.

COME, rouse thee, dearest! — 'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.

As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And, with their gloomy shades conceal
The land-marks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee, now — I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind —
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great:
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy Wife —
For deemest thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a *common mind*?
The eagle-like ambition, nurs'd
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
The shrine — that sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers :
Shake off this gloom — Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers ;
And though at present seems so far
The wished for goal — a guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won :
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove,
In fond, undying, *Wedded Love*.

THE BLUSH.

WAS it unholy ? — Surely no !
The tongue no purer thought can speak,
And from the heart no feeling flow
More chaste, than brightens woman's cheek.

How oft we mark the deep-tinged rose
Soft mantling where the lily grew,
Nor deem that where such beauty blows
A treach'rous thorn 's concealed from view !

That thorn may touch some tender vein,
And crimson o'er the wounded part ! —
Unheeded, too, a transient pain
Will flush the cheek, and thrill the heart.

On beauty's lids, the gem-like tear
Oft sheds its evanescent ray ;
But scarce is seen to sparkle, ere
'Tis chased by beaming smiles away !

Just so the blush is formed — and flies —
Nor owns reflection's calm control :
It comes — it deepens — fades and dies —
A gush of *feeling* from the soul !

THE CHARNEL SHIP.

The Charleston Courier of the 20th December, 1828, contains the account of a vessel discovered in 1773, by a Greenland Whale ship. It had been for 17 years frozen up among the icebergs in the north polar sea ; and, when found, the corsees of several persons in an almost perfect state of preservation were on board ; those of the Master, his wife, and a man with a book, in which he had probably been writing when he died, particularly attracted the attention of Captain Warren and his men.

THE night — the long dark night — at last
Passed fearfully away ;
'Mid crashing ice, and howling blast,
They hailed the dawn of day,
Which broke to cheer the Whaler's crew
And wide around its gray light threw.

The storm had ceased — its wrath had rent
The icy wall asunder —
And many a piercing glance they sent
Around in awe and wonder ;
And sailor hearts their rude praise gave,
To God, that morn, from o'er the wave.

The breeze blew freshly, and the sun
Pour'd his full radiance far
On heaps of icy fragments -- won,
Sad trophies — in the past night's war
Of winds and waters -- and in piles
Now drifted by bright shining isles !

But, lo ! still farther off appears
A form, more dim and dark ;
And anxious eyes — and hopes, and fears
Its slow, strange progress mark.
It moves towards them — by the breeze
Borne onward from more northern seas.

Near, and more near — and can it be,
(More ventrous than their own)
A Ship, whose seeming ghost they see
Among the icebergs thrown —
With broken masts — dismantled all,
And dark sails like a funeral pall ?

“ God of the mariner ! protect
Her inmates, as she moves along
Through perils, which ere now had wrecked —
But that thine arm is strong ! ”
Ha ! she has struck — she grounds — she stands
Still — as if held by giant hands !

“ Quick, man the boat ” — away they sprang,
The stranger ship to aid,
And loud their hailing voices rang,
And rapid speed they made ;
But all in silence, deep, unbroke,
The vessel stood — none answering spoke.

’T was fearful ! not a sound arose —
No moving thing was there,
To interrupt the dread repose
Which filled each heart with fear.
On deck they silent stepped — and sought,
Till one, a man, their sad sight caught.

He was alone — the damp-chill mould
Of years hung on his cheek ;
While the pen within his hand had told
The tale no voice might speak :

“Seventy days,” the record stood —
“We have been in the ice, and wanted food !”

They took his book, and turned away,
But soon discovered where
The Wife in her death-sleep, gently lay
Near *him* in life most dear —
Who, seated beside his young heart’s pride,
Long years before had calmly died.

Oh, wedded love! how beautiful,
How pure a thing thou art,
Whose influence e’en in death can rule
And triumph o’er the heart;
Can cheer life’s roughest walk — and shed
A holy light around the dead!

There was a solemn, sacred feeling
Kindled in every breast,
And, softly from the cabin stealing,
They left them to their rest;
The fair — the young — the constant pair —
They left them *with a blessing* there.

And to their boat returning, each
With thoughtful brows, and haste,
And o’ercharged hearts, too full for speech
Left ’midst the frozen waste
That Charnel ship, which years before
Had sailed from distant Albion’s shore.

They left her in the icebergs, where
Few venture to intrude,
A monument of death, and fear,
’Midst Ocean’s solitude;
And, grateful for their own release,
Thanked God, and sought their homes in peace.

TO MY HUSBAND'S FIRST GRAY HAIR.

"I know thee not—I loathe thy race;
"But in thy lineaments I trace
"What time shall strengthen—not efface."

GIAOUR.

Thou strange, unbidden guest! from whence
Thus early hast thou come?
And wherefore? Rude intruder, hence!
And seek some fitter home!
These rich young locks are all too dear—
Indeed thou must not linger here!

Go! take thy sober aspect where
The youthful cheek is fading,
Or find some furrowed brow, which Care
And Passion have been shading;
And add thy sad, malignant trace,
To mar the aged, or anguished face!

Thou wilt not go? Then answer me,
And tell what brought thee *here*?
Not one of all thy tribe I see
Beside thyself appear,
And, through these bright and clustering curls,
Thou shinest, a tiny thread of pearls.

Thou art a *moralist*? ah, well!
And comest from Wisdom's land,
A few sage axioms just to tell?
Well! well! I understand—
Old Truth has sent thee here to bear
The maxims which we fain *must* hear.

And now, as I observe thee nearer,
Thou'rt pretty — very pretty — quite
As glossy and as fair — nay fairer
Than these, but not so bright ;
And since thou came Truth's messenger,
Thou shalt remain, and speak of her.

She says thou art a herald, sent
In kind and friendly warning,
To mix with locks by Beauty blent,
(The fair young brow adorning,)
And midst their wild luxuriance taught
To show thyself, and waken *thought*.

That thought, which to the dreamer preaches
A lesson stern as true,
That all things pass away, and teaches
How youth must vanish too !
And thou wert sent to rouse anew
This Thought, whene'er thou meet'st the view.

And comes there not a whispering sound,
A low, faint, murmuring breath,
Which, as thou movest, floats around
Like Echoes in their death ?
“Time onward sweeps, youth flies, *prepare*” —
Such is thine errand, First Gray Hair.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is of the heart, and it is the mind that gives its tone and coloring to Nature.

THERE is a spell in every flower —
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird has power
To please me with its lay!

And there is music on each breeze
That sports along the glade;
The crystal dew-drops on the trees
Are gems, by Fancy made:

There's gladness too in every thing,
And beauty over all,
For every where comes on, with Spring,
A charm which cannot pall!

And I! — my heart is full of joy,
And gratitude is there,
That He, who might my life destroy,
Has yet vouchsafed to spare.

The friends I once condemn'd, are now
Affectionate and true:
I wept a pledged one's broken vow —
But he proves faithful too.

And now there is a happiness
In every thing I see,
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
The God who blesses me.

THOUGHTS IN AUTUMN.

YES, thou art welcome, Autumn! all thy changes,
From fitful gloom, to sunny skies serene;
The starry vaults, o'er which the charmed eye ranges,
And clear cold moonlight—touching every scene
With a peculiar sadness— are sweet things
To which my heart congenial fondly clings.

There is a moral in the withered wreathes
And faded garlands, that adorn thy bowers;
Each blighted shrub—chilled flower—or seared leaf breathes
Of parted days—and brighter, by-gone hours—
Contrasting with the present dreary scene
Spring's budding beauties—pleasures which have been.

Oh, life! thy pageantry is here portrayed;
A thousand emblems picture thee to view—
But never, till *Experience* stern has laid
On the young heart her wand, we deem them true.
Then, while yet smarting from the touch, we own,
Faithless the phantoms from our sight withdrawn.

Friends, who have loved us in the pleasant years
Of childhood—dead, or exiled far away;
The seeming kind ones,—who, deceiving tears
Shed for a time,—then left us for the gay;
The cold—the false—all *then* to memory start,
And deeply trace their records on the heart.

And Thee—my fair—my only one—now lying
In Infancy's first bloom; beneath the cold
And cheerless sod, on whose still breast are dying
These crisped young flow'rets, with their charms untold,

How come, in such an hour, fond thoughts of *thee*,
To soothe, yet sadden brooding Memory!

To win the spirit from those fleeting dreams
Which bind it down to Earth—to break the spell
Of each bright vision, which enchantment seems,
And Truth's hard lesson deeply teach and well,
Bidding the mind on Hope's light pinions rise,
And seek its home —its joy beyond the skies.

Alas ! there are not many lights which shed
Their brightening radiance long, to cheer us here ;
And some have lived to know the lustre fled
From those which promised most — seemed strong and
clear,
Until the gathering clouds o'er Life's wild stream
Wrapt all in gloom, save Hope's undying beam.

Then may they not—worn bosoms such as these,
Find sad memorials in ten thousand things
To symbol forth their history ? Leafless trees
Ye answer to my call—the bleak wind flings
In Autumn's eve a spell upon the heart,
From whose dark sympathy, 'twere grief to part.

And things inan'imate may wake a sigh,
When living objects weary : oft it cheers
The drooping spirit — and relieves the eye,
To gaze on Nature through our gushing tears —
On objects which we feel cannot inherit,
Though doomed to fail like us — a deathless spirit.

LINES

Addressed to a White Chrysanthemum, presented to the writer
in December.

FAIR gift of Friendship! and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness — thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscathed by heats — by wintry blasts unmoved —
Thy strength thus tested — and thy charms improved.

Emblem of innocence, which fearless braves
Life's dreariest scenes, its rudest storm derides,
And floats as calmly on o'er troubled waves,
As where the peaceful streamlet smoothly glides;
Thou'rt blooming *now* as beautiful and clear,
As *other* blossoms do, when Spring is here.

Symbol of hope, still banishing the gloom,
Hung o'er the mind by stern December's reign!
Thou cheer'st the fancy by thy steady bloom
With thoughts of Summer and the fertile plain,
Calling a thousand visions into play,
Of beauty redolent — and bright as *May*!

Type of a true and holy love; the same
Through every scene that crowds life's varied page;
Mid grief — mid gladness, spell of every dream,
Tender in youth — and strong in feeble age!
The peerless picture of a modest wife,
Thou bloom'st the fairest, midst the *frosts* of life.*

* Literally—the water in which it was placed being now frozen.

STANZAS.

Addressed to my daughter while she slept.

REST, my babe, in peace and beauty,
On thy anxious mother's breast,
Careful love, maternal duty
Watch thee, precious, in thy rest.

Rest, while infancy sheds o'er thee,
Passionless, its purity
Blinded to the fate before thee,—
Free from guile, from sorrow free.

Rest, ere childhood's playful season
Scatters thorns with roses gay,—
Thorns to spurn the waking reason,
Roses fading in a day ;

When a fleeting cloud, young sorrow
Passes o'er thine open brow,
Warning of a changeful morrow,—
Rest unconscious, sweet one, now.

Rest, ere girlhood's giddy hours
Bind thee, pleasure's votary,
In a wreath of weeds and flowers,
Strown at random o'er thy way.

Rest, ere yet the maiden's blushes
Deepen o'er thy lily cheek,
When the crimson torrent rushes,
Voiceless, tho' 't will volumes speak.

Ere the thoughts, the vivid fancies,
 Waking thou would'st not reveal,
 On thy sleeping face, (like glances
 From the soul,) shall brightly steal.

Rest, while Infancy has bound thee
 In a circle free from pain ;
 Rest, ere womanhood casts round thee
 Sorrows, woman must sustain.

THE WIFE.

“ She flung her white arms around him—Thou art all
 That this poor heart can cling to.”

I COULD have stemmed misfortune's tide,
 And borne the rich one's sneer,
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
 Nor shed a single tear.
 I could have smiled on every blow
 From Life's full quiver thrown,
 While I might gaze on thee, and know
 I should not be “ alone.”

I could— I think I could have brooked,
 E'en for a time, that thou
 Upon my fading face hadst looked
 With less of love than now ;
 For then I should at least have felt
 The sweet hope still my own,
 To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
 On earth, not been “ alone.”

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone;" —

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much — this heart
Must break, when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

THE HEART.

"I lingered in the Halls of Imagination. Her sceptre had fallen from her grasp. I turned to the realm of the Heart. Its power had increased with years."

THERE was a time when Fancy uninvoked,
Cast her light spells where'er my spirit roved,
Each passing scene anew her smiles provoked,
And all seemed lovely, — for each one was loved.

But now I gaze, unheeding most I see
Of wild or fair, in Nature's boundless hoard;
A change is over all — a change in me —
As Lethe's streams o'er Fancy's source were poured.

This change I mourn, and seek again the dreams
Which brightened, soothed, and gladdened life of yore ;
But shaded groves, fresh flowers, and purling streams,
Exert their influence o'er my mind no more.

No more I dream — for Fancy has grown old
And Thought is busied now with sterner things,
E'en Feeling's self — yet, no ! I am not cold ;
But feeling now round other objects clings.

There are in life, realities as dear,
Nay, dearer far than Fancy can create,
Though Taste may vary — beauty disappear,
That linger still, defying Time and Fate.

The flush of Youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of Fancy from the mind depart,
The form may lose its symmetry and grace, —
But Time can claim no victory o'er the Heart.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

MRS. WHITMAN is a native of Providence, Rhode-Island. Her maiden name was Power. Her father died when she was a child ; her mother being thus left to the solitariness of a widow's lot, devoted herself with unwearied care to the education of her daughter.

The health of Miss Power was constitutionally delicate, while her mental faculties developed with that quickness and brilliancy which surely indicates the predominancy of imagination. Poetry was the favorite literature of her youthful studies, and she soon manifested the propensity, which the Muse *will* foster in those she elects her votaries, to "write in rhyme."

In 1828, Miss Power was married to John W. Whitman, a young lawyer, son of Judge Whitman, of Boston. The marriage was one of affection, induced by the congeniality of poetical and literary tastes -- but the union was in a few years dissolved by the death of Mr. Whitman. Mrs. Whitman then returned to her mother's arms, and her early home at Providence, where she now resides.

Her poetry has appeared in the periodicals and annuals over the signature "Helen," and always excited attention by its richness of imagery and sweet, melodious versification. She has an uncommonly retentive memory, and elaborates her poems in a rather peculiar manner ; arranging,

correcting and finishing them as compositions perfectly and wholly in her mind, be they ever so long, before committing a line to paper. By this means she has no unfinished performances; those that she does not complete at once are entirely abandoned.

Her published poems have not been numerous; she appears never to have contemplated making a *volume*, but only allows her thoughts to visit the temple of the muses, to gratify her own love of the beautiful and glorious in nature and art. The genius of this amiable woman seems naturally of that delicate presence which shrinks, like the "Sensitive plant," from any collision with the actual world; but the sad passages in her life have probably deepened the melancholy pathos of her strains. There appears no affectation in this sensibility—she feels as warm admiration for the beauties and blessings which the beneficent Creator has bestowed on the works and creatures of his hand, as though these awakened none but pleasurable emotions. Still there is ever in her heart a sensation of sadness, like that so powerfully described by Keats in his "Ode on Melancholy," as if she tasted the bitter ingredient in the sweetest draught, and could always say of the "Goddess sage and holy,"

"She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips;
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sorrow shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung."

THE BLIND MAN'S LAY.

“AT times Allan felt as if his blindness were a blessing—for it forced him to trust to his own soul—to turn for comfort to the best and purest human affections—and to see God always. Fanny could almost have wept to see the earth and the sky so beautiful, now that Allan's eyes were dark; but he whispered to her, that the smell of the budding trees and of the primroses, that he knew were near his feet, was pleasant indeed, and that the singing of all the little birds made his heart dance within him.”—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

HE sat beside the fountain, on whose brink
A troop of blue-eyed violets oped their lids
To the first breezy call of early spring—
And there, from the grey dawn till twilight's gloom,
Where the soft, springing moss, surcharged with dew,
Yielded its oozing moisture to the touch,
Telling the nightfall near,—he mused away
Long hours of silent happiness, save when
The soft and pitying words of love would call
His spell-bound spirit from its blissful thrall;
Then, in a voice of sweetest melody,
He breathed his unrepining, meek reply:

Though I hear thee gaily tell
Of the tulip's shaded bell,
Of the wall-flower's varied hue,
And the violet “darkly blue,”
And the crimson blush that glows
On the rich, voluptuous rose—
These no longer bloom for me,
These I never more may see.

But this gentle season still
Can my heart with gladness fill—
I can hear the spring-winds blow,
And the gurgling fountains flow.
Hark! e'en now a zephyr breathes,
'Through the balmy hawthorn wreaths,
Unfelt, unheard by all but me,
It swells so soft, so silently!

I can hear the humming-bee
Flitting o'er the sunny lea,
Wooing every bashful flower,
From morn till evening's dewy hour.
All around the voice of birds,
And the lisped and laughing words
Of merry childhood, greet my ear,
With power the saddest heart to cheer.

When o'er earth night's shadow lies,
I hear thee tell of cloudless skies,
And countless stars that twinkle through
Heaven's broad and boundless arch of blue;
Of snow white spires and turrets fair
Soft gleaming in the moonlit air,
Whose dusky depths of shadow lie
Heightening the brilliant scenery.

Then beneath the pine trees tall,
Near yonder foaming waterfall,
I listen to the stock dove's wail,
Far floating through the quiet vale;
Soft sighing breezes waft to me
The fragrance of the birchen tree —
And the "brawling burnie" wimples by
With a gush of soothing melody.

E'en all sweet sense of these will fade
At times—as though impervious shade

Like that which hides me from the day,
O'er each external image lay—
Then many a form thou canst not see,
Unfolds its sun-bright wings to me,
And deep within my silent soul
High thoughts and holiest visions roll.

Full many an angel messenger
Comes down my darksome path to cheer,
And all around my sylvan throne
There seems to wake a dreamy tone
Of solemn music through the air,
So wildly sweet—so silvery clear—
So full of heaven—no tongue can tell
The raptures that my bosom swell.

Not all the joys that have their birth
In the vain pageantries of earth,
Are half so fraught with power to bless,
So rich in pensive happiness.
Wrapt in these lonely reveries,
Serene and holy transports rise,
Such as we deem pure spirits know,
Such as from God's felt presence flow.

Thus, when affliction's friendly screen
Shuts out life's vain illusive scene—
When thus she seals our weary eyes
To all its glittering vanities,
A gleam of heavenly light will pour
Our dark despairing spirits o'er,
And Faith, with meek and steadfast eye,
Far glancing through eternity,

Sees where the heavenly mansions rise,
Of her bright home beyond the skies,
Whose golden fanes sublimely tower
High o'er the clouds that round us lower.

HELEN.

Then welcome sorrow's shrouding shade :
Fade ! scenes of earthly splendor, fade !
And leave me to that dawning ray
That brightens till the "perfect day."

RETROSPECTION.

My heart is in my childhood's home,
And by the far-off sunny braes,
Where, musing, once I loved to roam,
In early youth's romantic days.

The past — the past — the dreamy past,
Called up by memory's magic wand,
Gleams through the halo round it cast,
Bright as e'en hope's own phantom land.

Oh never more in after life
Can hope *itself* such dreams impart
As then, with breathing beauty rife,
Wreathed their soft spells around my heart.

The skies were brighter then, than now,
More bland the wandering breezes blew,
The birds sang sweeter on the bough,
The wild flowers wore a richer hue.

Ideal forms of classic lore,
By moss-grown grot and crystal well,
Seemed still to linger as of yore,
And fairies danced in every dell.

Blither than Elf-land's fabled queen,
I loved the green and laughing earth ;

THE LADIES' WREATH.

While wooded cliff and wild ravine,
Were echoing to my bosom's mirth.

For care had never dimm'd my brow,
Nor friends proved heartless and untrue;
I ne'er had wept love's broken vow,
Nor aught of life's dark changes knew.

Farewell, sweet scenes of past delight!
Slowly ye sink from memory's gaze,
Still beaming with reflected light,
As bathed in twilight's parting rays.

I wander on my weary way,
Unmindful where my lot is cast,
Since wheresoe'er my footsteps stray,
They cannot lead me to *the past*.

SHE BLOOMS NO MORE.

O Spring! youth of the year — fair mother of flowers!
Thou returnest, but with thee return not the serene
And fortunate days of my joy. — GUARINA.

I DREAD to see the summer sun
Come glowing up the sky,
And modest flowerets, one by one,
Opening the violet eye;
The choral melody of June —
The perfumed breath of heaven —
The dewy morn — the radiant noon —
The lingering light of even.

These, which so charmed my careless heart
In happy days gone by,
A deeper sadness now impart
To memory's thoughtful eye.
They speak of one who sleeps in death,
Her race untimely o'er,
Who ne'er shall taste spring's honied breath,
Nor see her glories more.

Of one who shared, with me, in youth.
Life's sunshine and its flowers,
And kept unchanged her bosom's truth
Through all its darker hours.
She faded when the leaves were sere,
And wailed the autumnal blast —
With all the glories of the year
From earth her spirit passed.

Again the nodding lilac bows
Beneath its plummy crest —
In yonder hedge the hawthorn blows, —
The robin builds his nest.
The floating vines she loved to train
Around her lattice, wear
Their snowy coronals again,
And hang their garlands there.

But she can bloom on earth no more,
Whose early doom I mourn, —
Nor spring, nor summer can restore
Our flower untimely shorn;
Her smile is gone, which beamed on me
With mild and steadfast light;
Her rosy lips have mournfully
Breathed out their last good night.

She ne'er shall hear again the song
Of merry birds in spring,

Nor roam the flowery braes among
In the year's young blossoming:
Nor longer in the lingering light
Of summer's eve shall we,
Locked hand in hand, together sit
Beneath the green-wood tree.

'Tis therefore that I dread to see
The glowing summer sun,
And balmy blossoms on the tree,
Unfolding one by one.
They speak of things which once have been,
But never more can be, —
And earth all decked in smiles again
Is still a waste to me.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

HAIL! queen of high and holy thought;
Of dreams, with fairy beauty fraught;
Sweet memories of the days gone by;
Glimpses of immortality.
Visions of grandeur, glory, power,
All that in inspiration's hour,
Like sunset's changing glories roll
Within the poet's raptured soul!

Thy throne is in the crimson fold,
Around the setting day-star rolled—
Thou walkest through the sapphire sky,
When the bright moon is sailing high,
Touching the stars with purer light,
And lending holier charms to night:

The clouds a deeper glory wear,
The winds a softer music bear,
And earth is heaven, when thou art there.

There's not a murmur on the breeze,
Nor ripple on the dark, blue seas,
Nor breath of violets, faintly sweet,
Nor glittering dewdrop at our feet,
Nor tinge of mellow radiance, where
Soft moon-beams melt along the air;
Nor shade, nor tint, on flower or tree,
But takes a softer grace from thee.

And love itself — the brightest gem
In all creation's diadem —
Oh! what were mortal love, didst thou
Not lend a glory to his brow?
Degraded, though of heavenly birth,
And sullied with the cares of earth —
Wasted and worn, by doubts and fears,
Its youthful smiles soon change to tears:
But at thy spirit-stirring breath,
It burst the bonds of sin and death;
And, robed in heavenly charms by thee,
It puts on immortality.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

MRS. GILMAN, whose maiden name was Howard, was born in Boston, and has proved herself a worthy daughter of the "Literary Emporium." She is not, however, so much distinguished for her devotion to the muses, as for her prose writings, and the hearty zeal with which she has labored to diffuse a literary spirit and strengthen and beautify the moral taste of the community where she resides. — Mrs. Gilman is wife of the Rev. Samuel Gilman, a clergyman of the Unitarian faith, who has been for a number of years pastor of a church at Charleston, S. C. There, the urbanity of his manners, the kindness of his heart, and the truly Christian virtues he has exhibited, have gained for him a warm regard from Christians of all denominations. And to say that Mrs. Gilman has proved "a help *meet* for him," is to her the highest praise we can give, or that she would covet.

About three years since, Mrs. Gilman, who felt the great importance of giving to the youthful mind a right direction, formed the plan of issuing a "Journal for the Young." She named it "The Southern Rose-bud," and published it semi-monthly. It was so well received and patronized, that she has now enlarged its size, and elevated its character to the standard of a literary and moral paper,* in which persons of all ages can find pleasure and profit. — In this

* "The Southern Rose."

paper some of her best poetry and most of her prose writings have first appeared. — She has collected one volume of these “Sketches” already, “Recollections of a House-keeper,” — a very sprightly, amusing, and useful little work — and she has another in preparation — “The Southern Matron,” which we feel confident will also be very popular.

The character of Mrs. Gilman’s poetry is that of a healthy imagination and cheerful mind; she sees no “lions in her path,” and she attempts no picturings of fictitious woes. She admires nature, and delights in society: the dear domestic affections and virtues are the themes she chooses — these, to her ardent feelings, are sufficient inspiration; and Nature, with all her glories and beauties, is but the hand-maid to decorate *home* with those thoughts and fancies which can be used to make glad the faces of those she loves. — Like the “Amaranth,” her heart seems always in bloom; and though she did not bring an early offering to the temple of the muses, yet her matured powers of mind and natural vivacity of temperament, promise her name a bright and long-continued place among the living flowers of our Wreath.

THE BETROTHED.

SCENE. — *A Southern Plantation — Noon.*

MOTHER.

WHY linger near me, Emma, with that cheek
Which colors up in flushings like the sky
Lit by the sinking sun? Why from thine hand
Falls the small needle, as e’en that were weight
Too large? What mean these broken words, and sighs —
Now passionate, then sinking down so low
That I must bend mine ear to catch the tone?
Hark! is that Edgar’s step?

EMMA.

O, mother dear—

MOTHER.

My child, my simple child, it needs not words
To tell me now—indeed, I've known it long.
Think'st thou that I could see the lily's eaves
Floating like living things upon the wave,
And guess not that the *tide*, did move them thus?
Think'st thou that when the rose's bloom is stirr'd,
I know not that the *breeze*, with waving breath,
Is sweeping o'er its rich and blushing leaves?
Or, when the wind-harp wakes with thrilling tones,
I know not the same *breeze*, kissing its strings,
Doth cause its murmurs? Just as plain to me,
Is it, that *love*, my child, hath touch'd thy soul!
Nay, start not, Emma, 'tis no sin to love.—
But come, and lay thy head upon my breast,
And tell me all. I will not seek thine eyes,
Nor pierce their sable fringe, but clasp thy hand,
Thy fair, soft hand, whose tender pressure shall
Speak half thy tale.

EMMA.

My gentle mother, how
Can I for any other love neglect
Thy love? nor did I, nor did Edgar thus;
And when this morn he urg'd his eager suit,
Thy name was blent in fondness with my own.
Rememberest thou, oh yes, thou never canst
Forget the day, when, but a thoughtless girl,
With springing step and floating hair, I sought
The river bank whereon my brothers sat,
Throwing the line to lure their watery prey;
Eager to see their prisoner caught, I lean'd
On a young sapling with unconscious weight,

And fell—when Edgar saw—he sprang—impetuous,
Leap'd to the wave, and, with sustaining strength,
Upbore me till assistance came. How quick
Is thought! Though reeling, dizzy, just upon
The brink of dark futurity, this hope
Came lighting like a torch my youthful heart,
Edgar will be my *friend*! I knew not love,
Or then perchance I might have said, my *love*!

Ere long he left us for more classic bowers;
But tidings often came of one, who stood
Before his classmates with a laurell'd brow,
Winning with graceful ease the frequent prize.
Nor this alone; I heard of generous deeds
Where the kind heart out-shone the sparkling mind,
As yon white blossoms grace the laurel-tree.

And tokens sometimes came rememberingly,
(Thou know'st them, mother, well)—a drawing once
Of a young girl just rescued from the waves,
With eyes seal'd up like blossoms in rude storms;
He had not sketch'd her young *deliverer*;
For modesty is nature in him, but
My vision fancied there the ardent boy,—
His chestnut curls crush'd by the sweeping stream,
His panting chest, his opening lips, his eyes
Starting in fear, and doubt, and growing joy,
When I unfolded mine.—sometimes a flower
Was sent, or leaf, gather'd perchance in some
Lone, musing hour; or colored sea-shell which
In whispers to mine ear, told a soft tale
I whisper'd not again.

Time roll'd, and he,
That distant one, crown'd with collegiate fame,
Return'd. He sought me mother, and this morn,
Where the clematis-bower shuts out the sun,
And the fond birds pour forth their loving lays,
He ask'd me for my heart.—I answer'd not;
But, mother, it was his, on that far morn

When shuddering from the river's depth I woke
Within his arms.

MOTHER.

'Thanks, love, for this fond trust
Oh, never should a daughter's thoughts find rest ;
On kinder pillow than a mother's heart.
But Edgar comes.—Look up, and meet his smile.

* * * * *

Yes, take her hand, and with it a young heart
Full of love's first devotion. 'Tis a charge,
My son, most precious ! When she errs, reprove ;
Spare not deserv'd reproof ; she has been train'd
In Christ's high school, and knows that she is frail,
And she can bear the probe when brought by *love*.
But of *neglect* beware ! Cherish her well ;
For should the breath of coldness fall on her,
Thou wouldst hear no complaint, but thou wouldst see
Her sink into the grave, as the green leaves
Shrivel and fade beneath autumnal winds.

It is a struggle hard to bear, my son,
When a fond mother's cherish'd flower is borne,
Gently transplanted, to a happy home ;
But deeper far than death's the withering pang,
To see her sought a few short months of pride,
Her beauties cherish'd, and her odors priz'd,
And then thrown by as lightly as the weed,
The trampled weed, along the traveller's path.

And, oh, bethink thee, Edgar of her *soul*,
And lead her in the heavenly road to God.
In that great day, when mortal hearts are bare,
Motives and deeds, before the Eternal throne,
Beware lest I, with earnest pleadings sue
To thee for this sweet child ! Bring her to me
A blessed spirit, wrapt in robes of grace,
And if there's gratitude in heavenly bowers,
Oh, thou shalt hear its full and gushing tones
Rise in thanksgiving from a mother's soul !

THE MOCKING-BIRD IN THE CITY.

BIRD of the South ! is this a scene to waken
Thy native notes in thrilling, gushing tone ?
Thy woodland nest of love is all forsaken —
Thy mate alone !

While stranger-throngs roll by, thy song is lending
Joy to the happy, soothings to the sad ;
O'er my full heart it flows with gentle blending,
And I am glad.

And *I* will sing, though dear ones, loved and loving,
Are left afar in my sweet nest of home,
Though from that nest, with backward yearnings moving,
Onward I roam !

And with heart-music shall my feeble aiding,
Still swell the note of human joy aloud ;
Nor, with untrusting soul-kind Heaven upbraiding,
Sigh mid the crowd.

“WHICH IS THE BEAUTY ?”

I SEE her ; 'tis she with her large dark eyes,
That glance like light over evening skies ;
Her hair in ringlets fluttering free,
And her lips that move with melody.

“Not she. There's a beauty I higher prize
“Than the fringed glance of those radiant eyes.”

I see her; 'tis she of the ivory brow
And heaven-ting'd orbs: I know her now,
With her glancing step, and look of life,
And voice out-breaking in music's strife.

"Not she. There's a beauty that lovelier glows
"Though her coral lip with melody flows."

Then it must be she of the brilliant mind,
With her spirit attun'd to thoughts refin'd,
With her high look soaring away, away,
To ideal worlds where angels stray.

"Not she. There's another more lovely still,
"With a chasten'd mind, and a tempered will."

I see her, 'tis *goodness* that gilds her brow,
Like the sun on the fruit of an autumn bough;
I can read her heart like an opening book,
Thro' each change serene of her innocent look.

"Yes; this is the beauty that blossoms fair,
"And will blossom for aye, in life's garden of care."

TO ———.

ON pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above — your quiet bark
By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty, and commune with Heaven,
World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given,
And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
 To plume his wing —
Space for the ring-dove by her young to lie,
 And softly sing.

Space for the sun-flower, bright with yellow glow
 To court the sky —
Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
 To live and die.

Space for the ocean, in its giant might
 To swell and rave —
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
 Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun, to tread his path in might
 And golden pride —
Space for the glow-worm, calling, by her light,
 Love to her side.

Then, pure and gentle ones, within *your* ark
 Securely rest !
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
 By kind winds blest.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

SPORT on ; sport on ;

A mother's thought, shadow of heavenly love,
Dwells on you. In her home, mid household cares,
Kindle up hopes, which deep in its soft folds
Her inmost soul has wrapt. She musing asks,—

“What *his* high fate, that boy with eagle eye,
And well-knit limbs, and proud impetuous thought ?
A patriot, leading men, and breathing forth
His warm soul for his country ? or a bard,
With holy song refining earth's cold ear ?
A son, holding the torch of love to age
As its closed eye turns dimly to the grave ?
Or husband, wrapping with protecting arms,
One who leans on him in her trusting youth ?”

“And for those girls,” she asks, “what gentle fate
Lies cradled on the softest down of time ?
A rosy lot *must* garland out their years—
Those sunny eyes with laughing spirits wild,
Those rounded limbs are all unfit for want,
Or sterner care. Gently will they be borne
On beds of flowers, beneath an azure sky.”

Oh dreams, fair dreams ! God's dower to woman's
heart,
Your light and waving curtains still suspend
Before the future, which lies dark behind.

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

THE literary career of Mrs. Ellet has been brief, but thus far very successful. It is only about three years since she became known as a writer, and already her fame is established as a poetess of much promise, and her elegant translations from the Italian and French poets have proved her an accomplished scholar in those beautiful languages.

Mrs. Ellet was born at Sodus, a small town on the shores of Lake Ontario. Her father, the late Doctor Lummis, was a man of learning, and good taste; but he lived at a distance from all learned society — and the advantages of a common school education were, in that retired place, very limited. However, genius does not depend on the schools: Elizabeth was early distinguished for vivacity of intellect and poetical talents; and then she had the good fortune to attract the attention and secure the affections of a congenial mind. This was Doctor William H. Ellet, then Professor of Chemistry, in Columbia College, N. Y. He married her when she was very young, only about seventeen, and under his tuition she immediately commenced the study of the modern languages. He was himself a sound scholar, and possessed much poetical taste; and the proficiency of Mrs. Ellet not only proves her own superior powers of intellect, but also the superior talents and learning of her

tutor, as well as the devotion he must have paid to her improvement.

In 1833, she began to venture her productions before the public eye, her first poems appearing in the *American Ladies' Magazine*. These were very favorably reviewed, and she has gone on increasing her literary acquaintance, till she is now a regular contributor to several periodicals. The articles on "Italian and French Literature" and in the "Italian and French Poets, and Poetry," which have, at different times, appeared in the "*American Quarterly*," and in "*The Southern Literary Journal*" are from her pen.

In 1834, appeared her translation of "*Euphemia of Messina*," one of the most admired productions of Silvio Pellico. Since then she has written two original tragedies, one of which, (*Teresa Contarini*) is printed in her volume of *Poems*, published a few months since, at Philadelphia. This tragedy bears the same impress of pure thoughts, expressed in chaste and beautiful language, which marks all her poetry. There is not much originality of invention displayed in her productions; but her versification is very correct, and the images and illustrations such as show a heart-warm love for the charms of nature, and a fancy that has revelled in the beauties of the classic world. Her critical taste is refined by a thorough acquaintance with the choice writings of the Italian and French scholars; and she has lately added the study of the German language and literature to her many acquisitions. Nor are her accomplishments confined to the merely literary; in music and drawing she also excels; and in the graces that adorn society, and make the charm of social and domestic intercourse, she is described as being eminently gifted. She now resides at Columbia, S. C.—her husband, Dr. Ellet, being chosen to a Professorship in the College at that place. Her fervid and active mind will doubtless find much gratification in the new and rich scenery of the South—her genius, like the "orange blossom," seems to

require a sunny climate, in which to expand; and from one who has so sedulously explored the beauties of Italian literature, and at the early age of twenty-two established such a reputation for critical learning and poetical taste, we expect, for the future, much that will adorn our literature and elevate our sex.

SUSQUEHANNA.

SOFTLY the blended light of evening rests
Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
Majestically flows. Oh! by thy side,
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
'T were happiness to dwell, alone with thee,
And the wide solemn grandeur of the scene.
From thy green shores, the mountains that inclose
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain,
Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,
Enrobed with clustering woods, o'er which the smile
Of Autumn in his loveliness hath passed,
Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
His golden livery. On the distant heights
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar
Their burnished summits in the clear blue heaven,
Flooded with splendor, that the dazzled eye
Turns drooping from the sight. — Nature is here
Like a throned sovereign, and thy voice doth tell,
In music never silent, of her power.

Nor are thy tones unanswered, where she builds
Such monuments of regal sway. These wide,
Untrodden forests eloquently speak,
Whether the breath of Summer stir their depths,
Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast
Strip from the boughs their covering.

All the air

Is now instinct with life. The merry hum
Of the returning bee, and the blithe song
Of fluttering bird, mocking the solitude,
Swell upward — and the play of dashing streams
From the green mountain side is faintly heard.
The wild swan swims the waters' azure breast
With graceful sweep, or, startled, soars away,
Cleaving with mounting wing the clear bright air.

Oh ! in the boasted lands beyond the deep,
Where Beauty hath a birth-right — where each mound
And mouldering ruin tells of ages past —
And every breeze, as with a spirit's tone,
Doth waft the voices of Oblivion back,
Waking the soul to lofty memories,—
Is there a scene whose loveliness could fill
The heart with peace more pure ? — Nor yet art thou,
Proud stream ! without thy records — graven deep
On yon eternal hills, which shall endure
Long as their summits breast the wint'ry storm,
Or smile in the warm sunshine. They have been
The chroniclers of centuries gone by ;
Of a strange race, who trod perchance their sides,
Ere these gray woods had sprouted from the earth
Which now they shade. Here onward swept thy waves,
When tones now silent mingled with their sound,
And the wide shore was vocal with the song
Of hunter chief, or lover's gentle strain.
Those passed away — forgotten as they passed ;

But holier recollections dwell with thee :
Here hath immortal Freedom built her proud
And solemn monuments. The mighty dust
Of heroes in her cause of glory fallen,
Hath mingled with the soil, and hallowed it.
Thy waters in their brilliant path have seen
The desperate strife that won a rescued world —
The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts,
And hymned their requiem.

Far beyond this vale
That sends to heaven its incense of lone flowers,
Gay village spires ascend — and the glad voice
Of industry is heard. — So in the lapse
Of future years these ancient woods shall bow
Beneath the levelling axe — and Man's abodes
Displace their sylvan honors. They will pass
In turn away ; — yet, heedless of all change,
Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,
Lessoning the fleeting race that look on thee
To mark the wrecks of time and read their doom.

YOUTHFUL JOYS.

THE cloud, where sunbeams soft repose,
Gilt by the changeful ray,
With tints still warm and golden, glows,
When they have passed away.

The stream, that, in its billowy sweep,
Bursts from the mountain side,
Bears far into the calm blue deep,
Its swift and freshening tide.

Thus youthful joys our hearts can thrill,
Though life has lost its bloom;
And sorrow's hours of darkness still
With lingering charms illume.

TO THE LANCE-FLY.

FORTH with the breezy sweep
Of spirit wings upon thy path of light,
Thou creature of the sunbeam! upward keep
Thine earth-defying flight!

The glowing west is still;
In hallowed slumber sinks the restless sea;
And heaven's own tints have wrought o'er tree and hill
A purpling canopy.

Go—bathe thy gaudy wing
In freshened azure from the deepening sky—
In the rich gold yon parting sunbeams fling,
Ere yet their glories die.

The boundless air is thine,
The gorgeous radiance of declining day;
Those painted clouds their living hues entwine,
To dark thy heavenward way.

Soar on! my fancies too
Would quit awhile the fading beauties here,
To roam with thee that waste of boundless blue!
And view yon heaven more near.

Lost—in the distant page,
Ere my bewildered thoughts for flight were free!
Farewell! in vain upon the void I gaze,—
I cannot soar like thee!

WHO ARE 'THE HAPPY?

O'ER the far mountain peak on high,
First shines the morning ray ;
And latest from the crimson sky
The beam of parting day.

Yet there, to greet the partial light,
Nor flowers nor verdure bloom ;
But barren all—though coldly bright—
And cheerless as the tomb.

While in the modest vale's recess,
Where sunlight scarce descends,
Fresh flowerets spring, the beam to bless,
And grateful foliage bends.

Thus hearts that bask in fortune's smile,
Undimmed by clouds of care,
Feel not the joys their hours beguile,
Which humbler bosoms share.

STANZAS.

Written while sailing through the Delaware Water-Gap.

ONWARD with gliding swiftness,
Our light bark cleaves the deep ;
The billow dances in our wake,
As down the tide we sweep

The broad high cliffs above us,
Like giant columns stand ;
As in their grandeur stationed there,
The guardians of their land.

Yon purple clouds are drooping
Their banners from on high,
And brightly through their waving folds
Gleams forth the azure sky.
And sunset's beams are tinting
The mountain's lofty crest ;
Yet fails their golden light to reach
The silent river's breast.

The eagle soars around us ;
His home is on the height,
To which with eager, upward wing,
He shoots in airy flight.
The rough night blast high o'er us,
Assails the beetling verge ;
And through the forests' tangled depths
Murmurs like ocean's surge :
The foliage trembles to his breath,
The massive timbers groan —
But we, his might defying, pass
In sheltered silence on.

Onward ! dim night is gathering ;
Those gilded summits fade —
And darkly from the thickets brown
Extends the deep'ning shade :
It shrouds us, but we pause not : —
With light and graceful sweep,
Shadowy and swift, our vessel breaks
The waters' glassy sleep.

Their rocky barrier past at length,
We feel the cool fresh air;
Yon light is beaming from our home,
And welcome waits us there.

WORLDLY CARES.

THE waves that on the sparkling sand
Their foaming crests upheave,
Lightly receding from the land,
Seem not a trace to leave:
Those billows in their ceaseless play,
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
Amid the forest bower,
So gently, as they murmur by,
Scarce lift the drooping flower;
Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
Their impress leave behind;
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
The blighting traces find;
Till altered thoughts and hearts grown cold,
The change of passing years unfold.

IS THIS A DAY OF DEATH?

Is this a day of death?
The heavens look blithely on the laughing earth,
And from her thousand vales a voice of mirth
And melody is springing ; with the breath
Of smiling flowers, that lift their joyous heads,
Bright with the radiant tears which evening sheds.

Hath sorrow's voice been heard
With her low plaint, and broken wail of woe?—
Hark to the play of waves!—and glancing now
Forth from his leafy nest th' exulting bird
Pours his wild carol on the fragrant gale,
Bidding the sun-bright woods and waters hail!

Hath happiness departed
From this glad scene? Is there a home—a hearth
Made desolate? Alas! the tones of earth
Sound not in concert with the broken-hearted!
Yon sea—the gorgeous sun—the azure sky—
Were never meant to mourn with things that die!

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

It is no very easy matter to introduce one's own "Sketch," or decide on the relative merit of one's own performances. That I have written some things not unworthy a place in this collection, I certainly believe; nor could I see that there would be more presumption in thus including them among the poems of my sister authoresses, than in publishing mine in a separate volume. But whether to preface them or not, was the question. I flattered myself that those who were interested in my writings, might regret the omission of any notice of the writer: to speak of myself in the third person savored too much of affectation; still there is great discretion required in using the great I. — Finally, I decided to confine my remarks chiefly to the influences which have made me what I am; — as thus, it appeared to me, my history might be of some benefit or consolation to those who are suffering similar sorrows, or struggling with similar difficulties; and such of my readers as are happily exempt from these, may find, in their "halcyon lot" the reason that their talents have never been directed to literary pursuits. Few females are educated for authorship; and as the obstacles which oppose the entrance of woman on the fields of literature are many and great, it requires, usually, a powerful pressure of outward circumstances to

develop and mature her genius. — It may be truly said of her, that

——— “*Strength* is born
In the deep silence of long suffering hearts,
Not amidst joy.”

My family name was Buell, and my birth-place Newport, now a pretty village nestled among the “green hills” of New-Hampshire. My parents were originally from Saybrook, Connecticut, which they left soon after the close of the revolutionary war, carrying with them to the then wilderness of the North, that love of learning and those strict religious observances which distinguished the inhabitants of the “Charter State.” But good schools could not at once be established in the new settlements; and I owe my early predilection for literary pursuits to the teaching and example of my mother. She had enjoyed uncommon advantages of education for a female of her times—possessed a mind clear as rock-water, and a most happy talent of communicating knowledge. She had read many of the old black-letter chronicles and romances of the days of chivalry; and innumerable were the ballads, songs and stories with which she amused and instructed her children—for she always contrived to teach us some serious *truth*, while she charmed us by these legends. We did not need the “Infant School” to make us love learning.

The books to which I had access were few, very few, in comparison with those given to children now-a-days; but they were such as required to be studied, and I did study them. Next to the Bible and Pilgrim’s Progress, my earliest reading was Milton, Johnson, Pope, Cowper, and a part of Shakspeare—I did not obtain all his works, till some years after. The first regular novel I read, was “The Mysteries of Udolpho,” when I was about seven years of age. I name it on account of the influence it exercised over my mind. I had remarked, that of all the books I saw,

few were written by Americans, and none by *women*. But here was a work, the most fascinating I had ever read, always excepting "Pilgrim's Progress," written by a *woman*. How happy it made me!—The wish to promote the reputation of my own sex and my own country, were among the earliest mental emotions I can recollect—and had I then been told that it would be my good fortune to gather even this humble Wreath of poetical flowers from the productions of female writers, I should have thought it the height of felicity. And how often I breathed the aspiration of Burns, when reading the praises of European authors,—

"That I, for my dear country's sake,
Some useful plan or book might make,
Or write a song, at least."

These feelings had a salutary influence in directing my thoughts to a definite object;—and if, in what I have written, common sense and practical usefulness have predominated over romance and sentiment, I am persuaded that I owe this result to my early mood of mind.

From my brother* I acquired some knowledge of the Latin language, and of Philosophy. In childhood our studies had been pursued together, and he seemed very unwilling that I should be deprived of all his collegiate advantages.

I had written some poems, a few of which were published, previous to my marriage; and during my husband's lifetime, he occasionally sent an article of mine to the Journals, though my chief aim in literature was to prepare something for the amusement of our own fireside. Till my husband's death, which occurred September, 1822, I had never seriously contemplated becoming an authoress. I dare not speak of my husband as I think he deserved;

* The late Judge Buell, of Glen Falls, N. Y.

it would be accounted vanity or weakness ; but a few words respecting one whose character so influenced mine, will, I trust, be pardoned.

The pious Mrs. Graham, named, as among her best earthly blessings, that her husband was a man of "sense and sensibility:"—such a man was David Hale. Of a calm, deliberative, yet tender disposition, he united, with a cool and sound judgment, a persevering spirit in all his pursuits; quick discrimination and refined taste, with that benevolence which "hopeth all things," and is therefore always kind: his was that combination of intellectual and moral powers, which make the perfectly balanced mind. — He was a number of years my senior in age, but far more my superior in knowledge. His profession, the Law, he had pursued with zeal and success, but general literature occupied much of his leisure, and in the English classics and language he was a thorough scholar. — Under his instruction and example, my prose style of writing, which the critics generally allow to be "pure idiomatic English," was formed; I acknowledge that my early predilection was for the pompous words and sounding periods of Johnson; and I had greatly admired the sublime flights and glittering fancies of Counsellor Phillips, the Irish Orator, then in the meridian of his fame; but my husband convinced me, by analyzing his sentences, that these were, as he had called them, "sublime nonsense." To me, the period of our union was one of unbroken happiness; for I do not think that ill health need make one wretched who has mental resources, a happy home, and faith in heaven. We commenced, immediately after our marriage, a system of study, which we pursued together, with few interruptions, and these unavoidable, during his life. The hours we allotted were from eight o'clock in the evening till ten. In this manner we studied French, Botany, then almost a new science in the country, but for which my husband had an uncommon taste; and obtained some knowledge of Mineralogy, Geology, &c.; besides pursuing a long and in-

structive course of reading. — In all our mental pursuits, it seemed the aim of Mr. Hale to enlighten my reason, strengthen my judgment, and give me confidence in my own powers of mind, which he estimated much higher than I did. I equalled him in imagination, but in no other faculty. Yet this approbation which he bestowed on my talents has been of great encouragement to me in attempting the duties which were to be my portion. In short, had we known the future, the course pursued could not have been more judicious. But such a result seemed utterly improbable, for he enjoyed the most perfect health, while mine was very delicate. Still I was to be the survivor — he died suddenly, as with a stroke — and with him seemed to expire every earthly hope. His business was large, for the country, but he had hardly reached that age when men of his profession begin to lay up property, — and he had spared no indulgence to his family. We had lived in comfort, but I was left poor. For myself, the change added not one particle to my grief — but for my children I was deeply distressed. I had five, the eldest only seven years of age; how were these to be supported and educated? I cared not that they should inherit wealth — I never coveted great riches — but to be deprived the advantages of education was to make them “poor indeed.” At length, after revolving the subject deeply in my mind, I determined to attempt to provide for their education myself, in some measure as their father would have done. I resolved to devote my whole earthly care to that one object, and, relying on Providence, to go onward, whatever obstacles might impede.*

* I am sure that the benevolent reader will be glad to learn that I have been, thus far, successful in my design. My eldest son, educated at West Point, is now a Lieutenant in the U. S. service; and from his small pay assists me — and my other children are so far advanced in that course of education I had marked out, as to give me good reason to believe that I shall, in a few years, see them intelligent and useful members of the community.

The very few employments in which females can engage with any hope of profit, and my own constitution and pursuits, made literature appear my best resource. I prepared a small volume of Poems, mostly written before my husband's decease; these were published, by the aid of the Free Masons, of which order he was a distinguished member. My next work was "Northwood," a novel in two volumes, chiefly descriptive of New-England character and manners. In 1828 I was invited to come to Boston, and take charge of "The American Ladies' Magazine," there to be established. I had many fears for its success; no publication of the kind had been long sustained; but the adventure promised advantages in educating my children—and I accepted. I have continued the periodical now almost nine years, with what success the public must judge. The task has been an arduous one, and by its demand for a great variety of intellectual topics has prevented me from attempting any connected plan of much importance. My works published since I came to Boston, are "Sketches of American Characters," "Flora's Interpreter," "Traits of American Life," and several books for children. I have found many kind friends, and, relying on their support, I have prepared this work. And though my own share in it may not challenge applause, yet I trust the critics will allow that

"Next to genius, is the power
Of feeling where true genius lies."

THE VICTOR'S CROWN.

A CROWN for the victor — a crown of light! —
From the land where the flowers ne'er feel a blight
Was gathered the wreath that around it blows,
And he, who o'ercometh his treacherous foes,
That fadeless crown shall gain:
A king went forth on the rebel array,
Entrenched where a lovely hamlet lay;
He frowned, and there's nought save ashes and blood,
And blackened bones where that hamlet stood,
Yet his treacherous foes he hath not slain.

A crown for the victor — a crown of light!
Encircled with jewels so pure and bright,
Night never hath gloomed where its lustre flows;
And he, who can conquer his proudest foes,
That glorious crown shall gain:
A hero came from the gory field,
And low at his feet the pale captives kneel'd;
In his might he hath trodden a nation down,
But he may not challenge the glorious crown,
For his proudest foes he hath not slain.

A crown for the victor — a crown of light!
Like the morning sun, to the dazzled sight,
From the night of a dungeon raised, it glows,
And he, who can slay his deadliest foes,
That shining crown shall gain:
With searching eye, and stealthy tread,
The man of wrath sought his enemy's bed:

Like festering wounds are the wrongs he hath borne,
And he takes the revenge his soul had sworn,
But his deadliest foe he hath not slain.

A crown for the victor — a crown of light !
To be worn with a robe whose spotless white
Makes darkness seem resting on Alpine snows ;
And he, who o'ercometh his mightiest foes,
That robe and crown shall gain :
With eye upraised, and forehead bare,
A Pilgrim knelt down in holy prayer,
He hath wrestled with *self* and with passion striven,
And to him hath the sword of the Spirit been given,
O, crown him, for his foes, his *sins* are slain !

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came — with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom,
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom ;
And pearls and costly bracelets deck
Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her ;
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came — o'er her mild face
A pensive shade was stealing,

Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But that deep holy feeling,
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of Truth away.

Around her brow, as snow-drop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl, nor ornament was there,
Save the *meek spirit's* lustre —
And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go;—but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though Pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray:
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of Ambition is tempest tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shiver'd, and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright ;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quench'd its holy light.

The sun of Fame, 'twill gild the name,
But the heart ne'er feels its ray ;
And Fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are like beams of a wintry day :

And how cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's poor wanderer come !
But my son, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Addressed to my Daughters at School.

ONE day—it is a trifling theme,
And who would heed a day ?
An evening's gloom, a morning's gleam,
How soon they pass away !
'Tis but a welcome—an adieu—
The fairest day is gone ;
And with to-morrow's hopes in view,
We bid the hours roll on —
To-day like bird in tethering string,
With faded eye, and folded wing,
Its narrow circle creeps ;
But like a bird in airy flight,
With wing of power and eye of light,
To-morrow heaven-ward sweeps.

Such are the dreams of early youth,
Ere dimm'd by gathering fears ;
The halo round the orb of Truth,
Presages clouds and tears—
I trust, my loved ones, still ye see
The brightness clear and pure,
And gloomy thoughts that shadow me
Unmoved I can endure —
The vine, even its prop is lost,
Its tendrils torn and ten-pest-tost,
May shield the little flower ;
And thus I bide the world's rude strife,
That I may shield your morn of life
From sorrow's blighting power.

'Tis sad, as years grow short, to know
Death only brings relief ;
But saddest far of earthly wo
Is childhood bowed in grief ;—
In sunny skies let fledgings fly ;
Be prairies green and fair,
Ere the young fawns come forth to try
Their glancing footsteps there.
Nature and Instinct guard the young—
But only from the human tongue
Love's holy vows are given ;
And only human hearts are filled
With springs of Love, that, when distilled,
Rise to their fount in heaven.

And thus doth feeling's signet prove
Man's origin divine ;
When eye meets eye in trusting love,
We feel the sacred sign :
Of life, immortal life !— how mild
The glorious promise shines,

When the young mother o'er her child,
First reads the deathless lines,
The spirit on its clay impresses,
And answers with her warm caresses,
As she were fain to bind
Its soul to her's!— And this is Love —
'Tis prayer on earth; 'tis praise above;
'Tis God within the mind.

And in Love's name I'll drink my cup,
Nor deem it steeped in tears,
While fondly I am garnering up
Rich hopes for future years.
O, I shall hear glad voices say,
"Thy children bless thy care!"
These are my cherished dreams to-day,
And who has dreams more fair?
Dreams will they prove?—I fear it not—
I communed with my secret thought,
Nor selfish wish was there—
One only—and it will endure—
"O, keep my dear ones good and pure!"
And Heaven will hear my prayer!

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.*

Now fly, as flies the rushing wind —

Urge, urge thy lagging steed!
The savage yell is fierce behind,
And life is on thy speed.

And from those dear ones make thy choice —

The group he wildly eyed,
When "father!" burst from every voice,
And "child!" his heart replied.

There's one that now can share his toil,

And one he meant for fame,
And one that wears her mother's smile,
And one that bears her name.

* In the year 1697, a body of Indians attacked the town of Haverhill, Mass., killed and carried into captivity 40 inhabitants. A party of the Indians approached the house of Mr. Thurston, who was abroad at his labor, but who, on their approach, hastened to the house, sent his children out, and ordered them to fly in a course opposite to that in which danger was approaching. He then mounted his horse, and determined to snatch up the child with which he was most unwilling to part, when he should overtake the little flock. When he came up to them, about 200 yards from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or to leave any one of the number. He therefore determined to take his lot with them, and defend them from their murderers, or die by their side. A body of the Indians pursued and came up with him; and when at a short distance, fired on him and his little company. He returned the fire, and retreated alternately; still, however, keeping a resolute face to the enemy, and so effectually sheltered his charge that he finally lodged them all safe in a distant house.

And one will prattle on his knee,
Or slumber on his breast ;
And one whose joys of infancy
Are still by smiles expressed.

They feel no fear while he is near ;
He'll shield them from the foe ;
But oh ! his heart must break to hear
Their shriekings should he go.

In vain his quivering lips would speak ;
No words his thoughts allow ;
There's burning tears upon his cheek,
Death's marble on his brow.

And twice he smote his cold clench'd hand —
Then bade his children fly !
And turned, and even that savage band
Cowered at his wrathful eye.

Swift as the lightning winged with death,
Flashed forth the quivering flame !
Their fiercest warrior bows beneath
The father's deadly aim.

Not the wild cries, that rend the skies,
His heart or purpose move ;
He saves his children, or he dies
The sacrifice of love.

Ambition goads the conqu'rer on,
Hate points the murderer's brand —
But love and duty, these alone
Can nerve the good man's hand.

The hero may resign the field,
The coward murderer flee ;

He cannot fear, he will not yield,
That strikes, sweet love, for thee.

They come, they come — he heeds no cry,
Save the soft child-like wail,
“O father, save!” “My children fly!”
Were mingled on the gale.

And firmer still he drew his breath,
And sterner flashed his eye,
As fast he hurls the leaden death,
Still shouting, “Children fly!”

No shadow on his brow appeared,
Nor tremor shook his frame,
Save when at intervals he heard
Some trembler lisp his name.

In vain the foe, those fiends unchained,
Like famished tigers chafe,
The sheltering roof is neared, is gained,
All, all the dear ones safe!

THE SILK WORM.

THERE is no form, upon our earth,
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,
But has some charm—to draw this forth,
We need but hearts to feel.

I saw a fair young girl—her face
Was sweet as dream of cherish'd friend—
Just at the age when childhood's grace
And maiden softness blend.

A silk-worm in her hand she laid,
Nor fear, nor yet disgust was stirred ;
But gaily with her charge she play'd,
As 'twere a nestling bird.

She raised it to her dimpled cheek,
And let it rest and revel there—
O, why for outward beauty seek !
Love makes its favorites fair.

That worm—I should have shrunk in truth,
To feel the reptile o'er me move —
But, loved by innocence and youth,
I deemed it worthy love.

Would we, I thought, the soul imbue,
In early life, with sympathies
For every harmless thing, and view
Such creatures formed to please ;

And when with *usefulness* combined,
Give them our love and gentle care—
O, we might have a world as kind,
As God has made it fair !

There is no form upon our earth,
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,
But has some charm—to call this forth
We need but hearts to feel.

TIME'S LAST VISIT.

[There is a Persian legend representing Time before commencing his "New Year's Flight," warning those who are to die during the coming season, of their inevitable fate.]

THE night was a cold and stormy one,
And the year was running low,
When Time threw his travelling mantle on,
As he were about to go:
And he cast on his glass a rueful look—
"The sands will be out," he said,
(Seizing his memorandum book,)
"And these visits must be made :
But it does little good the fools to warn—
I almost lose my labors ;
They think the last visit I make to them
Is always meant for their neighbors.

Last year my duty was faithfully done—
I traversed the city through,
Revealing to every devoted one
I had come for a final adieu :
Why, they treated my warning as Nicholas treats
The groans of the dying Poles :
Or thought 'twas to save—(how this avarice cheats!)
Their money not their souls,
That my hint of a speedy departure was given,
Though I bade them farewell like a lover ;
And how few there were who prepared for heaven !
I can easily reckon them over.

And first to a BANKER'S house I hied,
Though I knew he was often surly,

But these Rothchilds—one must humor their pride—

So I hasten'd to warn him early.

I found him within at a sumptuous feast,

An Aspician sauce was before him,

And its flavor he praised to each smiling guest—

'Tis DEATH!—thus my warning came o'er him.

Oh, how his eye glared as he bade me flee!

I was off like a twinkle of light,

And he ate at that dinner enough for three,

And he died of a spasm that night.

I hurried away to a DOCTOR, then,

Though I knew I might spare my pains—

Thathe thought of disease as the end of men,

And of death as the doctors' gains—

'My patient must die,' he was maundering on,

As he glanced a fee-bill o'er,

'And his money will go to his graceless son, —

My bill might be somewhat more;

For the youth will ne'er take the trouble to note

That I've charged five visits a day:'

So he figured away, while I laughed in his ear,

REMEMBER MY VISIT'S TO PAY!

I told an OLD MAN it was time he should go,

And he was too deaf to hear: —

I called at the play on a dashing BEAU,

And he was too gay to fear:—

I paused in a MERCHANT'S counting-room,

And a dunce was I to stop,

Scarce would he have heeded the crash of doom,

While reckoning his leger up.

THERE IS ONE DEMAND—I began to say—

He burst with a hurried breath,

'Show me your bill, I've the cash to pay'—

I left him to settle with death!

I stopped at a POOR MAN's humble shed,
And thought 'twould delight him so,
For I knew he had often wished he was dead—
But he flatly refused to go:
And O, the wild agony of his eye,
As he begged me one year to give!
Saying, 'twas too bad for a man to die
Who had struggled so hard to live;
That his wife must beg, and his children starve—
I whispered of charity;
He raised his eye with a look of despair—
' 'Tis a broken reed,' sighed he.

I had fared so ill with the lords of earth,
Of the earth they had proved indeed,
That I turned to the sex of gentler birth,
Hoping more kindly to speed!
On the beautiful BELLE I made a call,
A milliner's girl stood by —
She brought a new dress for the New Year's ball--
I breathed a sepulchral sigh,
And the rich red flowers looked ghastly white—
'How odd!' cried the beauty in sorrow;
'These do not become at all to-night,
But bring me some brighter to-morrow'

And then—but why continue the list,
So fraught with chagrin to me:
Who likes to remember the times he has missed,
When recounting his archery?
I called, in fine, on the old and the young,
Fair, ugly and sober and gay,
The chorus the same to the tune they all sung --
They would not be hurried away!
There were many who hated the world, to be sure,
And called Time an old villainous cheat,

But Heaven was so distant, so bright and so pure ;
They had no inclination to see't.

WORMS OF THE DUST ! I murmured in wrath,
As I entered a stately dome,
And, following the clue of my fated path,
Repaired to a nursery room ;
The children were sleeping like nestled birds,
And she, the sweet mother dove,
With a face too happy to paint by words,
Was choosing her gifts of love
For the New Year's morn—I touched her cheek,
She knew the deadly thrill,
And raising her eyes with a smile so meek,
— ' My Father, 'tis thy will.'

Yes, WOMAN should always be ready to go,
She has nothing on earth but LOVE ;
A dowry that bears little value below,
But 'tis priceless transferred above :
O lavish it not on my brightest joys,
'Tis folly, 'tis worse than vain ;
I never bestow them except as toys,
I mean to resume again.
Even now I shall gather a thousand fair things
I gave when this year was new,
And the hopes for the NEXT, that I shake from my wings,
Will prove as deceitful too.

But why should I preach ? who'll the wiser be ?
The young are engaged with pleasure ;
The aged have cut all acquaintance with me,
And nobody else is at leisure :
They may learn if they will, tho' their date is brief,
Some monitor ever is nigh ;
There's the fading flower, the falling leaf,
And the year about to die ;—

These speak to the hearts of the humble and just, —
For the earthly and obstinate :
Why, my visit to such would be labor lost,
So I leave them, for aye, to their fate.

TO A PALM LEAF.

Gathered from a tree, that shades the grave of Paul and Virginia, in the Isle of France.

I've looked on thee, wan leaf,
Till thou dost seem the messenger of fear,
And my heart thrills, as grief,
Deep, certain, terrible, were hovering near.

I see the gathering storm,
Darkness and whirlwind, and the roaring main !—
And now a fair young form
Beseeching Heaven for aid — it is in vain !

She rests, that lovely maid,
Wan leaf, she rests beneath thy parent tree ;
And in that hallowed shade,
Her heart-struck lover slumbers peacefully.

They need not glory's wreath
To keep their memory from the blight of years ;
A leaf can speak their death,
And from the full soul wring a gush of tears.

But autumn winds will rise,
And scatter far our forests' waving glory ;
Yet not a leaf that flies,
Will whisper to the heart this moving story.

For nature hath no tongue
Till Genius breathes upon the slumbering mass ;

Till Genius' light is flung,
We heed no shadows, beckoning as they pass.

But all is still and dark,
And men may die unheeded as the rain
Falls round the gliding bark,
Urging her rapid course athwart the main.

Yes, more—the cherished worth,
Of all men strive for in their earthly race,
Fades with their names from earth,
If Genius smile not on their dwelling-place.

Then Genius, with the free
Come dwell—our broad land with thy presence fill,
Till mountain, stream, and tree,
Shall have a spell to move, a voice to thrill.

MAN'S FIRST OFFERING.

WHEN nature in infancy smiled,
All innocence, beauty, and love,
Ere sorrow had blighted, or sin had beguiled,
Or the serpent had banished the dove, —
Then man, as Jehovah's own child,
Still worshipped his Father above —
The blue vâult of heaven his temple sublime, —
His altar, creation — his offering, *time*.

The "seventh" of all was the tithe,
The heart the pure censer of fire ;
The incense was hallowed with gratitude blithe,
Which bade it to heaven aspire ;
(Then change had ne'er troubled, for Time had no scythe,)
And seraphims sounded the choir ;
And soft, sweet, harmonious the song flow'd around,
Like the spirit of purity breathing in sound.

THE AMULET.

A FEW more years, my cherished one,
And these will soon be fled ;
And where will then my little son
Repose his weary head ?
Not on thy mother's faithful breast,
As thou hast done to-day ;
The time of childhood's happy rest
Will then be passed away.

Thy childish pastimes will be o'er,
The hoop and ball thrown by,
And "mother" will be called no more
To teach the kite to fly :
A higher flight the world will speak,
To charm thy youthful heart ;
And home's soft ties will lightly break,
And thou, too, wilt depart.

I know that this must be—I know
A man must join the throng ;
As palms in sunshine loftier grow,
And oaks in storms more strong,—
So man's bold virtues best unfold
Beneath the world's broad sky ;
And yet the mother's home how cold,
When all her birds can fly !

O, many a time, when pressed with care,
Or sick with pain and grief,
And none my soul's deep thoughts to share,
I've found a sweet relief

From gazing on thy face, my boy,
In life's pure morning bright;
'Twas as the smiling beam of joy
To sorrow's lonely night.

And many a time the midnight hour
Has found my task delayed;
My spirit felt a withering power—
The cypress' gloomy shade:
In vain to frame the song I sought,
Its burning visions gone,
'Till from thy peaceful rest I caught
The hope to bear me on.

And tell me not to crush that hope,
How false such fancies prove,
That bitterest minglings of our cup
Are poured by those we love.
There's One can prosper all my care,
And He my toils will bless—
The tender watch that sparrows share,
Will guard my fatherless.

And he can bless the *amulet*
A mother's love would frame,
Make wisdom's gems these words I set
Tried in the heart's pure flame.
Then, dear one, bear this song of *home*
Graved on thy memory,
And when the world's temptations come,
Thou wilt remember me.

THE THREE SCEPTRES.

A VISION.

“BRING forth the sceptres of command!”

That awful voice I heard —

“And let the subject nations stand!”

The waiting world appeared.

Then drew the sceptre-bearers nigh,

Old Asia, first, crept cowering by ;

Next Europe, with her troubled eye ;

Then young America :

Each placed her sceptre, passed ; and then,

Unveiled before the sons of men,

A Sword, a Crosier, and a Pen

Upon the altar lay.

Again the voice uprose, and loud

Like battle-cry it came,

And wildly, from that heaving crowd,

Echoed the shout — “For Fame!”

Brother 'gainst brother fiercely stood,

The earth was graves, the rivers blood —

Kingdoms were crushed, as wasting flood

Had swept o'er crumbling clay, —

Till, 'mid the din, a dove appeared !

The heavenly tone of “Peace!” was heard —

I looked, and, with that gentle word,

The Sword had passed away !

Then like a storm of ashes hurled

From the volcano's height,

A thick, dark cloud rolled o'er the world,

Blotting Mind's blessed light —

And men sunk down, in utter dread ;
Mailed warriors, weak as infants tread,
And monarchs, with uncovered head,
 Stooped low the cowl before ;
And Superstition's iron reign
Has seared the heart, and shrunk the brain —
Ha ! — Thought's strong grasp has rent the chain ; —
 The Crosier's sway is o'er.

Pure as the light on altar glows,
 Lit up by prophet's prayer,
A small, soft, steady light arose
 On earth, on sea, and air ;
It shines as shed from seraphs' wings,
Withering all vile, old, useless things —
Like scorched flax from the grasp of kings
 The reins of empire sever ;
It burns from Craft his mask of night,
Intemperance blasts with perfect light,
And shows the Ethiop's soul is white, —
 " The Pen — the Pen forever ! "

Thus rang the voice — its trumpet tone
 Burst like a swelling river ;
From land to land went sounding on,
 " The Pen — the Pen forever ! "
I saw earth's joyous millions move,
Justice their shield, their banner love, —
While Freedom's eagle, high above,
 Soared with unslumbering eye ;
Cool springs gushed forth mid arid sands,
Bright flowers sprung up in desert lands,
And bands of peace, from angel hands,
 Were linking earth and sky.

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